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BIAS IN THE WAR

MARSHALL KELLY

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AMERICAN BIAS IN THE WAR

BY

MARSHALL KELLY
AUTHOR OF „CARLYLE AND THE WAR"

BERLIN 1922
EMIL EBERING

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Preface.

This book was written in 1916, during the height of the war, before the re-election of President Wilson and when there was still hope, that America would not enter the war. It would probably have been published early in 1917, if America had not declared war just at that time. It then became impossible to get it published. A copy of the manuscript was found and confiscated by the U. S. Secret Service, and an official from the Department of Justice then visited the author and tried to exact a promise from him, to make no further attempt to get the book published. Upon the author declining to give any such promise, the official said: „Very well, the copy of the mss. and my report on you will go to Washington, and if you hear nothing in fourteen days, go ahead! But," he added, laughing, „you'll find you can't get it published; for we are in touch with all the publishers and they daren't issue anything without our consent." The author never heard a word further and continued his efforts to find a publisher; but none would venture, even if paid all costs of production. So much in explanation of the delay in publication.

It remains, of course, matter of regret to the author, that the book could not be published at the time it was written. In giving it to the public now, he has altered nothing. For he believes, that, as time goes on, his words will have the more value as written at the time and being in the fullest sense contemporary evidence. He would not, either, consider it right to change anything in the light of subsequent events or knowledge later attained. Neither are his convictions altered in any essential particular.

For this book does not deal merely with the war, but also with life and matters perennial for Man. False hopes, indeed, have been proved false; the stellar ones remain. What was this American BIAS? Men will ask themselves that the more as

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time passes. For it was *it*, that enabled unscrupulous politicians to lead the whole nation by the nose, whither they listed. Nay, they were themselves infected with it and believed their own deliriums. The whole mountain of lies and slanders, heaped by her foes upon Germany, is now month by month and year by year being openly proven lies and slander, and the day is perhaps not so far distant, when every honest thinker will know, that everything the „Allies" charged upon Germany was true, not of her, but of themselves. But how came these so palpably baseless charges to be believed and acted on, as if not merely true, but holiest gospels? How came so many Germans to themselves believe the falsehood? And what safeguard against a repetition of the like in some other case?

In America and England he, who raved worst against the German, would now fain shrug his shoulders and say: Oh, yes; we were all mad: It is so in every war. And he strives thus to pass once more for sane and little guilty. For these, do as Dante: Look, and speak not of them.

But the people, who invented the lies and swore, all men should believe them or suffer the fate of heretics, were not the people, who fought the best. They — I have to say it — they were not the people, who „won the war". Such people, in and by themselves, achieve *nothing:* Where they cannot enlist in their service true Valour and Intellect, they are powerless. Therefore it is, that the Valour and Intellect, which yields itself to do their damned bidding, is really guilty of the mischief wrought.

There are many brave and intelligent men in America and England, who are now gradually opening their eyes and seeing what accursed thing it was, that they fought and toiled and their fellows died to achieve: It was to them, that I wrote, and it is to them, that I now give this book. They will increase in number, and the new generations of them, with all piety for their fathers, will ever the more have to confess, that the war upon Germany was an accursed thing and the whole spirit of the Anti-German campaign, lead by Woodrow Wilson in the name of Humanity, one of the most venomously *in*human, that has ever possessed the souls of men. *Not* like unto that, which is prevalent in all wars, but such as has only at intervals of centuries made devils of all-but-all men and women. More contagious than the

plague, and with all the Doctors and Sanitary Authorities diligently *helping* the spread of infection.

Those who fought in that infection do need to cleanse themselves and prove their repentance by works of another kind. They have wrought a Deed of Infamy not easily paralleled in human history. The noblest body of men on earth in our day has been stricken from all power, not by the force of all the world in arms against them, but by the basest appeal to the lowest elements among their own people, brought to the dust by the traitor's dagger in the back.

That the Germans will repent of their treason and those who were never consenting to it find their following increase, I have a confident hope. Whether and how far any considerable number of men among the English-speaking Peoples will wholeheartedly admit the wrong, that they have done, is a question. If this book helps ever so little in that direction, it will have served its purpose. To-day France, a lean and hungry hound, seeks the utter destruction of Germany, and all the power she has to do it the English gave her. After four hundred years of continual, shameless aggression, she had become impotent to further molest the German. But then the British lent their aid and in a coward's Combine overthrew the German, chained him down and said: Now glory be to God, and let the hound tear the flesh of the hero, whom we all together could not conquer, but only overcame by Judas' help! But this has already ceased to be delectable to the British, and they may soon be cursing the French without thereby being themselves any better men. There has been enough of hate, and England's present discontent with France is not a thing born of repentance!

Germany has been defeated. The odds were too great, and her People failed her. But she has added hosts to the Heroes of all time. As the dust settles, it will be seen, that in this war it was the Germans, who proved themselves Men. England has come out of the war without any Wellington or any Nelson, without one man, who can be held in permanent memory as a National Hero, and the entire war-history of the Allies is that of a frenetic Mob, committing blunder upon blunder and succeeding at last by swamp of numbers and foe's internal collapse. But opposed to this up to the very hour of that collapse was a

I. Taking side

I cannot regard the intense interest and very pronounced Bias displayed by the Americans in the European War, as a light matter for them, but as an extremely grave one. For I believe that, in such instance, which side a man or people takes, is of great importance; that it not only stamps present state as with a proof-mark, but is, also, liable to decide fate for a long tract of the future.

And the Americans have taken or leant to the side they have altogether voluntarily. This same Bias of their's is a completely gratuitous one. If, by material circumstance, there was any great civilized nation which had a chance to look on this war composedly, to judge of it, or suspend judgment, to seriously watch it and earnestly learn from it, *weighing* the merits, unpressed by least call to a hasty decision, and keep out of the blinding furor, that nation was the United States.

Such words as these, clearly in no sort imply belief that Americans should have looked on with indifference, as on a thing spiritually outside their concern. The perennial interests of man have not, as too many of the vain prophets have asserted, so all or mostly migrated to America, that there is little save ancient husk left in Europe; what goes on there accordingly of small moment to the supremely Emancipated, specially entrusted with the Almighty's latest edition of His statute book. No; thinking American, modest brother to all, will know very well that matters of the highest import may go forward in any quarter of the Globe. But America was free of the multiplicity of connections which involve European countries with one another, and in material respects, stood apart from the conflict. Given thus an opportunity, such as was given to no other, to study, to wait and come to deliberate conclusion. Yet, it has to be admitted, America has not availed herself of this precious opportunity offered her; rather that she has taken Side about as com-

pletely as, without an absolute relinquishment of all rein by reason on the part of her Leaders to yield to mob's frenzy, she could take it. And has done this from mental proclivity solely. Neither soberly keeping out of the furor, but through infection with the furor. Too much of the furor, but through infection with the furor. Too much of venom in the heart and lips somewhat frothy. Wild surging of multitude, directed, restrained, by no safer guides than those who proclaim: Guardian of Lofty Idea, which shall yet rule the world, and would play sublime Rôle as ordained thereby, — if possible without damage to pocket or singeing of whiskers.

Which of two parties' causes is espoused is not always of great importance, which finds favor with as not always a thing fundamentally predetermined nor deed in that favor a fateful commitment.

This in two ways: 1st. Where the quarrel itself is of minor importance, does not result from a vital morality and immorality in the parties. 2nd. Where, though it does so spring, it is honestly not so viewed; where he who after takes side does not take it from any particular sympathy with that side rather than with the other, but as a matter of present expediency for him merely. In this second case, the decisions and sympathies of men will still all be ruled by the nature of the greater quarrel, though not in anything approaching an equal degree to what they are in the case to be after considered, namely that in which the side is directly taken from sympathy with that side, or aversion to the other.

1. Consider tribal feuds, persisted in generation after generation, hereditarily espoused, as if in honor bound. They may be a constant impediment, cause endless loss and havoc; but among races that have never lived in anything except the primordial each for himself, they are not damning, do not degrade or destroy character, however much they hinder or prevent development; men indisputably of generous and noble breed are to be found vigorous on each side, still capable of uniting energies in open-hearted recognition of that which is more man, quitting the long quarrel as a puerility. Neither is this kind of feud by any means confined to the savage, or a thing of the past only. It is not to be confounded with Faction which invariably does

degrade and, persisted in, destroy, however closely it may be mixed up therewith and seem related.

Even in much more complex and actually advanced conditions, many a true man has fought on the wrong side without serious criminality. And this I say of those who had free choice, acted on their own initiative, unafflicted by any such heirloom of transmitted hate; nor am I, at the moment, referring at all to those who just responded to their country's call. The true who fought on the wrong side may have been simply mistaken; the quarrel may have been indifferent, deservedly contemptible to him, and he, bent on just aim of his own, merely have had to do with it as he prudently could. But no true man espoused the wrong side, however trifling the degree of right and wrong in it, for the sake of the cause that side fought for and persisted therein. Doing this, he had ceased to be true; for, once entered, he could not long continue innocently mistaken.

Certainly if a war between nations spring from mere passion, be no case of Just in wrestle with Unjust, outsiders may not be blamable for looking to nothing save their own immediate interests, making such alliance with either as they deem will best further these.

2. But if it *be* a case of Just *versus* Unjust and to some extent it almost always is this, then the outsider can never be quite blameless if he side with the latter, if his sympathies draw to the latter. Moreover, no matter how totally unconscious of deciding by any such ethical considerations, it is forever sure that men and nations infallibly do decide in subtle harmony therewith; whether they know it or not, and none can fully know it, their actions are determined by the deeper which underlies. Of course the ‚extent' is a first question, in a sense, it is the whole question. Granting it eminent, there is as aforesaid, still a big distinction to be drawn between him, who, like the American, sides directly in accordance with his vision or misvision, of *it*, and him who, not wilfully blind, but little surmises any great moral good, vital to all men, to be at issue, imagines that he is free to side with either or with neither as his private business would ordinarily prompt. And, in these regards, the various attitudes of the different Balkan States, of Sweden, of Holland etc., give food enough for reflection. Some words whereon in passing.

I do not suppose that a high degree of praise or blame attaches to any of the Balkan States for taking the side they have taken, or refrained from taking; that much real intelligence of the true nature of the Greater Conflict exists there; that there is one among them which would not verily have ‚taken either side', as the huge game went, and it saw desirable opportunity of getting a picking. With the Swedes and Dutch it can hardly be thus; whatever counsels may prevail aloft there surely must be many men among them of a just and level discernment. Men who, prudent for their own nation's welfare, are yet of soul large enough to ponder the wider issue for its own sake. My friends, who, that is not this, can ever be really prudent for his own country either? It is not selfish counsels, the earthly careful, much less the hate-filled, which lead to prosperity in this world of God's making; neither are rashness and precipitancy of the noble. In times past both Sweden and Holland well knew this, and like all, were never great or admirable but when they knew it. Grave men in them to-day must needs be aware that the result of this wrestle between Germany and those who encircle her cannot fail to have great influence on the future of their countries also. All thought that the Less may be happier if both the Mighty exhaust themselves is mean, hopes grounded thereon most fallacious. No call to enter the strife may have arisen, may yet arise for either. Let us hope it has not, will not. But to arrive at a valiant understanding of how great a quarrel this is, and to act as that dictates, is much incumbent. Yea — be it by dumb instinct, intuitive perception, a right lucid intelligence, or by sordid speculation, innate proclivity to the worse al closer kin, infatuation with the lying zeals which swallow men divorced from simple, stern integrity, and are put forth by them as holy sanction for deeds born of the basest enmity, — each does draw to this side or to that, in unescapable accord with that his being is.

Servia began the war on promises of help; waited for it to reach her promises of help; and has received a drastic lesson as to the wisdom of that and prior proceedings. Independent Servia, a sovereign state, did not shine much for social achievement, how orthodox her institutions soever. Cabal upon cabal; anarchy with more of assassin's knife than constable; her king's house itself something of a Thyestes one. Before the war the British Ministry disowned responsibility for Servia, after

promised help; next left her to her fate, and when that fate had grown palpably beyond all saving, the Premier announced: She must be saved. 'Twould have been a blot of obloquy not, and sufficient salve for the *Rôle* of Knight Errant. Soon after, this Premier swore he would stop at nothing. Blockade of Greece promptly illustrating. Venizelos of that country was for his hour rather a darling of the American and British publics; who, as reported in the New York Times, quite brazenly professed his aim another war of conquest, on opportunity not to be missed, and boasted he had twice successfully led his country into such. Later, after he had been thrown out of office, the London Daily News, chief organ of Liberalism, spoke of this beautiful senator as having ‚Permitted' for ‚precisely so many days' the existence of the government hostile to him. No sycophant, fawning at the foot of Despot, could have said more. But Venizelos was orthodox in political creed, had reached office by the prescribed methods: therefore no traitor, either particular to his country or general to God, let his practise run to what it might, as in nodding acquiescence to the landing of troops at Salonika. Greece pays for being divided within herself. Yet may we not own some wisdom, some probable intuitive affinity in that party in her would keep the country out, if possible, not trust its fate to the support and mercy of those leagued nations would have it serve their purposes? An American is reported to have asked King Constantine, in stereotyped formula, whether the policy of Venizelos did not represent the Will of the People? Who answered that he was well assured the People understood nothing of Venizelos' foreign policy. Most probable. When do they ever until it is too late? And surely in that answer, if you read it in full, there was something more worthy trust than ought in the demagogue's alluring brag. By that time the threats and cajolements had run to remarkable lengths; quite moderate skill in the reading of riddles sufficing to interpret them. Smyrna would not do. Won't Cyprus? We can give it you, and so potent a state could have no difficulty in keeping. Besides, we are mighty and none dare disobey the commands of such a Righter of Wrongs. True, we appear now exceedingly solicitous your littleness should aid our potency; but let no fool's thought inflate you that it is other than of our grace to see what grace is in you. Our bowels yearn

for you, that you should walk in the way we would have you for your own good. If you urge True, also that we are the same have many times forbidden you Crete and Ægean islands much more properly Grecian, our face is impassive as the Sphinx. — This thing rather reminded me of the offer of Tobago to Friedrich, who answered in an easy banter: Island of Tobago? Island of Barataria, your Lordship must be meaning, Island of which I cannot be the Sancho Panza.

So far as one so little knowing the inner springs in these Balkan affairs may say, and though I much mistrust her king, it does seem that Bulgaria alone of those states had fair ground to enter, and endeavor recovery of territory won yet never enjoyed, whisked away from her desiring arms in the bridal hour. In the last Balkan war, it did appear that Bulgaria bore the brunt of the fighting, and was after very scurvily treated. Such, at any rate, I think was the general feeling in England at the time, sympathy then being mainly with Bulgaria. Though now, on no fresh evidence, but simply because she has reckoned the German the better friend, she is called any bad name that comes uppermost. Scandalous lust of territory, says Mr. Asquith, coaxing Greece with various baits the while. The German has pledged himself Salonika shall be Bulgaria's, says Sir Edward Grey, with obvious purpose. At least that miscreant outlaw never could have got her aid without large promises, explains he after. Set a thief to catch a thief. Trust a thief to believe that all are thievish. Large promises are a known ware, and small ones kept to some are more inviting. Of Rumania, I know too little to say anything more than this: A practise of quietly waiting till neighbors have exhausted strengths, and of then stepping softly in and helping yourself to what you want, whilst they are too reduced to offer resistance, is — Well it is a practise which can conceivably be just, in particular circumstances; and if not just by special circumstance, it is a practise which will in time bring heavier penalty than headlong rashness could.

If a man attempt at all to reckon of the conduct of these Balkan States, it is needful for him to endeavor to realize how greatly this war has changed, or promises to change, their outlooks; changed these in a way that only a few of the more

intelligent men among them are likely to grasp at once; whilst the chances of gain and the dread perils are so palpable. For so long, these States have been kept under thumb of that unclean thing called the Concert. Nothing is without some good; and the countenancewhich the Powers, as they styled themselves, did, on the whole give the States *versus* the Turk was helpful so far. But the Turk is no more so serious a menace; and should Germany be able to hold out, come through essentially victor, the Concert will not be re-established — that, it is to be hoped, has dropped wholly into the cloacas forever, — though God only knows whether or not it consists with His wisdom that it should re-emerge all dripping sweet. If not so consisting, the States will then have to look more to one definite power as suzerain, or entity likely to intermeddle. And the One, with real concern in the matter, would need to be bad indeed, if not an immense improvement on the edicts arrived at by half a dozen in conflict, many of them with no real concern there at all. Whilst, if an intelligent and nobly human Power, its dominacy might well prove an awakening in dayspring for them, compared to former being ridden by nightmares. Decisive No to the nescient Slav at least. And, more momentous still, it is a different alternative than hitherto the choice has so much lain between Russia and Austria. Whereas now, there is good prospect that it is German counsels which will prevail. Free German manhood, light and progress, instead of cramp Austrian habitude and dark grasp. This is a very different alternative to the Russian and is powerful; therefore righteous for the orthodox to justly in doubt before, should be able to see how widely different the choice now is.

In the fates of Belgium and of Servia, in the alternate blandishment and buffet of Greece, with sequent taking of her territory for a seat of war, will she nill she, Little States have been taught didactically enough what to think of ‚large promises', what to expect if they either side actively with the League or fail to do so when bidden. They are internally divided; and in those internal divisions, the same tendencies are at work. You know it was so in Italy, too. But it is not for me to pursue this; my purpose here but to ask reflective souls: If, through all the grossnesses and cupidities, they cannot see deeper drift? Deeper

drift is always there, is bound to be there. Some lean this way, most lean that. How and why? Which men in each is it that draw to either? Is it not, at lowest, apparent that the inflamed mobs, led on by their demagogues, rush almost without exception, one way; such few of stable and considerate sort as you can anywhere catch sight of — and in this enormous stampede they are very few, — not that way? Schemers abound. And even of them which banner is it that these seekers of unjust gain have flocked to? Even the mere instinct of self-preservation, of desirable increase, will direct the sound of heart to wise course, — does normally plunge the unsound in woe through trust in the Worser party.

The above was in reference to those cases wherein the side was not taken expressly, I am not saying confessedly, for the sake of the cause that side fought for, or out of aversion to the other, as with the American and British it so entirely has been and is. Where the side is so taken, no man cognisant of the eternal laws, with an eye to see the course of Providence in human history, but knows that the taking it is of the highest import, an act indeed ‚fundamentally pre-determined', liable, if not certain to prove a ‚fateful commitment'. That is when the quarrel is eminently one between Just and Unjust.

Observe here that the question Whether it be taken of Love or from Hate? is itself determining. And it is apparent that it was not for love of Serb or Russ, of Frank or Belgian that Briton went into the war, but from enmity to the German solely. Obligations entered into which could not in honor be foregone. Etc. Why entered into? Wars do not spring in a day, nor three great nations unite instantly against one without diplomacy of decades long having prepared the way for them to do so. Out of love for the cause the parties were fighting for? Dear Sir, beware of ‚Causes'. Causes of Liberty, of Humanity, Etc., Etc. It is not even pretended that Russ or Frank went to war for any of that. The claim simply that victory for the German would be emanating to that; therefore just to unite with any against him. He does not profess the saving shibboleth, has other creed than band with his foes, be they what they may, for his destruction. It is a good many centuries since we have known what to think of this plea. Without painting the German an utter miscreant, the British Statesmen who declared war knew that *their* ‚cause'

would not have a leg to stand on, even in the eyes of their own public. It seems certain now too that the story of an outraged Belgian Neutrality was not one that these men themselves had expected much from at their first putting of it forth; that the way in which this was caught up by the popular imagination came as a joyful surprise to them. Never! The very thing which, in our weakness of faith, we thought no mortal could be expected to credit, this is that we supremely stood in need of. Then, outdoing themselves in embellishment of it. It can be dropped again, later, when it has served its purpose, been openly admitted naught save a hocus-pocus, no cause of war at all; *and yet* all built on it still held and utilized. Deny the tale in a way that cannot be answered and we'll discreetly leave it, but nothing that has come to us by it will we so give up; the arguments based on it, which, without it true are at once invalid, shall still be held for valid, the whole temper excited by it, none the less appealed to. What we got by it was all we ever wanted by it: that we keep, of the pricked bladder make a cheap bargain. Well, I grant thus that that Anthem while it lasted claimed pure love for a piteous, transfixed with murderous steel; yet you will surely agree that the main burden of the song has throughout been not Blessed are you, but *Cursed be he.* Or, to put it more amply: By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Savior, and of all the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubims and seraphims, and of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apostles and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, who, in the sight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to sing the new song of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the saints, together with the holy and elect of God, — May he (the German) be damned. We ex-communicate, and anathematize him and from the thresholds of the Holy Church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed and delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with all those who say unto the Lord God, Depart from us, we desire none of Thy ways. And, as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forevermore — This is from Ernusphus; you may read the rest of it in *Tristram Shandy,* — or almost any British book or article upon the war. I declare I would not have the heart to curse my dog

so, said Uncle Toby. But he is cursed and damned already to all eternity, rejoins the British Dr. Slop. I am sorry for it, answered Toby. May not thou and I be sorry for it, Cousin Yankee? 'Tis thus in England; and thou, candid, wilt confess it is too much so in America, wilt admit American Bias to be much more *Anti*-German than *Pro*-Ally.

But to proceed less discursively. Nearly always to some extent, a case of Just *versus* Unjust is a truism; and only when it is eminently this, that which we go with becomes of such vital consequence. Where the extent is small other matters may outweigh it. For the side we take to be salving or damning for us, the quarrel really needs to be of transcendent kind. And I am not going to attempt saying how far it is this; it were not far if one could. Struggles really great are commonly forced on the chief actor, who, in the circumstances he finds himself in, cannot, in fidelity, but do thus or thus, let the consequences be what they may: Sublime Rôle is very far from his thoughts. Men enter them in faith; and not till the matter be proven can its import be guaged. It is not for us to attempt guaging; but how thoroughly I, Briton though I be, am convinced that the Germans, very imperfect mortals like all of us, have the right in this quarrel I have already declared in *Carlyle and the War*. There I have stated my own belief that they are, with shortcomings enough, The Veracious; that the issue between them and their foes is one that does rest on the perennial, reach to the infinite; and I have shown the grounds of that belief, grounds which have since but increased in width and sureness. Probably you do not believe this; but Do you admit the importance of taking side, *if* the like of this be true?

Should you have the volume at hand, I will ask you to read the eighth chapter of the third book of Carlyle's Friedrich, 'The Historical Meaning of the Reformation'; the whole of the chapter, or all except the first paragraph, it is quite short. There you have a brief yet searching account, in dialect of to-day, of what siding with Protestant or with Catholic then meant, of the results of choosing right or choosing wrong. The chapter ends with the remark, that nations did not so understand it, but that it was a question of questions for them, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come. And he is of poor insight who does not know this true, now, after the fact.

Since Carlyle there speaks of Austria, and I also have said hard things of her, I will pause a moment to add a word on matter I have thought much of since the war broke out. It *was* always more the ‚hide-bound Flemish-Spanish-Kaiser-element presiding over Austria' than the spirit of that people in whole which was so evil. And the way in which the German Kaiser element, German intelligence and power of directing, organizing, has been able and has been permitted to take the reins in Austria during this war is a thing which bespeaks high merit in both nations. One knows there must be much counter, and cannot tell what the final outcome will be. Yet consider the fact as it already stands. Here you have a nation, which was the Dominant, utterly resented rise of small neighbor, fought long and bitterly against such rise with a malignancy almost matching that of the present Combine; yet did not, according to all but universal rule, retain vindictive enmity to the Small which had worsted her and all her allies. On the contrary, soon after turned chivalrous face to him, and started emulating his ways. Has now, after fluctuations, which may again be, made fast pact with him grown big; in hour of crisis, yielded herself to his better guidance. Gentlemen, it is not easy to parallel the like of that. Reflect how deep the quarrel ran before, never, in substance, a mere dispute over territory, such as may be between any, and I think you will confess that the union of to-day does bespeak high merit in both. Renunciation of so much which ill-minded persons, incurable, will suffer perdition rather than renounce; wide noble capacity to so take the reins; grace in each. Britain can ‚finance' her side, glories in forbear's store to squander; Germany can ‚officer' hers, husband resource: Which admire ye?

I am not suggesting that the present struggle is of equal moment to that which convulsed Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though I believe that it may easily turn out of greater moment than any which has occurred since, that it is essentially the same. Life *in truth* not in ‚decent' equivocation, neither in subscription to Sublime Idea, actual conduct of a Man, *versus* life led next door to anyhow provided it be orthodox in profession and mode: This is the Permanent Division. Protestant *versus* Catholic did for long correctly name it; but it is many a day since it has ceased to do so. In the innermost spiritual, at the time and for long after, the Reformation

was believed to be just the abolishing of accumulated idolatry, that so the same Revealed Faith of the Fathers might be the life's guidance of men. And, in a sense, this is true. Yet, in all other senses, we now know that it was not this; that it was the challenge of all religious Myth and Fable forevermore; the commencement of an Act in man's history which could only victoriously end in the uncompromising clearing away of all that. No triumphant issue ever possible in the mere cleaning of the Myth from grosser adhesions, the cutting of it down to chaster dimensions, but solely in the total discarding of it: A very long process, far from ended yet; and question of each day for each, Is it honestly *continued* in? Are you still going on with it, or have you forsaken the Holy Quest, to put up with ghastly make-shifts? A step in the march it was, toward a Religion, unsectarian, creedless, nameless, one and eternal; merciless to all denominations wherein no heart belief remains, rich in loving comprehension of all wherein it does; not branding the past worships, any worship, were it of the sorriest monstrosity, which was, or is sincere, wicked; able to interpret turbid vision through clear eye for the Real, and lead benighted wanderer to the Living God he confusedly prophesied of, mistook the creature of his fancy to be. I think the Germans do continue, do advance in that Quest, do still earnestly seek salvation for themselves, — as not so seeking for themselves, God have mercy on any they offer help to, that *they* may reach it; well know that their chief foes, the British, have long abandoned the search, contented to worship Incredibilities proven incredible, Transparent Humbugs they rejoice in the transparency of. And, in the dealings with others, compare British ‚tolerance' of every religion in the tribes they subject, with German endeavors to *understand*. Or go far lower, and look at the diplomacies of each. See how, where the one just insists on own notions, has threat or bribe for conformity with these, and when the size of the party or its importance, dictates it, some discretion, readiness to compromise, the other would know the element to work *in it*. This too springs from the deep, is a manifestation of active free intelligence, modest of thought, or of lofty indifference, stupidity; the one would be familiar with all the minor cross interests, gain their secrets, which can only be done through sympathy, where the other regards this as too tiresome and a thing beneath him, quite

unnecessary for his godship. You do not need to go to the State Offices either to learn this of the British; it is quite habitual with them in every commonest matter of daily business.

The political faiths which have swept over the world torrent-wise since the latter eighteenth century, never had much of divinity in them. Negatively true only. Mere turning out of impostures grown intolerable as palpable; deed in the name of them beneficent solely as done against these. Faith decayed; even the bravest were full of doubt, had as it were, to suspend activity till those doubts were solved. And, left without shepherds, the multitudes then overthrew all thrones that mocked them with similitude. Meritoriously, till, the old idols broken, they set up new, affirmed their blatant uproar to be Deity's voice, swore it should be supreme upon earth; from Execration of the False passed to Forbiddal of the True. But no negation will ever save us; and that last kind, resulting directly from the fool's assertion of himself, will damn. It is a great positive we need; a determined resolution on the part of the just and intelligent to have that control and command of mortal affairs which is theirs by eternal right; to take this, in the teeth of every opposition as a duty imperatively incumbent upon them. And it is in Germany alone that any sort of progress has been made in this; the nations opposed have done simply nothing in it. The British, and I am afraid I must add, the English-speaking races generally have a rooted objection to ‚progress' in that direction, rising, in hours of crisis, to fanatical abhorrence of it. They call this German power of cohesion, discipline, capacity of leading and of being led, ‚Organized Evil', and speak of it as of a thing inspired by the very devil. Surely we may add, too, at least of that larger section, the English-speaking races, not knowing what they do, may hope yet that they will come to reason on the matter, gradually learn to view it with very different eyes to what they do at present.

Again, look at this Contest as simply part of the Growth of a Nation; question: Is it to grow, then? It least disputably, most evidently, is this. I have already spoken of it in ‚Carlyle and the War'. How Germany has grown massively, stably in worthy human development. How the contrary cry of Hun, Conquering Horde, Etc., Etc., is utterly baseless, palpably absurd in fact, a thing to be dismissed, tar-marked with ignominy. Even

as the whole notion of success, of great national growth, through chicane, and by brute force, is altogether impious; a product of that ‚scandalously ape-like interpretation of human affairs' by the accredited of the world Carlyle so often speaks of. In the present case, also, I do not hesitate to name that same contrary cry, a shriekery of the damned, to excuse their own iniquities, or when they feel the lash they have so richly merited, provoked, fall on them. No case of wanton aggression was ever here; clearly a case of perpetual jealous thwart, a ringing round in envious-jealous determination to forbid the other his natural right. Yet Americans have rejoiced in the hope that ‚the dream of German expansion will be destroyed forever', by the results of this war. It is strange what things will pass in a time of popular excitement. Whatever sins may be justly charged upon the Americans as a people, it is perfectly certain that they have no sympathy with the like of that; that, unless obsessed, they never could have allowed such utterances to pass as expressions of national sentiment. Right of neighbors to say to a great people in the forefront of civilization, full of an active present vitality, which by the eternal laws of all nature forever does mean ‚expansion'. Hitherto and no further, to compel obedience to this their arbitrary limit by World-Combine and resort to arms — I am well convinced that to the American Nation this is really a no-right, that it is a claim and attempt completely abhorrent to them. And, for the Germans, it should surely be very beautiful to us, that this war does chiefly present itself to them as a struggle for their own national existence, inalienable right of development. We may see well that a great deal more than this is involved, and they too, in moments of a higher inspiration, such as come unsought to men valiant in their own need, that their fate is as nought to the thing they fight for; still the great primary is that men stand to their own immediate duty, refuse to yield to Legion the rights entrusted to *them*, are careful for their own self-preservation, if that be well understood; and only where they genuinely are this can a noble ‚aggression' come when called for; it is, then bound to come when called for.

Nations have grown you know. Do you think you can stop it, gripe the great Wheel of Destiny? In the name of self-preservation, at least, Hands off those spokes! It is obviously part of the Almighty's ordination that nations shall both wax and wane.

And, as they reach successive stages, they commonly have to fight most desperately with jealous neighbors resolved to prevent their further growth. But it is only when the question of a nation's growth is eminently wrapt up with the ever-living moralities, the perennial interests of Man, that the envious neighbors, after entering into subtle conspiracy, secret breaking of laws and treaty by them, charge upon that nation as Violator of the Sacred, spread all manner of calumny concerning it, and, in the name of righteousness, declare it marked out for perdition. Russia, France and Britain, they each had several aim, but the inveterate animus of the False against the True was their common bond. Go deep enough, it was no co-incidence of earthly interests that made these unite; it was a common dread of one their very instincts told them was growing *deservedly* mightier than they. Than each alone, they may have thought, and yet may find than all together. Bias! Sympathy! I am afraid I could have little sympathy with the man who did not revolt from the horrible Campaign of Execration, wherewith Britain has defiled herself, even instinctively guess that here it was the Curser and not the Cursed who was guilty. None just ever *so* bedamned an opposite. And I refer, of course, th the utterances of responsible parties; where the divergence between the British and the German in tone and manner, in whole spirit and conception, is very great, however it may be in the lower realms of the propagandist. Neither is just indignation, even when it does run to extremes, to be ranked for a moment with sanctimonious mendacity, witting perversions and the taunts of attorneys.

Growth of a nation! It is not a small matter which nation shall grow. Can you reckon how great a matter? How had it been if Persia had overcome Greece, Carthage Rome or Spain England? We know that in each of those cases which won was vital to the progress of mankind; that the victory each time was the triumph of virility and openness of soul over noxious element which would have forbidden to the other those seed fields of time, itself could neither plow nor sow. It is futile in this most concrete world to talk of the triumph of abstract truth as the alone essential. Highest ‚ideas' are no more than what we think this instant, if they be not merely what we cant from hearsay; but the living soul of man is infinite, and may to-morrow or to-day give birth to ideas far superior to these. Nay, if you will have

it, each true man does at once in every right deed of life totally surpass all 'ideas' past, present and to come, — leaves *them* as feeble namings or misnamings of a boundless real he has wrought in. All intelligences which appear on this earth are embodied intelligences, and, if truth is to prevail, it only can prevail by the true man prevailing, by the veridical nation of men prevailing over the unveridical; they are the only possible *guardians* of it. Sublime Idea, which shall yet rule the world, you American people? Had you not better look to yourselves rather, let the Idea and the Guardianship of it go to the devil, or whomsoever is fool enough to fancy the like? If a justice loving people, searching equity to do it, in your own lives verily exemplars of conduct, you cannot fail to be guardians of much that is precious. Not being this, your claimed Guardianship can never be anything save a mockery, very sure to prove much more of a protection to iniquity than a furtherance to probity.

In the time of the Reformation the issue was Shall man be free to increase in knowledge and wisdom, explore the unknown, untried and prove it in deed, or shall he be spell-bound in religious creeds and formulas, forced to take lies for a gospel? And it is the same to-day, if you change one word, write political instead of religious. This we witness is a battle between men of integrity, brilliant for wide achievement, in every province of life and science, and the multiplex greeds and cupidities, racial hatreds and transmitted feuds, led on and alone made dangerous by men of a brother race become mendacious of soul, who, however brave they may be in facing Death to-day, have not for generations past been brave in facing Life, whose fairest qualities are all lamed and blasted by the lie-laden atmosphere they have breathed from birth; men, who in so uniting with the covetous, inspiring their league, are acting in direct defiance of their own Noblest, hideously travestying all that tradition of uprightness and sterling manhood wherein their own Past is so rich; the Attorneys of Decadence, retaining nothing save the toughness of the race.

Surely, the importance of taking side, *if* the quarrel be eminently one between Just and Unjust, should be beyond dispute. You find it very difficult to know whether it is? And I certainly am in no wise asking you to take my mere word for it that it is, however emphatically, yet measuredly also, I may have

already expressed my own conviction that it is. Perhaps you are inclined to believe that it always is very difficult to know; to argue of that Reformation business, for instance: — Yes, it is all very clear now, centuries after. But who save a few of deeper insight, happier luck ,could have known it at that time? There and then, there must have been thousands of thousands, the vast majority of men, who could not know right hand from left in the matter, great numbers who were more than guiltless, who were admirable and exemplary in remaining steadfast in the faith of their fathers, refusing uncertain new light. — Which is easily granted within limits. But there are limits, very stern and very searching limits. At the outset of such an argument, I should have to say — It is all quite clear now, centuries after: Are you sure of that? Protestant or Catholic? no more determines your friendship or your enmity, but do you, with the whole depth of your soul, know how vital the issue between them then was? And then, to assert of man able to answer this in affirmative, neither had he chosen amiss at the time. The noble of the earth discern where the infinite divergence is in the divisions of their own day better and not worse than those who come after them; only, as the centuries pass, one harvest of their labors is that the Right and Wrong becomes more manifest to a larger number. By their activities in their own day. They, too, had their difficulties, difficulties even in discerning; but they overcame them, else had they not been noble: It is well to remember this at the outset.

For those honestly perplexed, unable to side with either, as not knowing, and for many who have sided amiss through influence of their breeding, of their moral surroundings every way, wide charity is more than requisite; love, pity, sympathy, helpfulness and patience, should often be no forced duty here, a spontaneous, flowing without effort. Some even of those who have become actually infected with evil zeal may turn, and some who have solaced themselves with this plea of ‚difficulty', cease to make it an excuse for shirk of duty. For the honestly perplexed: Let them see to it that they are honest. That no Laodicean spirit misleads them, nor any cherished idea or principle; that it is with them neither a case of, Soul take thy ease, or of Foul which of these best fulfills thy particular requirements? Honestly not knowing which is right, yet earnest to

know, you will not be moved by the *curses* of either of the other, nor will be carried away by exclaim at an act by those who may themselves have provoked it. If your heart does eschew evil, and you do know integrity when you meet it, things will grow clearer. Veracity of character is first, be its deed high, or be its deed low, its aspect mild or grim. From the professor of loftly aims, full of deceit in act, can no good come. Go not with the evil because they execrate whom you doubt may deserve the execration. Being in doubt, wait till you see the face of Man, and can know it just by direct perception of *it*. Trying each, meanwhile, whether he himself be true, whatever he charge against another. You have seen an end of all perfection, but each worker of iniquity resisted will bring you nearer to the sight of him who is warring in a sterling human manhood against those workers. For myself, it was not, quite at the first, the justice of the German cause that I was sure of, though I am now sure of it, but the utter injustice of the British.

For those who side amiss through those influences of breeding, moral surrounding, they had scarcely a chance to free themselves of: The piteousness of this, the evident innocence of their mistreading, is a thing which appeals so instantly to our hearts that there is no need to dwell upon it. More that, tender as we should often be to the individual, there is, in the wide general, no such thing as innocence here; that it is even here that Guilt is at once most tragical and deepest, blackest. For this is simply the sins of the parent visited on the children in a terrible way; and, though where the individual is alone regarded, the whole call on the spirit may be to mercy and helpful ministration, where the community is concerned, the necessity, the divine justice of their being so visited is apparent. Where the influences of their breeding have taught men to believe evil of the true, it is a clear thing that the breeders have not lived in integrity. Where moral surroundings, the general atmosphere which all breathe, impel to concurrence in unworthy act, to acceptance of a lying account as a declaration by the righteous, can infect youth with a vicious animus persuaded it is holy indignation, the community must for generations have been utterly unveracious, divorced from the eternal truth of things, and determined that that it has voted true shall be true in despite of fact. Men born into such communities,

reared up in them, may indeed find it very difficult to know which side has the right. Only recognize that then the difficulty is more the stern Judge's penalty than the Father's loving trial; yet shall each one who honestly seeks find it the latter also for him.

American's Anti-German Bias roots altogether in prejudgment of that sort, where mortal maxim is taken for eternal ordinance. It does not owe its origin to the frank and equal vision of Man for the present facts, but to viewing the matter from a standpoint where certain dictums are held to be fundamentals, inviolate, unquestionable, for the welfare and salvation of mankind. Utmost freedom of debate *after* these are granted, of course. But, truly those who announced these dictums to be fundamental were not present when the Almighty created the earth; and it is a little of His inspiration that is still needed to save us.

Difficulty in knowing: Innocence in mischoice! The Present ever seems so confused and conflicting! It *is* incumbent on us to remember all that; yet much more to know the reverse face of all that, which is really the complement; not knowing this, our charity were empty and mischievous. Suppose we were to state this Reverse in the way of direct contradiction, as is sometimes done: Always difficult to know? No; never so at all. It were at least equally true. Difficult, next door to impossible, for this man or that man to see the real issue, to know what the whole uproar is about, it may many times be; but not one in ten thousand ever does side from clear vision of the issue, from *ownness* of insight at all. Men follow their leaders, seeing leaders or blind; thay rush this way or that as they see their fellows rush; side, for the most part, simply with whom they have been used to side. Few sing the song, fewer still composed it, the many merely join in the chorus. They do not go along; they are borne along. It is true, they do themselves make the tide which sweeps them; and therefore is it that they are borne as they deserve to be.

For if the quarrel be between Just and Unjust, it necessarily follows, an evident tautology, that, in the heart of the matter, men of a noble and veracious character are directly pitted against men of an ignoble and an unveracious. In the wild whirlwind of war, the all-enveloping dust-cloud may cause them to be invisible

to you, the tramping and shrieking, render them inaudible to you, not to say grossly misseen and misheard; but, on the proviso, *they are bound to be there:* Lay that fact well to heart. And, being there, their existence is felt in a thousand ways; their presence becomes known, and each party gathers to itself its own proper following, were it through mere dumb instinct. Where these two Antipodals exist in the center, all is conformable to their presence there; the entire envelopment emanates from them, is a manifestation of *their* presence and none other, draws to each which is the natural ally of each, proves all who come under its shadow whether they be of the noble, responsive to the call of their day, or of the ignoble, ready victim of sorcerers spell. The very dust-cloud tells who raised it; with any other it had been a different dust-cloud. Men side with whom and what is lovely in their eyes; they fight along with him who quickens their latent heroism, or with him, who in the name of this, spurs on their spleens as with a heavenly sanction. It is in faith and through affinity that men side aright; in the ultimates, the highest of them do so. Issue? Cause? The issues are known to One only. What name we give our cause to-day is little likely to be adequate to-morrow. None can tell what an act will grow to, what sequels hang by it, but done in integrity, it will lead us to such victory as befits; it will not lead us to evil, though to death it may. As surely as done in subtlety, it will open the gates to the very dangers sought to be avoided, and bring down on those guilty a destruction they never dreamed of. And, as I say, the Just and the Unjust being *there*, in the centre, it is their spirits, infinitely more than aught they can enunciate, which draw men to their banners. Which spirits do pervade the whole embroilment; the campaigns of each are informed through and through by the spirits of each, felt at the uttermost bounds. Wherby the most distant from the center has essentially the same problem put before him as the nighest. The sterling know the sterling, become aware which is the sterling, and do ever search that first. The specious search it not at all, seize with avidity the speciosity offered them; then, plunging on with this for the ungainsayable, spite-filled in sanctimony, thereafter fasten on whatever is supposed to exemplify *it.* Shrieking: See the proof; — of that indictment they have swallowed whole, never weighed the evidence for and against. *They* are not capable of weighing

the evidence. Neither is it the honest, how ignorant and simple-minded soever, who believe *their* report. The distant may not know the matter, but he can always listen to the several pleaders; as himself is man, can perceive which is man, and till he do find evidence of man, his duty is to go with neither. No veracious soul can believe a lie to spread it abroad, can accept it as a mandate of heaven to act; whilst all who are veracious can tell whether who addresses them speaks from a just discernment in a heart conviction, or spouts as his devils prompt. You will commonly find the latter sort of pleaders plentiful upon both sides, but the former, never plentiful, is ever to be found on one side only.

War, crisis in any kind, is always a sudden call to the majority and they are apt to cry, How could we know, taken so unawares? In the present instance, I am afraid that, so far as the *majorities* are concerned, the fittest answer to this would be: You have not so cried. Probable as I reckon it that you will raise that excuse later on, your present sin is that you have unhesitatingly accepted the lying accounts, and sworn you do know. But the true answer is: You should have been aware; you were aware; you could not fail to be anything else than aware, to your very heart's core. In the years of peace, you have inevitably grown ready or unready for this or for that, and it is *for what* that is now put to proof. Certainly, war is a sudden call to the many; and it is the manner of the Supreme Destinies to issue such calls from time to time. Neither are they unjust in doing so. Enough of the pedagogue's daily routine; close your text books, let us see who has profited this term. A searching, most rigorous examination it is, to determine who has put his faith in integrity, who in mendacity, who has been idle, who diligent, who lives in the fact of things, who has fashioned his own gods. The bounds of human custom are broken, all canons shattered, every guide-post of man's erecting is thrown down: Cast naked into the storm, which of you now knows the Right from the Wrong? Who among you is there whose own native inspiration is in harmony with the Eternal Verities; who that can only shriek of desecration and sacrilege while he speeds from iniquity to iniquity? In that deep sense, no man can ever be taken unawares.

Most surely, the just of men never do rush pell-mell whither

the evil bid them. They may very possibly, at first, be in doubt as to the other side, but their recoil from *that* side will be swift. And where the quarrel is between the Noble and the Slim, the steadfast rejection of the latter is quite certain to lead to recognition of the former. The doubts inevitable to those unable to obtain a face to face view at first will resolve; the features will grow clearer and clearer through any dust-cloud. Yes, he who refuses the Lie will be rewarded by sight of the True; making the inquiry in faithfulness, faith will crown his effort, direct his course. He will come to see these better and better; searching these, will come to know which had justice, which speciously claimed it, what manner of spirit actually informs each. Till the apparent confusion grow lucent and cosmic to him, a coherent, vital Reality of to-day. Still flickering, indeed, in all the anxieties inseparable from the present, yet stellar, part of the eternal, visibly accordant with the yesterdays and charged with promise, as with peril, for the to-morrows, wherein he will know how to act. Manfully responsive to the call now come on *him*, which he can no more escape. And as certainly, whoever does take up with the false cry, will plunge deeper and deeper into error, become confirmed therein. Eyeless for character and heedless of the facts, seizing on the lying account, he swiftly becomes *possessed* by it and the temper which gave birth to it. Pretaking it as not to be disputed without heresy, he finds each deed of the object of his hate but an example of its truth, and rages along fervid for such miscreant's destruction; the side of his impulse assumed virtuous or troubled with mere peccadillo. Till he mock at all doings of the noble, and refuse to listen to any word of his. The most modest, plainest statement of a fact by him, he will pervert, name brazen or astute; the while applauding as dignified rebuke, by honor-worthy Statesmen of his country, the cad taunts of those whom every soul that's honest can see carry their damnation written on their foreheads. The ‚Crushing Replies', as the newspapers name them, of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, have now reached such an absolute vulgarity as no continent man would permit in his dining room, as he would severely rebuke, if he overheard it in his kitchen or his stable. Alas, it is but the rule in senate houses of our day, and each time one hears that oratory, one thinks of Dante ‚all bent

to listen' and his Virgil's ‚Beware now', A little more I am angry with thee', Yet Bethmann-Hollweg offers contrast.

And I say that this opportunity to discern is open to all, that it is more than an opportunity, an unescapable necessity. Because it is by the tempers displayed that men ally with either, — as their own tempers are. A soul not vulgar, *cannot* take vulgarity for grace: it is ashamed at having so much as listened. And the tempers of the two parties become very much more pronounced as the conflict proceeds, especially that of the Worse. Moreover, whereas to interpret the deeds of men you require to know the spirit they were done in, every authentic sight you get of their spirit is convincing, so far final, by its own evidence. If you are living in the country of the unjust, or in one which, without actually entering the war, has taken up their pleas as much as if it had, I do not know that it becomes easier to all men and women to directly see the temper of the other party as the conflict proceeds, but it does become easier for all who have not run with the multitudes to evil to see the evilness of *their* temper. This infallibly grows grosser. Howsoever would-be-righteous, smooth-clothed in Decency, — deceiving simple persons who can scarce believe that ill can harbor in so fair an exterior, — it may be at the start, the Venom of the Wicked soon manifests itself in an unmistakable way. This is the thing which strikes me so much here at home among the British. Of course there is a considerable element of patriotic ‚support the country in stress'; yet even this is all vitiated, appeals everywhere, habitually, to hate-filled imagination: It never refers to the German simply as a foe, shows vein of chivalry, or appeals to what Man before the Eternal could find a duty; it always refers to the German as an execrable monster without the pale of humanity, shows poisonous enmity, and appeals to duty in the name of all manner of creeds, not one of them credible. But it is not that element I speak of, but of those zealous for the war as itself just; from whose blind mouths it is that these sheep have learnt; ‚swoll'n with wind and the rank mist they drew, not inwardly and foul contagion *spread!* Distinguish between the British who just suppose themselves to be fighting for their country without much need to understand why, and the British who are strenuous to urge the war on as a Sacred Cause, and the spirit of the latter is, as I describe it, altogether one of

Hate-filled Imagination; *vicious animosity* breathes in their every utterance, repulsive to each pure-minded man and woman. Whatever Decorous Mendacity they struggled to maintain in their first enunciations, this is what they swiftly sank to, — if from such a starting-point you can speak of sinking. Indeed, the Statesmen who declared war, appealed to this at once, as to the only thing they could look to for support; their express effort was to excite this, as what alone would carry them through. And they succeeded in exciting it. Beyond their expectation, as I sometimes think; and perhaps with occasional qualms now as to who is going to allay it again, how it is to be kept in the desired channel only. It is a perilous thing to appeal to. Our arguments will bear no moment's serious examination, therefore cry aloud on Frenzied Passion, lash that up till it hiss heaven-high, and drown all voice of reason: Thus shall we win. Win? I do not know that those gentry had ever considered much how they were to win — the war; a sort of problem far out of any road they had ever travelled. The vote is what they sought to win, gain Unanimous Opinion to their side, which to them had ever been synonymous with winning. Never in their experience had anything more been required to secure victory; in their experience this itself was victory; royal assent followed in order, and, the law on the statute book, all was done: they rested from their labors and looked for the pleasant harvest. Pity them a little, reader, when they woke in unwonted sea, found that the hundred and sixty thousand handsomely landed according to bargain was not all requisite for victory. Germany on her knees and the war over in time for a happy Christmas. How amazing! Have they not endeavored to bestir themselves since, cried Help! at least till your heart was wrung?

And as for America's Anti-German Bias, Is it not born of the British, a mere reverberation of the same? Inflammable elements catching fire and the Great by Office well feeling who were *their* soul's closest kin.

But with the German, as far as I can see him, it is not thus. High rage and a great indignation there may well be, ought to be, but the Wrath of Man is of another house than vicious animosity. There are mean, violent, excitable men enough in Germany as in every country, and some of their utterances have been sufficiently flamy. Even to the ludicrous! I remember seeing one

book advertised thus in New York. ‚Onslaught on England so terrific it keeps dinning in your ears. Every sentence charged with dynamite and nitro-glycerine'. Well, even in such lowest instance, you will observe that there is no sanctimonious mendacity. The author of that was no professor of sanctimony, at any rate! Going into a bookseller's shop once, my eyes fell on a number of the ‚Vital Issue' lying on the counter. The man behind the counter, a German, noticed this and instantly whipped the paper off and threw it in the waste basket. The like whereof I often met. Another time, a peptic Hibernian, proprietor of a Pro-German Periodical, remarked, ‚Can't you write something for us? Public here's damned well sick of this German Propagandism'. My own sad reflection was that the said Propagandism found its own level in the American public's acceptance without difficulty; that it was the words of the noble Germans that that public's ear was deaf to, the other but a kindred bray. Kindred is the real question, be the bray for or against. It were small sport to heave the sides and raise the tail with nothing but an echo, no aldermanic expert maintaining the duet! *Gott strafe* England, too! One can with the mind's ear (I have heard it with the body's also) hear that in very various chant; and find the chant human, genuine, springing straight from the heart, and summing up into something of an elemental brool, which at times rises to a roar, voicing the awakened anger of men with good cause to be angry. To me, the whole tone of the German rings different; for in whatever dialect, coarse or fine, it rings veritable; and in the upper regions it is restrained rage which meets you. Resolute valor and fortitude, continent, humane, forbearant. You can find this even in State Papers, if you will honestly read them with your own understanding, shutting off the running comment which the newspapers never fail to sustain while presenting these to you, busily explaining how you are to mistake every word. Anon, in sublime equity, drawing your particular attention to some phrase as right worthy. Take an instance, not of State *Papers* this, in my mind at the moment. A correspondent writes of the Kaiser: It was many years since I had seen him. He was greatly altered. The present face was to the past as the finished work of an artist is to the rough draft. More than ever do the eyes dominate the face'. Whereon the newspaper comments: ‚By his circumlocution, our correspondent

appears to mean that the Kaiser has grown older.' Spittle of Insolence is the glory of the British of our day. Was not the artist here the Living God, saying thus, much better than by any voice from the clouds, ‚This man has served me in Deed and in him am I well pleased.' Yea, you may find it in many places, and in none better than in that. For with the Germans, it is the noblest and most heroical men in the nation who are chiefly strenuous in the war, the Leaders and Commanders in it, first in the breach while life is in them. Calling, they not on the spleen-kindled to wreak the spite of jealousy in name of godliness, but on the noble and intelligent to give their lives defending their country against monstrous league which seeks its destruction. That it is which makes this war G R E A T: the millions spent and thousands slain could never make it so. Were it the suppression of one Malefactor, also, by half a dozen, it were nothing great; the human must be there to make it great, and with him there, it is so: Either once more the heaven-crowned Victory of Man, or the tragedy of Iniquity ‚successful' — till its full term be run.

I have for many a year now been profoundly convinced that there never was, is, or can be, any insurmountable difficulty in knowing which has the right, That in great Present Crisis the faithful of mankind invariably do become aware, one way or another, of what is toward, and unite their strength solidly with the Veracious of their own day; at lowest, that they never take active part against him. Equally that all the legions of the spurious, eaten up with enmity, quit their flesh-pots and flock tumultuously to the Wrong; until the day before diligent in sordid gain, cast every care of that aside, seek nothing save the satisfaction of their hate. But the present has been a new experience to me as to the degree of this; the degree in which I have to-day found this true, is far beyond ought I had supposed. Indeed so. The extent to which this armed debate has separated Sheep from Goats in England, is a thing marvelous to me. Though, on reflection, it becomes intelligible, inevitable enough. I do not mean that all the godly in Britain (or America) are heart and soul for the German. Not by a long way! But I do mean that they are none of them zealous against him. — I know that the Goats have been, and are, doing their utmost to mark this separation which I speak of. They say: Let all of us, as undoubtedly destined to stand on the right hand of God, his

present ministers on earth, wear some kind of a Badge, armlet what you will, in order that the devil's own may be mocked at every street corner, as befits; every man, not of our sweet company be publicly branded, persecution fall on the ungodly, and gibes greet him wheresoever he show face. Hallelujah! endorse the Clergy with one voice. Now shall be the true reign of Christ in our midst. Right moral persuasion this, and Compulsion only for such *proven* incorrigible as are unamenable to it. Thus shall the Voluntary Principle be saved in appearance whatever dogs gnaw the substance. Is all that new to you, O Yankee, or does it put you in mind of those inquisitorial who drove your forefathers into the wilderness? Damn your pen, answers he; these profess our doxy, therefore righteous. — Aye, this is what forces itself upon me perpetually, at every turn, *the sort of people who are zealous for the war.* Deliberately, I say it, the worst characters in the nation, male and female. From the senate-house and cathedral pulpit, to the social activities of the obscurest village, it is *they* who everywhere take the lead in this matter, are most active in it. The wicked and the whited sepulchres with all the noisy rabble and many a ghastly portent unctuous for God's glory, Democracy's Creed, and ‚higher life' for the nation to be *thus* attained. Forever, it is flatly impossible for integrity's simplicity to accept the like of that as a gospel in any sense. However miserably the lips may murmur an allowance, an instinctive protest rises in every breast that is human. Alas, the most do give it too much allowance: the irrepressible contradiction voices itself in a very lame fashion to-day. Of the better, there are very, very few who know the war wrong, the current account of the German malicious falsehood, yet it remains beyond them to be zealous, however helpless they may go with the drift. And they are thus helpless because they never have had faith, manful resolution rooted in the living fact. No man and no woman earnestly endeavoring to live this earthly life in simple truth of word and deed, founded in faith, could fail to know the British Proclamation of Just War a devil's subtlety; and every soul you meet to whom your heart can warm in human brotherhood but is at least troubled over the matter. Show me the zealous, and you show me either a rag blown in the wind, or one who has life through put faith in mendacity, been before the war, as much as in it a Believer in Lies.

What Side is taken is of terrible import, and it is not insurmountably difficult to know which has the right; the brave forever do know, the simplest of the honest refuse to side with Ill.

Yet one recognizes a big difference between Bias, sympathy with the wrong party, a leaning to his Side, and Overt Act, actual joining in along with him. Carlyle spoke somewhere of the Murderer, with revolver levelled and finger on the trigger, remarked how he was not yet a Murderer, might even at that last instant, take a better thought; one twitch of the finger and he *is* it and will forever be it. In such deadly perils do we all stand at times, ‚if God restrained not', as is well written. America has been dangerously playing with the trigger for a long time, but, up to the moment of my writing, has not yet pulled it. And so long as she do not pull it, she stands in another category than those who have joined in. A big difference, it were impossible to reckon how big. If the crime were done, she were then pledged to an iniquity; and many generations might not be able to redeem the pledge. Never entering, she may soon be able to say, in true piety, it *was* God that restrained, and live more worthily for peril escaped.

Then again there is a great difference when the wrong side is taken, whether in ominous sympathy only or in fateful deed, by a Party in the nation merely; which, though the Governing Party at the moment, is not, in this its misdeed, supported by the soul of the mation as a whole. Where this is true, recovery may be both speedy and thorough. No crime, however black, committed by Persons in Authority in the name of the nation, can damn the nation, if its heart was verily not consenting to the crime. Honorably paying the debt, manfully accepting the inexorable penalties exacted for having permitted *such* persons to be in authority, the nation may disown their acts as *its*, and go forward with much or with little scathe as the case may be; it may even draw benefit, and gain new wisdom from the occurrence. The degree of scathe will depend on *how far* the nation was consenting, the amount of benefit it can gain on what depth of devout manhood there is in it as a whole.

Now, of course, there always is Division on the matter in every nation, and the true question, Which party weighs the heaviest, not by count of heads at all, but by sterling substance? Or rather, Is there sufficient sterling substance in the one scale,

where it ever is, to weigh down the scoriæ in the other scale? So far as the British are concerned, the most frightful thing to me is that I have no doubt the soul of the nation as a whole is consenting, that the scale of the sterling there is up against the beam. But of America I hope much otherwise. The pronounced Bias of official and articulate America, of those who do announce and decide for the nation I do regard as of fatal and determining kind, twin-sister of the British and bound to the same bourne; yet hope that it does not represent the very soul of the nation in final sort, as in Britain. That there are great numbers, possibly even the real majority in numbers, who have not taken the bigot's set, and become fanatically shut to reason. In short, that America may gradually, after a great deal of confusion, *learn the lesson* of this war,, which is a God's Fact severely needing to be understood and laid to heart.

II. Neutrality

It cannot be too much insisted on that the great primary duty for man is that he act by the Facts, the ever-enduring facts and the transient facts of his present circumstance; that all the Rules which men have laid down, whether wise or foolish rules, are forever a *secondary* matter. The Rules can alone ever have, or have had, value solely in so far as they were, at the time they were laid down, true for the Facts they were intended to take account of; they are alone valid at each moment solely in so far as they do take true account of the Facts before man at that moment.

The prime duty for man is that he act in integrity in the Here and Now, forever a *new* Here and Now; not in subtlety, worming a way through the Rule, perhaps making the newness of the present an excuse; neither in high-flown Role, perchance appealing to the Rule, yet disregardful of the Facts and — for this is in the very essence of him who so plays Role — pointing to a hypothetic something of mortal sky-building as superior to the mere vulgar facts of this world of deity's building. Alphonso did think it a pity the Almighty had not taken advice; but this man is persuaded he knows how the Almighty meant it to be, — though by some strange shortcoming in that almightiness of his he could not realize the plan he now calls on his special servant-counsellor to complete for him.

Those who act by the facts necessarily do act in integrity; to verily act by the facts is to act in integrity. There is no better definition of integrity than even that same: Deed in accord with the Facts. I grant it the Unattainable, — whereafter all who in their day are men yearn, and endeavor to proximately reach. Those who obey the Rule may act in integrity, or in subtlety or in high-flown Role. Also those who disobey. But those who act primarily by the Rule *cannot* act in integrity. They may try hard in their own peculiar fashion, to do this, with all manner

of ‚conscientiousness', but it is not possible for them to do it; a true ‚irreducible case' and thing that cannot be done. The Vain Attempt which all who in their day are Pseudo do perennially endeavor. The Visionary Waters whereafter their souls thirst. And, as their endeavors to reduce the irreducible to practise meet palpable failure, it is to the ill and not the well-disposed that they turn for comfort, beg to help them achieve *something* actual, such as they can still name after their dream of the super-sublime however evidently the subter have merely donned the mask for his own objects. *He* knows how to flatter, how to be merciful to susceptibilities. And from the sorrowful face of the earnest, severe and entire, the High-flown turns away, saying to the workers in malice, My brothers sweet are your ways, for you have bowed to my god, and accursed are his, since he will not.

Let us, then, first consider what are the general Facts in regard to Neutrality. Any entity's behavior in the Role of Neutrality will then be more intelligible. And America's conduct as a Neutral will stand in such daylight as we can help it to.

Fact of Neutrality.

Where war is the theme, Neutral is the name used to designate all parties not actively engaged. These may be divided into three, in each of whom any degree of morality or immorality may be.

1. The Indifferent. Either really careless which way the result goes, or in doubt which way they would have it go; minds half made up, wavering in decision and sympathy, and determined to keep out till they see further at least.

2. Those thoroughly desirous that one party should win and not the other, yet resolved to aid neither but leave them strictly to their own strengths.

3. Those thoroughly desirous that one party and not the other should win and resolved to help that one to win by every means in their power short of armed support, or ought involving open breach with the other.

As for that large variety whose Neutrality is dictated by self-interest, we are not much concerned with them here. They play a watching game, guardedly for self-preservation or waiting their chance of gain. If we know the Facts for the other three,

the essentials of Moral or Immoral conduct for the other three, we shall know all this for them also. They are in the actual world so mingled in with the others that there is no need to take them separately. For unless you are indifferent as to which wins you cannot incline to neither; and if you do incline to either you come, in a weaker or stronger degree, under the second or third heads. The *reason* which causes you to so incline does not affect this.

Assuredly all such divisions are more or less arbitrary, no hard and fast line can be drawn. The moment we look at the Fact, these distinctions of our drawing melt into each other, we gaze into a world-complexity quite beyond mortal to reckon up! The Fact is ever infinite. Nevertheless, these heads of method will serve better or worse; and the conduct of the Neutral who comes under each of them may, as above said, have any degree of worthiness or unworthiness in it. Take them successively in this view.

1. Where certain men are fighting, and another, outside the quarrel, — determined he, meanwhile at least, not to join in, — is actually Indifferent to the thing fought for, cares not which win, he is, *par excellence*, a Neutral. And it is not to be forgotten that the name Neutral is apt at once to invoke some vague hazy notion that the party it is applied to does stand in this position. Perhaps it was even originally meant to designate such a one and no other. For in the Duel, for instance, in all mortal combats, savage or civilized, each Principal might come with his Seconds and Friends, none of whom were reckoned Neutral, though they might all be bound not to join in. It is only in international parlance that Neutral is used indiscriminately for the Second, the Friend and the Indifferent. And in spite of the evident truth that ‚Neutrals' are of many other complexions besides that of the Indifferent, that indeed this complexion is scarcely to be found pure in nature where nations are concerned, yet a certain supposition, if not that all Neutrals are of this immaculate hue, that they *ought to behave as if they were* still hovers in the minds of most. Moreover, Laws of Neutrality have largely been drawn up on a supposition of this character. Namely that, whether the Neutral be in fact an impartial onlooker or not, it is incumbent upon him to act as if he were. I do not think that the positions of Second and Friend, which certainly exist and forever will exist

in fact, are adequately allowed for in those Laws. And I will say at once, straight out, that any Law which demands of a man that he should act as if he were that which he is not, is a false law. Nevertheless, there is clearly a truth at work here. That, if a Nation do not join in with either, it ought to act to both sides in justice, equity; that, in short, it is bound by laws of honor similar to those which bind the Seconds and Friends in a duel between private persons. Which it surely ought and is, if honorable. Yet acting in justice does not necessarily mean accepting and treating each alike, it scarcely ever permits this, though it does necessarily mean fairness in dealing with each for each so long as the footing of peace with both is still professed. These things are generally a nodus to Moral Sir, and he is commonly filled with much uncertainty. For him, indeed, when genuine, the Rule alone never will suffice, only he so seldom knows where he stands. And man of noble heart, discerning the essential facts of his position, can thread the maze unperplexed by the contrary pleas, stably dealing with each in a resolved constancy by the very truth of their and his circumstances at each successive moment. But the sole real limit of ‚Neutrality' is that of not joining in: break that limit and you cease to be a neutral, refrain from breaking it and you still are one, whether honest or dishonest.

Very well, if a man (or a nation, for it does not matter which) be Indifferent, what is the Fact of his position as a Neutral? Surely, in the heart of it, very simple, that of one unconcerned, whose duty is to rigorously keep out and look strictly to himself, to that he is concerned with. He may seize opportunity to do what those engaged in contest might have hindered him in doing if less occupied; and, for his own ends, he may aid either side, in any way, so long as he neither declare himself a belligerent for that side, nor the aid given so provoke the other side that it make him one by declaring war upon him. You perceive that I strive to give the Neutral his full compass! It is quite open to him to run risks; and it is no travesty of his position as one unconcerned, no breach of his duty to ‚keep rigorously out', to do any of this, so long as in all he do he is looking strictly to himself and concerns which are his. All this is competent to him, I say, consistently with the Fact of an Indifferent's Neutrality as here defined, whether it be so without

breach of the Rules or no. How much of this could he done without breach of integrity may also be a question with some. But the wide and veracious will admit readily that there is none of this which could not be done in integrity.

This man is indifferent to the thing the others are fighting for, cares not which win, but his own life's businesses are not at a standstill on that account; and. so long as what he does is done in prosecution of them, he is so far valid, be he valid as fox or valid as man. Whereas he who neglects his own affairs to intermeddle in affairs not his is the superlatively *In*valid, whom all nature disowns. And in that seizing of opportunity or giving of aid what field there is both for Probity and Knavery is pretty obvious; likewise in all breach and observance of the Rules.

The conduct of Man here will, as everywhere, be informed throughout by Probity, his aim simply to continue to prosecute his own life's businesses with as little interruption as possible, The other's contest may make some things easier for him, some more difficult; on the proviso, that he is indifferent to the contest itself, it is only in such ways that it affects him. If he seize opportunity, it will be because the hindrance the others had offered would have been wrongful. If he give aid to either, it will, most probably, be in the way of bargain for some good to himself in exchange; and, whether that aid be objectionable to the opposite party or no, it will not be unjust to him. Seeing that the thing is in fact no concern of his, he will not participate, will refuse to be drawn in; wary against giving offence to either, and, we may add with grave and special emphasis just now, against *taking it,* he will regard both with human equity and deal evenly between them in all business he has with either. If he aid one in that way of bargain, he will say to the other: It is simply in the way of bargain; a thing profitable to me, fairly and legitimately so, and done of no ill-will to you. If you can satisfy me that it is of serious detriment to you, I will endeavor to modify, or to balance the matter by some equal aid to you for suitable return. That he will have to guard his own interests is very certain; to resolutely repel invasion of his rights where he has the power, as resolutely submit where he has it not; measuredly in both cases, in a broad and stable manner, as true manhood is ever wont. It is not in him to set up rights, make vain pretensions, or insist on these, neither will he ever expect that

fences, of what description so ever, can be respected in war time as in peace. When he sees these broken down, he will not at once shriek Sacrilege! and strike a pose of outraged godhead, but consider maturely with himself, in a brotherly sympathy with him who broke them, whether he really could have done much otherwise, situated as he was. O Yankee! Yankee! do you remember the fate of Rolande in the French Revolution? Madame Rolande's husband, who was religious for the observance of Law. But what was his fate? And do you recollect Carlyle's comment, upon recording his fate? „After all, was not his plea a rather barren one? „How extraordinary that, in a time of Revolution and abrogation of all law, there should be so much lawlessness!" In civilized warfare all laws are not abrogated? No. But many are, and have to be. Man will strictly obey and insist on such as he sees to be equitable for the present circumstance, will also conform to many which are not this, but which it would be a courting of disproportionate peril to disobey: Equally, will he so pass over many a breach. Others he will refuse to be bound by, as either never equitable or no longer so through change of condition. Severe integrity, uprightness, wide charity and level equity, will mark his conduct. He will not take affront for a trifle, perhaps not for much, and will trust his honor and dignity to something better than fixed stand on any sort of punctilio. To mind his own affairs will ever be more than sufficient for him; and in the Facts of the present, not in the parchment Laws, will he alone know solid ground to stand on.

The conducts of the Knave and the Dolt will be as their well known natures are. Closely related these, and extremely stupid both. The poor Dolt blunders helpless, brings instant trouble on his head; he gets bullied, crushed, mulcted, made use of, driven to the wall or stuffed in the breach, maltreated everyway.* He often survives, however, and many who have so sadly misused him have pity for the blockhead. The Knave, of course, is alert to take advantage, dexterously plays his cards to win whatever savoury morsel has caught his nostril. The god of foxes be praised! Fences are down and I'll get my nose in somewhere.** Does not the Portugal thus pride himself on the expert way he pounced on those German ships? Sheer theft, no doubt, but

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* Belgium, Servia, Greece perhaps Turkey! How many more?

** Japan, Italy, Rumania and how many more?

then, adroitly done as theft, you do not so much blame it. Not you, O Yankee! No ‚piracy' there to shock your holiness. We all observe it well. The fox is one of God's creatures; if no sincere hypocrite, can be veridical; shoot him when you get an opportunity, only recognise him for this. He can perfectly obey the Rules so far as necessary; and you see, Mr. President, that *he* thoroughly understands *how far* it is necessary. Yet the Knave's Nemesis only follows slower, and is the more inexorable. Who shoots him may have a humorous feeling for him, as for the Dolt, but yet, on opportunity, he shoots, no prayers availing.

But there is in our day, eminently above all days whereof there are records, I think, the High-Principled, Pseudo-godly Entity whose ways are peculiar to himself. We have already mentioned him, and shall have much to do with him. He fills, for us, the place of the Hypocrite of other ages. I have remarked elsewhere that the distinguishing characteristic of the hypocrite proper, as contrasted with this entity, is that he, the hypocrite, is *aware* that he is play-acting, endeavors to pass himself off as what he knows he is not. Whereas this other has no such wholesome consciousness, lives thoroughly persuaded that he is what he professes to be. To wit a very high-principled person and most righteous, though usually more skilled in civil law than theologic, being indeed commonly bred attorney, and, as befits the age, occupied in bringing salvation to thousands by zeal for political evangels. Like Hiawatha, he and his chosen ‚ponder much and much contrive how the tribes of men may prosper': The condition of their own souls never gave them a qualm since they left their mother's wombs. I grant that this specimen always has a considerable dash both of the Knave and the Dolt in his composition, is sure, in due time, to reap their fates superadded to his own peculiar, but his peculiarity is not lessened by this. One of the Hybrids begot in cloudland, in whose generation you are sometimes apt to imagine that the Almighty could have had no share. Whose supreme distinction is that he is genuine in nothing; wholly a spurious product of artifice, cut off from nature and reality; who lives, moves and has his being in hypothesis and vain show. *Vain show!* There is deep meaning in that ancient word. Mayhap you are inclined to picture gilt carriages. But the like of that is only one manifestation of the spirit to which vain show *is* reality, and he to whom it is so *in faith* is far worse gone.

It is hardly in this creature's capacity to keep out of any quarrel, however he may trumpet his sublime determination to do so; and it is difficult to range him under the head of Indifferents. Yet you see God must have had a share in creating him, since he is here alive and glaring, becomingly awful, with too little — or too much — of speculation, and there are many things which, in the fact of them, really are no concern of his at all. Did it but lie in him to know this! Alas, it doesn't. In his imagination, there is nothing in earth or heaven, this world or the next, wherewith he is not concerned, to better and set to rights. His gaseous High Principles have the property of all gases, that, once let out of any Vessel of the Lord they were put in for a purpose, they immediately fill all space; and the resultant tenuity is more pleasing than afflictive to him. Then he is so fond of airing himself that they are certain to get let out sooner or later. And, once out, once any Dictum has passed his oracular lips as divine law for the combatants —! He would sooner lose territory, perish with all his people, than suffer an infringement. Does not this creature deserve to be named *par excellence* the Unneutral, the World's Busybody and Mischiefmaker? To mind his own affairs is beneath his attorney-seraphship, schooled in sublime Idea. A mundane suggestion. And too small a field for so large a faculty, rigid for the Perfect Hypothesis; victory for which can, in his notion, alone cure all mortal ills. He cannot keep out; one way or another, he is sure to get involved; neither, as said above, is there really ever any question with whom. Whom he will quarrel with is a foregone conclusion, whether it come to blows or never get beyond Notes. For, though all men must see his long sufferance to be past expressing, there — Well, sad brow, Is there ever any chance of his sublime Dictums being accepted as divine law by those whose acts he takes exception to? Never the ghost of a chance. The utmost to be expected is some formal allowance as to tiresome Pedant unhappily vested with more power than it is worth while provoking.

Many things which, in the fact of them, this Entity was not concerned with, which, could he have minded his own business, he would have kept out of. Yes, my graver and more reflective friends; but in your deeper meditations you will perceive that this same truth may be differently stated. No paradoxy to say that, when he does so get involved where he had no business, he

really prosecutes what verily *is* his business. A subtle, unescapable attraction, like that of magnetism, draws him irresistibly to what he was specially created for working in, is actually most fitted for. Consider what *he is*, what he was fatefully fashioned and educated to be and to do, and you will not marvel at his ways, or charge him with doing his function ill. Missioned of the Destinies to consummate, or assist in consummating, follies long prevalent, to lead his people, as few others could have led them, whither they were most essentially bent: *There lay* his and their business, in saddest earnest. Alas, in this sense, none of us can do anything except the business we were created to do, which we have the greatest aptitude for doing.

2. Where the ‚Neutral' is thoroughly desirous that one party should win, yet is determined to aid neither, but to leave them strictly to their own strengths.

Under this head we have to deal chiefly, almost solely, with *Fair-play* for the Combatants or Unfair; the Neutral's honest desire that they should have Fair-play, or the absence of this in him. It is only so that we need to speak of this sort of Neutral separately here.

For, if he wish either to win from no love of him or hate of his opponent but merely for his own advantage sake, he remains essentially Indifferent to the contest *itself*. His position, then, is but a little extension of that above referred to. He is still not directly concerned, and how much he can be indirectly so has been admitted. The element necessary in him to bring him specially under this head is that his heart's love or aversion is with one or against the other. — Desire that the combatants should have Fair-play were indeed no bar to the Neutral's loving both! To his wishing that he could be Mediator between them and a restorer of amity. Ah, no; much otherwise. And then, if Man, supremely diligent to see Fair-play: rigorous to observe it, so far as he himself is concerned. But if High-principled Entity enraptured at the thought of playing so glorious a Role and publicly announcing from the pulpit at the war's commencement that the world shall now see him enact it to admiration, — Why, To admiration!

Again, if the Neutral's resolution to leave the one he has

sympathy with unaided be reluctantly arrived at, through perception that he lacks power to aid, or would be imprudent to aid, however much he wish to, he falls under the next head. ‚Determined to aid by every means in his power, etc.' Well, he may have no power, or may be withheld from exercising it by most valid reasons, still he belongs more to that category than to this. We know they all run into each other and are in fact intermingled. You do not name a man of this or that hue because he is exclusively of it, but only because it predominates in his complexion. The high-principled Entity, for instance, God forbid he should be without *any*. Hence the leading characteristic here is that the Neutral strongly desire one side to win, either for love of him or hate of his adversary, and is *voluntarily* determined not to aid, i. e. this decision of his springs from Freewill and is not merely dictated by interest.

Fair-play. How much goes with that! How much is needed in one who would see fair play! None save the right honorable can ever do it, especially where his sympathies lean heavily to one side. God Almighty 's right honorable. Do not all of us who are men love and revere any man who loves Fair-play? There is something in the very words which instantly transports us into pure nature and the eternal freedom. ‚Under the canopy' this, and not, ‚i' the city of kites and crows'. In which does your Master dwell: Does he draw free breath in the airy spaces, or flap and croak with the jangling disputants picking a bone? Whence his inspiration: From the spontaneous intuitions of soul that is just, loving the open, or from the mothy records of his law books, versed in the nice sharp quillets? To love Fair-play a man must be frank and generous, he must love *justice* and know it without book. To be able to see to it that others get Fair-play, he must have in him something of that government which alone makes man divine, his passions must be under firm restraint and equity at every turn more to him than inclination. Nay, his inclination must itself be to equity. Taught of the heavenly powers to love by rule and hate by measure, he must have won to himself somewhat of the crown of all humanity. He must have earned for himself a dwelling in the spheres of stable equilibrium, be of clear intellect and swift decision. A just man, in whose decision even contrary men can feel, despite themselves, that a sincere verity pronounced by unbiassed vision of the facts

as they were. — Rather a different character to him of the Immoveable Fixity, who swears no new fact can be permitted to disturb the sacred canon.

Time was when Fair-play was the pride of Britons, a sort of watch-word of the race. Native to them; a wild flower of beauty, yet common as the daisy, found springing everywhere in the turf which covered their fathers, hailed with delight and recognized its own by every newborn who could toddle. They could not remember when it was unknown to them, familiar since their lips could prattle, the earliest sport of their childhood instinct with it. Yet earnestly cultivated. Through the games and studies of youth, all wrestles physical and mental, till all emulation was known holy, brotherly, and even rivalry half sanctified, purified as far as it can be. If not so native and so practised from infancy up, no Statesman ever had it, or nation's counsels swayed by wisdom.

The times are past when it was thus in Britain. It is not in their Cabinets to-day, or in their Party Tactics in or out of Parliament, neither in their Schools or Universities, their Law Courts, Commercial Businesses, their Trade's Unions or Employers Federations; wherever two or three are gathered together among them to-day, to gain aught they have a mind to, it is not by Fair-play that they endeavor to gain it, or could imagine it possible to gain it. A true discernment of their's of the fact of their case, that last? Perhaps. What they to-day have a mind to, to endeavor to gain, never yet was gainable by fair-play? Will it prove gainable by foul, think you? And, if so, what will their reward be? Welkin cheers from the Yankee, I daresay, and such a universal Congratulation by their kin as never was. And if this could salve? But better wait till they get it, too.

And of America? The early Americans brought the spirit of Fair-play over with them, and it is not the process of its dying out in them as in the British, that can give them claim to it as a possession, national, characteristic. I am afraid that the Americans, as a nation, never have been remarkable for a spirit of Fair-play. They have set up a strange substitute. A sort of every man for himself, unhindered by the least *authorized* impediment, wherein *fair*-play is no more demanded than it is in the primal conditions of savage nature. — And do thou, O brother of just soul born that side the Atlantic, strike in, no more doubting

thy right and duty to do thy bit in asserting that Fair-play shall be the law for man than thy hairiest progenitor did when his soul first rose in majesty declaring that man was Man, not Brute. — What, in this relation, the Americans have chiefly been remarkable for is NO TYRANNY. There have been and are many hysterical shrieks of that tenor. But I am well aware of the deep bass also. The oath of a mighty people, verily sworn in their souls and heard in heaven with sanction, with benison, that this is the thing they will not permit among them, have declared immortal feud with wherever it show face the world over. It is very well, and who quakes not at it answers in the same deep bass. In the circumstances in which it was first notably uttered by the Americans, it was the grand fundamental for clearing the field for action; and it remains for ever an essential. Manhood has in all times and places detested tyranny, and will ever detest it. There was nothing really new or peculiar in the American oath. As there never is. All truth whatsoever being as old as eternity, — yet ever needing to be reaffirmed living in our hearts this instant. But it has often been remarked that men's heads are stupider than Barber's Blocks, which do at least say nothing. And, when you find a people fanatical for a Code specifying what is or is not to be regarded as Tyranny, you know too sadly that truth does not glow in their hearts this instant, will wish the Code at Jerico. More of this much later on, perhaps.

The English have long had a notion that Americans are not fair in their play; American sport has long had a bad name among. It may be with some foundation? Truly, I do not think that the Americans as a people, or a nation, have ever yet been conspicuous for Fair-play. Let us strive to hope it is but a deferred honor. Hitherto they have been notable for abominating brass collar methods ,leather and whip driving of men by men. With a sort of wonderful simplicity of idea that with the abrogation of these methods the cunninger and far more deadly ways of tyrannising would also be abolished. It is a wonderful notion. They have, of course, an Infallible Recipe for setting up in place of the abrogated methods. But there are some who know what Infallible Recipes amount to. And, I repeat, Fair-play is not a thing they have ever been specially remarkable for.

The Attorney's notions of Fair-play. Who knows not what

these are? The letter of the law, perhaps. Some sort of a Convention agreed upon as to permissible and unpermissible. Then, within it, whatever the dexterity of mortal wit, untrammelled by any further scruple, can do to outwit. The Sublime One's. The high-principled Entity, what are his ideas of Fair-play? The attorney acknowledges that the conventions agreed upon are conventions, and rejoices in the exercise of his wit. This one must believe them sacred ordinances, and can by no means allow that mere outwitting is admirable, justifiable. He would fain be righteous, lives in a vain show thereof which he takes for real, and is much careful to do the right thing in the world's eyes, He cannot tax his faculty to know what Fair-play *is*, but only to insist that this prescribes, and who conforms not therewith a son of perdition.

It is very desirable for Fair-play that there should be definite Rules, not to be lightly varied, which both Combatants should strictly adhere to, he who sees Fair-play insist on. But I beg you again and again to note that Fair-play or Foul exists independently of all Rules; it is a spiritual thing for which no final rules, which shall be binding in all times, ever can be laid down. It is the facts of the present situation which must forever determine conduct, decide what is fair or foul play. He who does not know this through and through as *the* fundamental is not worth listening to; he cannot love Fair-play, nor be competent to see *it* done. To continue to insist on observance of a Rule which has become palpably and grievously unfair to one may easily amount to the height of Foul-play, — especially where breaches of rule by the other have been passed over, or only very nominally reproved. A certain person among you has said: ‚The Laws cannot be altered in war-time'. Is it possible to go further than this? Is there any conceivable ‚time' when Laws are more certain to be altered, to urgently require alteration if Justice is not to be made a mockery? It is like a seeming-perfect Theory, which did appear to include all the facts but, put in practise, is invariably found not to. And the permanent divergence between Just and Unjust, whether knave or pedant, that the former immediately recognizes the facts and adjusts the rules to cover them: he will always discard the Theory rather than disobey the Fact. Whilst the latter persists in his canonical Interpretation and shuts his eyes to all contrary truth, sub-

limely rejects this as superfluity. He had his Interpretation from God, and it is impiety to call it in question. Is not this indeed again the Permanent Division? The truth that all the prophets have taught and all the scribes denied? The heart's core of all fidelity and infidelity in Religion? On the one side Faith, Insight, Veracity, on the other Superstition, Blind Bigotry, Mendacity. From the heart to the finger tips, in Church and State and Business, each deed of life, everywhere thus stand the True and the False contrasted.

I give you a cheap bargain of those who only cry Fair-play! because their sympathies are with the one whom you, in their reckoning, are treating unfairly, who would not so cry if your bias went with their's instead of against. Yet Equity would have considered them. And Piety felt itself chargeable in some degree with their sins had its own conduct given excuse for them.

Very terribly have the British abandoned Fair-play to-day. Their *Entente* was itself conceived in darkness, its whole incubation a thing of subtlety and malevolence. Naturally followed in the actual war by a campaign of sordid traduction and endeavor to circumvent by any means within their reach. Their temper and procedure characterised by what I can only name Malignant Mendacity, rendered tenfold the more hideous by unctuosity and claims of godliness. With all the monstrous defamation and petty malice inseparable. For it is only small and mean natures that can ever be thus infected; only among a people who have long lived in Divorce from Fact can many natively of worthy kind become blasted with this vicious infection, themselves reduced to meanness by it. Admiral Beatty was not, as God made him, a small or a mean nature, his face (when young) will tell you that, (you may say this even of Beresford, too) yet he has gone with the general stream, has put his faith in sanctified falsehood; and, heart-smitten at the awful carnage, looks to God to bless Belial. They crowd upon me, I see their faces many, these whose limbs made in England, once the royal throne of kings, who might have been the pride of Albion, Exemplars of the Race; yet who, in spite of the Hero of their own blood sent them, have swallowed Iniquity like water, to fight and pray this day that Mendacity may triumph and Veracity, as hateful to God, be trodden under foot and banished the life of man. This

is the Second in tragedy. If the veracious cannot be trodden under foot, it is the First, and *not* sacred.

I suppose there is nothing wherein this horrible change from spirit of Fair-play to that of poisoned animosity is so conspicuous to the general eye as in the Official Censor's suppression of all tribute to German valor in the battlefield. This does not stop at the Official Censor either. The British appear to be unanimous that German valor is not a thing they desire to hear of, will permit any tribute to be paid to, and their Press seldom refers to it without some sneer in the margin. Which item is quite accordant with the whole, an inevitable part of it; yet it certainly also is a sort of *ne plus ultra.* In this one would think that every unjaundiced eye might read the whole misery. It is entirely new. Absolutely, so far as I am aware, never known or dreamt of in England before. The thing which till to-day you might above all else have thought yourself safe in naming supremely *Un*-British. British! We do still say *Roman!* and mean the virtuous. But Jew! Does not Jew in the dialect of all modern nations mean not the race which produced divine men but the race which stoned and crucified them; the race which, from its inveterate characteristics still too frequently raises an instinctive abhorence when you set eyes on a member of it?

Nor is this change in British temperament in the least confined to their attitude toward the German. As how could it be? And during the war Home procedures have exemplified the change similarly to foreign. In the matter of Military Service, Conscription, Etc. for instance. Were the history of that truly written, it would show you at once such a puddle of Impotence, helpless makeshift, and astuteness of Attorney Cunning; such a profession of good-faith, united resolve, hopeless discrepancy, wriggling through of forbidden meats, morsel by morsel, each solemnly sworn the last and unctuously offered in a wily sequence, that so who was baited first to be last swallowed might be on the baiter's side to urge for his own skin's sake, Yes swallow them first, — as I had rather not write the history of. And this I may say with the more freedom in that I am not opposed to compulsory measures because compulsory, have no quarrel with the essence of Conscription. The wiliness of sequence, etc. it may be added, was much less a thing of cunning aforethought, of

plan astutely conceived and expertly played off in successive acts, than a thing of nature's own producing. These moles who burrowed so far i' the ground *felt* their way much more than saw it. Their expertness lay in an instinctive understanding of the element they wrought in; motto throughout, sufficient for this day is the evil *thereof*. Neither has one much pity for those who believed their oaths, fresh daily yet neither renewed nor confirmatory; for those who ever could put faith in subterfuges which were palpable, and, once safe in the pouch, well salivated there, cried For God's sake now, and according to your promise, pass these others down your gullet first. Quack and Dupe emphatically of one self-same substance.

Fair-play! In the crisis immediately preceding the war, the main British plea for ‚Peace' was Let Austria submit her dispute with Servia to the decision of Four Great Powers. Three of which Four had already pronounced adversely to the Austrian, and were mutually sworn to one another that in all matters they would stand solidly together against that one remaining Power their gracious equity would permit to a quarter part vote in the Concert's Court of Arbitration. And a few days ago Sir Edward Grey, in that righteous style of the Attorney Triumphant well known his and so grateful to his countrymen, referred to Germany's refusal to submit certain matters in dispute to the decision of a Neutral. At the time he made the offer, it was quite clear that he solely made it in order that he might thus take glory for its having been refused. There was no chance of the offer being accepted. For the Neutral was one whose scales of justice were known so weighted that the hearing of evidence could be nothing save a formality to be becomingly gone through before the preconcluded verdict was announced with proper solemnity. I do not repeat these things for the sake of multiplying instances. It were needless and vain. But to ask the sterling and truth-loving of Americans Whether they reckon it honorable to their country that she could be *thus* confidently proposed as a Neutral to arbitrate? From the Sublime Mediatorship proposed by President Wilson at the outset it had come to *this*. Naturally and inevitably, in my reckoning.

Quoth the appellant: Thou bloody-minded rascal — But I have pretty well exhausted myself in base comparisons of thee, the Unspeakable. — Thou chargest *me* with crime? And

somehow to-day I have not my wonted alacrity in disproving it to my audience's satisfaction . My denial halts lame; I am almost reduced to mere Hast not thou done *the like?* Thou cursed dog that settest me on to this. Therefore I challenge thee to let my Uncle arbitrate. Yea, for now I feel sure ground again. I dare thee to this, as my safest way out, and for further heap of obloquy on thee on thy most guilty conscienced refusal. He is called Sam and is figured lean in the popular portraits, which do ascribe a certain laconic coolness; sufficiency of own legitimate business sweetened by contemplation, dislike of judgeship and intermeddle; if not quite walking with God in the garden, yet sitting replete with pipe, placid in well earned repose. But, though to-day he seethes and hisses, eyes almost in a frenzy rolling, *thou* the cause of this strange stir in him, yet I guess he'll prove sufficiently a Soapy to perform the function; and thou, to be branded, have no ground to say that any law-incumbent form has been omitted ere his red-heated irons mark thee. In the name of God Most High, then, and, if not for visible justice on earth, for the finest of substitutes, let this My Uncle arbitrate. — I know that a question was raised Whether he would? Even supposing that the anathematized did consent. Inbred disinclination to meddle stood the worthy Uncle in sted thus far; for it was never whispered he would refuse because conscious of Bias and *therefore* unfit.

Alas, no spirit remotely resembling that of Fair-play has characterized American word or deed where this war is concerned. Those in America responsible for the pronounced bias instantly caught, as by contagion, the very same distemper as the British, to reproduce it as if proper to them also. I have here an extract which reads true throughout, most of which I could confirm.

„A lady — Frau Hofrat Edgar Hanfstaengel — having visited America, thus related her experiences to a distinguished audience at the Prussian Ministry of the Interior (as reported by the „Vossische").

Even the voyage to New York was not very pleasant for the lady. There were only three persons on board the ship who derived no advantage from the war. In New York itself anti-German sentiment was everywhere encountered. Hotels where prominent Germans were staying were boycotted by

Society. „We do not care to live with these people under one roof". After the sinking of the Lusitania the bias against Germans rose still higher, and real hysterical excitement ensued. It is a fact that quite a distinguished looking American spat in the face of a woman who was sitting in the electric car reading the New York „Staats-Zeitung", and could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to make an apology.

It was extraordinarily difficult to get New York society, which lives in close touch with London, to understand Germany's position. London opinion and testimony were always refered to, in spite of the arguments that America's own history teaches mistrust towards England. The Belgian atrocities were firmly believed in, although correspondents sent to Belgium by certain by no means pro-German papers had been unable to find any support for the stories. The highest Government circles are animated by pro-British sentiments, and only members of the Army and Navy are to some extent just to Germany.'

No element of fair-play visible here, Gentlemen. Not a vestige. Fanatical prepossession and frenzied Halloo! of the hounds, rather. To the instant drowning of all voice of reason, wherever it endeavored to give voice, Which it did a little in America, as also a very little in England. Neither did the American Government do anything to counteract this stampede in wild Halloo or *gain* a hearing for reason. All it did do was to announce in pulpit tone, and this promptly enough, Blessed are the Peacemakers! Ere long, as this proved ineffectual, took stand on the plea of *Most righteous is your frenzy, only, we beseech you, let it not lead you into frenzy.* A somewhat hopeless position; and he who took it sure to be soon carried along in the rising tide. Does it need to be stated to you that frenzy is *never* righteous; that fanatical prepossession ‚firmly believing' what feeds its humor and in the disregard of evidence is one of the very ugliest and basest phases of mortal depravity? You cannot sublime that into an angelic virtue, Mr. President. Not by any species of distillation. 'Tis a material that won't sublime. Methinks that some of your efforts to exalt your soul and make history almost merit the tender mercies of a Doctor Akakia. Were it only to keep them in memory awhile; for, on their own score, I fear history will scarce be able to find room

to mention them. Nevertheless let us admit that a dram of Prudence, when rare, may be of great price. For, even if helpless to lend any steadiness to the helm, it may often prove invaluable in the from of drag.

Should we turn to specific items, we might say, of America's enormous Supply of Munitions to one combatant only, that, whether right or wrong, legal or illegal, it is a thing which could not have been done by a people determined to see Fair-play. Also, that it is a thing sufficiently provocative to the other combatant to have justified his making the Neutral which did it a belligerent, had it been consistent with wisdom, to have done so under the circumstances. Watching that combatant's proceedings, it seems to me that he has more than a dram of prudence, and maintains a truly potent grip upon the helm.

Certainly, it is neither as one Indifferent nor as one desiring to see Fair-play that America's conduct as a Neutral can pass muster at all.

3. Where the ‚Neutral' is thoroughly desirous that one party should win and not the other. And is resolved to help that one to win by every means in his power short of armed support or ought involving him in war with the other.

This description of ‚Neutral' is clearly, in essential fact, not a Neutral at all but the Ally of one party and Foe to the other. And the one to whom he is opposite will be perfectly within his rights in, at any time convenient to him, treating such ‚Neutral' as his Foe patent. Hence he is always only a ‚Neutral' on sufferance, or through the present impotency of the party he is adverse to to reach him. Accordingly Laws of Neutrality do not take much special notice of him. It is mainly here that they declare it to be incumbent upon him to act as if he were that which he is not. Nevertheless it is really quite indisputable that this sort of ‚Neutrality' is one which a third party not engaged may be fully justified, highly honorable, in taking up.

Two are fighting, and one has the right, the other not. There is no Law of God against a third party recognising this and acting accordingly; rather do I think all Laws of God imperatively command the third party to recognise this and act accordingly. Neither does acting in accordance with such recognised Fact at all necessarily imply armed support to the one who has the right, still less absolute passivity! There cannot

be a question that this ‚Neutral' may have valid ground to stand on in the truth of things, let International Law say what it may.

The party which has the right may not need the Neutral's armed support: he may be quite strong enough without it; yet he may greatly need the Neutral's assistance in other ways. Should it not then be given? Yea, forever, to utmost capacity. The Neutral may be unable to give the armed support, however much he be willing or however much it be needed. — We cannot help all whom we would or as we would. Alas! no. But there is no case in which it is impossible to render any help, were it only by prayer and the doing worthily of that of our own which is in our power to do. Our own duty done is a help, howsoever unseen, to all who love the right. — How far this ‚Neutral' can help, what assistance he can actually render, will depend — Well, it will depend most vitally on what he himself *is*. But in all practical outward forms it will be determined, limited and circumscribed by a thousand considerations. The Neutral's own business, his primary duty. The import of the other's quarrel. What and what sort of assistance he give, will ever need to be well weighed.

And, of course, a good part of this is also applicable to a Neutral whose desire that one should win and decision to assist him is more prompted by what are called motives of self-interest than perception that the one he is resolved to assist is fighting for a vital morality. I say here what are *called* motives of self-interest. Meaning those which inspire the Neutral's just prosecution of his own concerns, such as can never be absent and certainly never ought to be. But these can never weigh *more* when the main quarrel is eminently one between the Noble and Base. Nor is it ever possible for the Just to assist the wrong side for the sake of profit to himself. And all who appear to gain advantage to themselves by doing this in fact reap detriment, sure to be proven detriment in the course of time.

In either case, whether the assistance be given from moral sympathy or from worthy self-interest, integrity of word and deed will mark the conduct of whoever takes up this form of neutrality on a valid ground of justice. And it may be noted that integrity of conduct in him is an infallible corollary of this ‚Neutral's' sympathies being with the party which has the right. Modesty and simplicity in own actions and in all claims put forth

to justify them, together with an equal humanity toward the other party however severe in condemnation of him. If he is strong enough, if his circumstances make it feasible for him to openly declare his sympathy and give his assistance in the face of day, he will assuredly do this. Clandestine procedures his abhorrence, and concealment never practised without need. He will say practically to the Adversary: Sir, I do not desire war with you. But I am convinced that in the conflict you are engaged in it is your opponent and not you who has Justice on his side. Therefore I am resolved to countenance him and give him all such assistance in his war with you as I rightly may. I will break no equitable Law incumbent on me to observe as a professed Neutral, neither attempt to wriggle my aid through by an attorney's interpretation of the letter. You may rely upon me to use my utmost endeavor to observe strict justice. Call any actions of mine in question and I will give your case a level hearing; even, wherever there is doubt, give you the benefit of it rather than my friend. However, it is fit you thoroughly understand that it is *he*, not you, who has my blessing and right hand of fellowship. Nathless, in so far as you do prove yourself a Just Person I am your constant friend. These conditions, this my attitude understood, it will be for you to consider whether the ‚aid' I render constitutes a *casus belli* between you and me. I have solemnly assured you that I will never wittingly give you a ground for war upon me which I could recognize for just, that if I unwittingly do so in sequel I will retract and make good; wherefore I hope you will see the wisdom of continuing peaceful relations with me. But, if in despite hereof, you refuse to accept me as a Neutral, or, of course, if you commit any outrage upon me or mine and fail to make proper apology and restitution, then Sir, I shall rejoice to give you satisfaction as a Belligerent. — Here were something like a manful standing on the Fact of a Neutrality of this description! Yet I hear some exclaim, But *he* were not one determined to assist his friend by all means in his power. To whom I only answer, in a better spirit than Angelo, Look! What he would not that he could not. Undoubtedly our definition was made to include both Man and Rogue, but not for the purpose of confounding them.

The Rogue, naked or clothed, his body or his mind, in sacred vestments, may take up this form of Neutrality; but will not

stand on the Fact of it, — especially when clothed, self-worshiping his Eidolon, as sublimest creation of the spirit. Where he does it from self-interest, his motives will be thoroughly base and sordid, his actions full of subtilty and deceit; in the essence of him, he will differ nothing from the Knave spoken of under first head.

And, if this ‚Neutral' is inspired by immoral sympathy with the party which is in the wrong, will he be the better and more honor-worthy? I reckon not. So many moralists speak as if self-interest, sordid thirst for personal gain, were *the* depravity. But they are entirely mistaken if they really imagine it to be so. In the ordinary humdrum of life, that is apt to appear the thing which everywhere confronts us, as the chief impediment to good; yet, in very truth, it has hardly any existence. The motives which inspire men are always infinite not finite. And Peoples who in the unnoted years seem to be given up to the worship of Mammon are in fact hourly working in a spirit of gratuitous diabolism, daily perfecting *it*, and unconsciously preparing for a transcendent outburst *thereof*. Whereinto, when the moment comes, they will, as I have said, rush with one accord in as total a disregard of the flesh-pot, all earthly profits and cares, as ready a sacrifice of these, as any of the nobly human, who in the same unnoted years have worked for good, unconsciously prepared themselves for a transcendent heroism. Divine or diabolic, it is ever one or the other of these which man exhibits. When the transcendent outbreak comes, the Worm of Earth calls himself an archangel and abandons his worldly business, almost believes himself to have become an archangel by such abandonment; yet he cannot cast his slough, and his conduct remains full of all *dis*ingenuousness and untruth of word and deed. Neither can the conduct of one sympathizing with such party, determined to assist him to win, ever be remarkable for above-board procedure. Whatever high a flight he may announce his, he remains full of double and shift, sorrily exposes himself Brother Worm. Sympathy with the party in the wrong is bound to be immoral, to owe its whole origin to depravity; and he possessed with it cannot do other than depravedly. The *gratuitousness* of his actions will in nothing better them.

And the converse is likewise true. Namely that where the conduct of this ‚Neutral' is upright his sympathies are sure to be

with the party which has the right, where it is slim or high-flown with the party which is in the wrong.

Neutrals of this color who act manfully in accord with the fact of their position as such neutrals are rare in any war; but otherwise they are common in all and we have abundant examples in this. And, in my reckoning, it is solely under this head that America could present a case for hearing in Court of Equity. America's sympathies have been with one and not the other, she has assisted one and hampered the other, been, in essential fact, Ally and Foe. Has this been honorably done? Has her inclination and aversion been in concord with the eternal verities? We do not look for open declaration of resolve to assist, such as I have described as possible. The like of that from Chief Officer or Senate speaking on a Nation's behalf is heard but once in a thousand years. Yet this is no bar to Officer. Senate and People substantially meaning and doing the like of that. Lacking the clear intelligence, their efforts may be confused; but, if a just purpose of that description was verily in their hearts, it will be more than enough to salve: Has it, then, been in the Americans?

I should guess that the just and level-headed of the Americans know that there is little can be said for their nation's conduct this way. And what I have to say on the matter belongs more to the next chapter. Meantime remark that the President's original pronouncement was no confused utterance of a determination to take up this form of Neutrality, stand frankly on the facts of it. On the contrary, it was an express statement of-of-I am afraid I cannot write *resolve* to take up quite another form of Neutrality and trust that he and his would find salvation if the Rules of it were punctiliously observed. Better name it a Plea, an expression of angelic hope, earnestly put before his People, that they would help him to find a paved way in that other form of neutrality, so undoubtedly leading to the City of the Blest. With an exposition of its supernal beauties. Which, if seen and duly appreciated, he experienced a holy confidence a Day of Pentecost would come for them and him; and Resolution turn up in the course of time, born of the spirits brooding over these troublous waters. How many a dove did he, later, send out from his Ark, bearing a Note labored in pain! To return, alas, with but another, to be conned in pain!

Nathless, the original pronouncement, if wanting a little in resolve, did definitely point in a certain direction, and a direction clean contrary to this form of Neutrality. But the People, if they were for a moment entranced by the beauty of the Rôle he would persuade them to and did endeavor to gaze with him rapturously into blank ether, too soon returned to earth and its passions, murmuring in mortal weakness *Too* supernal! It avails not to discourse so high above your audience's heads, especially when, even with a seraph's eloquence, you point to *vacant* azure. And when by the Law of the Land, yea, very need of your own otherwise so guideless soul, your inspiration has to come from the audience; no messenger of heaven to direct their way but only meek fulfiller of their vote, all comfortless were it withdrawn. Hence Bias rapidly became evident; and swiftly led into compliances, mere formal protests, to one with indignant protests, severe restrictions, to the other, which amounted to aid and hamper of no small import. Admit that much of this was more of omission than commission, came by drift rather than self motion. It does not better. A man is not excused for failing to do that he should have done; and frequently far more grievous harm results through the absence of vigorous action worthy than the exercise of it malicious. The malicious are never absent; they are ever avid to do their will the instant there is no strong hand to forbid them. Then immense direct aid was allowed to be given. And all this was in flat contradiction to the professed Rôle, namely that of one wishful to be a Mediator. It may have all been legitimately done, if legitimacy be determined by the letter of law and an attorney's interpretation thereof. But, if you put forward this plea, you have granted my argument.

The very material assistance to Britain and impediment to Germany which America has actually rendered in many ways has all been rendered I will not say deceitfully, yet emphatically more in the manner of one seeking to justify his actions than to act in justice. And I would not care to try reckoning what weight Germany's impotence to retaliate has had with American Statesmen. America has felt herself pretty secure to do anything she had a mind to do short of open rupture, *which* might produce internal trouble. And it must be confessed that her conduct throughout has been infinitely more that of one doing what he had a mind to do irrespective of equity than of one determined to give what aid he in equity might and for Justice' sake.

Very much a case of following your own will. Acts prompted by sympathy rather than gain, even with heavy sacrifices to Britain; yet not irradiated by magnanimity and the resolve of the Noble to help who has the right.

Then for the Sympathy itself. Did it come at all by fair consideration of the merits of the parties in this war, their justice or injustice in going into *it?* Did any intelligent Citizen of the United States, arrived at years of discretion and a sober understanding of this world and its affairs, believe the British Tale of an outraged Belgium, no prior compact with France, Germany's voluntary provocation of war with half the world at once for her own aggrandisement's sake? I cannot imagine it. That was a Story excellently suited to the Inflammable Populaces, but, on the face of it, absolutely incredible to Man. A claim of Just War by Britain falling into shreds the moment subjected to examination; or even to reflection alone, by veracious soul, as a thing possible, a thing which would cohere together as a conceivable fact. Whilst the manner in which the Claim was made, — its own whole substance when examined and reflected on, leaving the question of the German's integrity out of the reckoning, — exhibited such a slough of Mendacity and Pseudo-righteousness glorying in Transparent Humbug that piety and sterling manhood could only recoil from it in loathing, to meditate on the awful depths which men and nations sink into whem all Intelligence of the Highest has long been banished the councils and life led without God in the world. It was not the noble and true of Americans, wherein America's strength and hope lie, whoever really credited that Tale; and it is nowhere their spirit which has informed their country's conduct as a Neutral. Neither did the Inflammable Populaces or the Official Persons, who preferred to swallow the Tale whole without inquiry, ever actually 'believe' it, except as a thing exquisitely pleasing to their humor, which would serve as entitling them to give that loose to their passions they wished to give. The Story was accepted as settling the question of Britain's justice in entering the war, instantly declared irrefutable. Because the wish was to satisfactorily dispose of that necessary question as speedily as possible, in order to be free to pronounce in favor of the one prejudged to have the merit.

The intrinsic merits of the two, apart from the specific cause of quarrel, was felt to be the main issue. Which I grant

at once it always is; and, where you do preknow this you will not afflict yourself very long over a particular item. Meseems some have though in this case. Frightfully afflicted at the item, and their foamings about if not a little afflictive! But did you ever know one who much had the preponderance of merit go into a war wrongfully and on a glaringly false claim? Perhaps. But would you back him in that case? Methinks I would wish him well out of it again, with no more punishment than he deserved, and likewise with about as much. Well, America's Bias arose from her prejudgment, what she reckoned her foreknowledge, of the intrinsic merits of the parties. And of what nature was this? Did it build on real or honestly imagined insight into the intrinsic qualities of the German and the Briton as Men in Nature and in the eyes of Nature's God? Upon this, or upon conviction of their respective Heresy or Orthodoxy according to the American's Political Creed? It is a vital question, Gentlemen; and I think all among you who are honest with your own souls know the answer. It is of no use shuffling. Once and forever to bless and damn by *Creed,* no matter what Creed, is a thing unpleasing to the Eternal Maker, who visits all who persist therein with terrible penalties; a thing whereat only the Devil can rejoice, and men may well weep when they see the worthy doing it. O my brothers! why is it thus with you? The Creed of your fathers, wherein they won for you your liberties, is sacred to you? The admirable of them and their deeds should be; and their spirit will *cease* to be in you, you will fail to carry on the work which they begun, if you adhere to the Creed as any sort of a Final Gospel for Man. Always is that true. Even there lies the perpetual peril for all. And look at your country's temper and deeds as a Neutral in this war, whereon I much fear you have looked with complacency, if with little participation. What is it that you see here? Search after all valor and intelligence, noble conduct of a man, wherever found, to admire it and emulate it; or the excitement, furor, frenzied anathema, which have everywhere marked the persecution and hounding down of Heresy in the name of Orthodoxy: Awestruck meditation on the ways of Providence when whole nations are in agony, to learn therefrom and better own ways; or wild shrieking of multitudes swearing Their Law shall be established, and who admits not its divinity trampled down by every hoof will swell the herd: Which?

So much then in regard to the Facts of Neutrality, the generic distinctions of Moral and Immoral Conduct, essential characteristics of each in any Neutral. International Laws which can be valid are rules agreed upon by the Moral alone; the conventions hit upon by the Immoral have no validity. Some of the former can hardly ever be broken without sin; others require to be continually readjusted, abrogated, determined; and invariably it is the spirit of the Moral which must interpret and decide in every case by what is intrinsically *just* Here and Now. This is a duty supremely incumbent upon man eternally; neglect to perform it, attempt to escape from this altogether tacit, silent, yet most imperially existent obligation by reference to the Rule as sufficient guide or in whatever way, denial of it as a duty, in all times the height of Cowardice and Impiety. Whereof adherence to Creed is the ultimate, deadliest form, ever sinking into fanaticism with all its hideous deformity of spirit and meanness of deed, when it meets whom it feels has enlarged the borders and will, if not betimes suppressed, shatter the Closures of Dogma. Neither can it ever succeed in that suppression. However many victims it may slay, the men of the wider faith will conquer in the end. If not in this generation, then in another; all loss and tribulation heaped upon them does but ennoble and purify, increasing their real strength.

Role of Neutrality.

International Laws being *already* laid down, a man may say to himself, I will enact the part of Neutral as prescribed by these very venerable, or very tiresome, rubrics. As hinted, he may do this either cunningly or scrupulously; his fundamental distinction that he starts with the Rules and not the Facts, takes these not those for his inspiration. Chiefly, practically solely, so if scrupulously. For the cunning will only observe the rules so long as the danger in evading them is too great; and *he* may have some sort of eye, vulpine eye, for the Facts, whereas the scrupulous has none, or as near none as may be. America and her President are tolerably absolvable of the cunning observance and evasion. Not much more of that than you would expect to find normal where letter of law and pronounced Bias have alike been publicly anointed godly. How far the Rules have in fact

been *scrupulously* observed I would not quite venture to say, and, since here it is in name, in decorous semblance, not in fact, that is held to be of first importance, it may not be becoming to search too rigorously. The Popular Bias indeed might have had little compunction in breaking the Rules; but all men know that observance of the Rules has been what President Wilson has seen salvation in, could alone conceive safe ground. Unless indeed his Principles should lead him to transcend them? But then mainly by exalting his soul to prescribe and adjure with the requisite stretching at infinity. Grant a reasonable allowance to inevitable infirmity, too, where the strictest wish to stand by legitimacy will often leave Bias very palpable. Surely mercy is God's attribute. And if when impartial judge you may condemn one party as transgressor yet graciously pardon another, much more must you be free to decide what you shall reckon offence when the injury is done to yourself? Statute does not compel a man to prosecute, it only gives him the title to do so if he please. No breach of Legitimacy, therefore, when you call one offender to a stern account, because you have been gracious to another? Is not this many times and added proof of your humane Justice? And what misdeed of mortal is there that does not offer Parody? Besides we should not mistake a man's decision to insist upon other persons, especially one particular person, obeying the Rules for a determination to observe them himself.

Yet I do not think that President Wilson ever purposed disobeying the rules himself; if, in the sequels, when he found to his grievous perplexity that no other was inclinable to observe them too pedantically, he did naturally allow himself also a certain latitude of the sort indicated. Rather do I believe he wished all parties would strictly observe the rules, that so he might be able to do likewise and steer a known course safely by the registered landmarks and authorized charts. A desirable solution, one which would have been so immensely more confortable to him; wherein he would have had manage and known the sweets of self-confidence, the commendations of other his respectable co-voyagers. So many were looking to him, the biggest afloat flying non-belligerent flag, — and it is not everyone can be a Columbus to traverse successfully hitherto unnavigated seas, grapple daily with perils new. How welcome, then, to change the metaphor, could the class now all got by the ears,

uproarious, be persuaded to still respect the college forms and edicts! Ah, then, could he, ferula in hand, have *seen* them respected. Worthiest pedagogue will sometimes heat, find patience hard to hold, and always naturally, however just to both, h*as* his favorites and aversions. Small wonder, therefore, if his cane ‚scaped these or brushed them lightly, descending thwack on those'. He purposed no iniquity, wished conformity by both and ferula above suspicion of partiality. Reflect upon the President's conduct in its sequences, and does not this seem the more probable explanation? I do not even reckon that he had any particular craving to try a flight, but that this more modest Rôle was where his heart's desire was chiefly set. And it must, at least, remain permanently to his credit that he did nothing to stir up American feeling.

Nevertheless I must esteem it proven that his part has superlatively been that of one endeavoring to *play a Rôle*. Moreover, though he and his People may have differed in the details, in the *specific* Rôle they and he thought it desirable to play this instant, I also esteem him to have been in a very deep and searching sense their true Representative, as that of a People who habitually in their souls regard the playing of Rôle as the sublimest thing going. The attempt to play a Rôle is the starting out into any enterprise in a self-conceived Idea of conduct suitable to so high-missioned an entity. Which Idea is to rule the enterprise and shape it like soft wax into the image of that god we worship, whom none other ever made the equal of, since Adam's first child kneaded clay and sought pebbles of beauty to make him eyes withal. This, instead of the starting into any enterprise fancy free, sagaciously, in earnest endeavor to understand that it is, what little you can do in it that shall be in harmony with its inexorable conditions and very nature, all settled from Eternity without the smallest counsel taken of transient creatures ‚Ideas'. So might you hope to leave the matter not the worse for your unavoidable action in it, to get out again unswallowed and with some gained experience.

Rôle is not a thing we have done with, neither first mentioned but now. Here mean to look at one thing only connected therewith: President Wilson's piously expressed hope that America might prove a Mediator: The nature of that hope, likelihood of its fulfilment: Neutral as prospective Mediator.

This was the main plea, at least the grand *beatifying* plea, put forth by President Wilson at the commencement to his countrymen to keep their heads cool: America shall be Mediator.

Fellow Citizens of the United States, it is known unto all of you that a most frightful and bloody conflict has broken out over seas among the Great Powers of Europe. I trust in the Almighty God we shall not get involved in that terrible cataclysm. The grounds of this trust are twofold: That we have no call to interfere: That Americans are famous for their disinclination to interfere. And, surely both these things are from God?

No call to interfere. By the fortunate circumstance of our geographical position in another hemisphere, there is little or no danger of our being forced to draw sword or assume an *armed* Neutrality, in order to protect our territories from harm by the fleets or armies of any of the belligerents; all of whom, without exception, profess sincere good will toward us. Let us be thankful for this precious immunity, the free *gift* of heaven. Were we not led here by strange ways, and an outstretched arm of the Lord?

Inclination to interfere? God forbid! The free *grace* of heaven in our hearts has taught us better. A yet far happier fact this than any of outer fortune! The known peaceableness of our temperament; which never yet drew aggressive sword and abhors the thought thereof. Which, except as in just exercise of those undoubted rights made known to us ours by that Holy Pontiff and Reverend Revealer of the Lord's will, Pope Munro The Only, never meddled in the disputes of other nations. Another exception there may be. Namely, where in the equally or yet more just exercise of our unchallengable title to preserve Peace in this hemisphere. — For, though we wear no Triple Hat, it is not to be questioned we are as explicitly (and much more blessedly) God's Viceregent here as ever he who wore it there, — we have insisted that peace should be kept. At lowest never failed to show our severe displeasure whenever it was broken to our annoyance. Our title to do this is indeed not a thing to be questioned. If nations in this hemisphere are so incompetent that they cannot contrive to manage their internal dissensions by tongue-fence alone, but resort to arms to settle these, it is more than our right, it is our duty to compel them to peace by force, should all friendly admonitions, properly followed by judicial

remonstrance, prove ineffective. Our lawful tradings, yea even the lives of our citizens resident or on visit there would be endangered else. And it is not as if we did not offer them a Perfect Model for Exemplar. We stand here in their midst, a Pattern to be copied. For have we not ourselves from our very origin thus orderly conducted all our own internal disputes and never seen the miseries of Civil War? We stand here raised up before the Nations of this New World that they may look on us for healing; and who will not be healed of his own will must be charitably constrained: We covet no inch of his territory. We are not like unto others. Moreover the territory we have is not yet half filled. Sufficient for the day be the evil thereof, therefore. With these exceptions, I say, we have never meddled in the disputes of other nations. And if any cavil that these exceptions cover about all we have ever been tempted to, let us leave them to their cavilling.

I have been the more explicit over these exceptions that you may see how utterly inapplicable the principles which guide us in them are to the Present War. *It* is in the Old World, and we believe all of us, that the parties to it will be wise enough to keep there. Alas for them! Have they not got their hands full enough? Neither is it in our power to constrain them to peace. The Lord does not command his servants to do beyond their strength, nor out of their function. I will point out to you shortly what a rare thing He offers us instead to-day.

Verily, by our circumstances and our temperament alike, I see no cause why we should not preserve a perfectly Neutral Attitude toward the European Conflict, and would earnestly recommend that same to you. With a word of warning, too, if you will take it in good part from me. For, peaceable and unintermeddling as our disposition is, do I not know it most warm and generous; easy to be kindled at any call of humanity, and particularly to be feared the world round should the smallest article of our Sacred Principles come to be treated indignly? It is well; the symptom of noble heart and devout. Be it so then. Let us wait and watch. Neither will I disguise from myself or you that we all know on which side our misdoubts that way lie. Yet, I beseech you, let no unworthy tremor of excitement make it appear as if I held you in leash. You know I would be loath. You know I have no power. Your will is mine. I merely call you to yourselves. There is an ancient yet admirable description of

the Brave Man and the Coward in the presence of peril. The one all distraught, his fear visible in his aspect. And perhaps another, more apposite for us, no coward yet indecently eager, shivering, palpitating, like a greyhound in the slip. But the Brave immoveable, of an unaltered countenance and unchanged pulse. Sure this would best befit us. O be composed!

And now, at length, I come to the Award that awaits us for this restraint I so implore you to observe.

Fellow Citizens! Not in the annals of our race, probably never since this world spun in space, was such an opportunity to win celestial and terrestial glory offered to a Nation as to us this day! Think of it! Those European Nations, now all so madly raging will in a little while, when their present heats are something spent, all turn to us to *Mediate* between them. Conceive it! Righteousness (for your verdict cannot be other than righteous) Righteousness and Peace, I say, to kiss together and *America* the match-maker. Who also shall, in the eyes of all, be Hierarch to solemnize that holiest wedding. Was such a crown of glory ever held out to a People before? A pure, ethereal, love-woven garland this. O be still! be still! Let no impatience in us offend the angels which I see descending prepared to drop this wreath upon our heads. Enhaloed shall we be now and to all succeeding generations. No painful martyrdom 's demanded of us. Nothing save a little continence of spleen. O contain it! Contain it! One in agony did cry Let this cup pass from me! But here sure prayers cross not when we cry O Lord! Let's drink it? No dreg of bitterness or vanity. My soul's entranced when I look up. Yet troubled much to think how naughty passion in us may mar this wished for consummation. Never, ah never —.

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These stars are inserted to give the reader time to recover, and to keep a proper separation between mere mundane discourse and such seraphic.

None will imagine that the above attempts anything like a verbatim repetition of President Wilson's speech, and we cannot tell what injustice it does him, how lamentably short it falls. The report which I read in the English Newspapers at the time probably bore even less resemblance to the actual speech than to this, for I have done my best to reconjure. The actual speech I take to be irrecoverably lost. For if Dante could not himself

remember some of the songs he heard in Paradise, much less could any mere Modern Senate's Reporter be expected to accurately transmit to paper the words of one thus rapt. Whilst he heard them he must have been standing open-mouthed to listen; only, after, scribbling fast what he could recall before oblivion swept over his sinking senses. Impossible to reword precisely, yet the general impression remains and imperishable. The fairest of the real seraphs America has produced spoke of its being sufficient reward to be united to God once in a lifetime, and talked often of lucid moments in years at all other times cloudy. Having once known through by our own perception that Eternal Justice everywhere is, this Universe wholly the work of a God, being by His presence, we do never after forget that fact, know ourselves reprobate should we doubt of it, though it is not in mortal for the truth thereof to vivify him every instant, and often every weakened sense assaults us with assurance the world's a doggery and devil's mock. Let us hold by the general impression, then. America was to contain her spleens for the sake of gaining immortal honor as a Mediator: This, the substance, everybody apprehended better or worse, whether he knew what to think of it or no.

In sober prose, for I did not think it wise to come down at one step, I cannot say that when I read the common report of the speech it raised the smallest hope in me that America ever would be a Mediator, that the utterer in the least knew how she could be or could deserve to be. Much otherwise did it affect me. This whole notion of proposing to yourself to be a Mediator, of proclaiming the beautiful humanity of such a Rôle and beseeching men to play it for the sake of the glory would accrue to them, struck me as a thing fit to amaze. Came like a blast of *No* hope there either, then! Nothing but the too well known; the too really awful depths of impiety which has no guess it is impiety; the black, bottomless vacuities, wherein the souls of men seem Lost. I am not swearing: I was never further from it. Yet with one of those sudden turns that sometimes catch a man, there is a snatch of village gossip heard at my own kitchen hearth which crops into my mind as apposite. Quote one neighbor of another to my wife: ‚He's a very good man, mum, Yes, mum, One of these very good men what never swears ‚isself but makes other men swear dreadful . . . . . His children is perfect. Everything they do is

right. I sez to him once, Mr. X I think your children is angels. But *where's their wings?* If you ask me, I think their feet is clay?' O Wilson! Wilson! I will not swear at thee, but —! And Citizens of the Stars and Stripes, where is your wings? Methinks your feet is clay. Carlyle spoke truth when he said, we had learnt better then the Hebrew in that we could laugh in the midst of gravest prophecy. ‚Sport-impulse' of the Germans. Is it not really the Irrepressible Joy born of that faith in Deity's omnipresence and love for all his creatures? Stern rigors and inexorable penalties indeed, Death, Judgment, and Eternity. Yet the infinite Mercy, Lambency, *Islam*, and rejoice that all is even that it is, a Wisdom and Beneficence that passes our understanding. — We shall get stepped quite down in time, Gentlemen. All things in due gradation.

Master Woodrow's beatific vision: A huge war raging, he and his to be Peacemaker. I am not blaming those who answered *Too* supernal! But was there not something of sublime in this Hope? Some admixture of vanity were pardonable even in him; and how know you his appeal to this was not prudently calculated, in the sage's finesse, addressing mixed audience sublunary, *his* soul engrossed by the pure beneficence alone? But there is ever the inexorable question Are you equal to this enterprise you have set your heart on; do you in the least really know how to go about it? In the matter of Prospective Mediatorship, I am afraid the first answer to which is: You had much better *not* go about it. To go about this is one of the surest ways of extinguishing your chances of ever reaching that goal.

For how could a worthy man wish or hope to be a Mediator; in what way could he bestir himself to be made one? And you would not desire to have or to be an unworthy! — Who would can, if not, alas, go out of our reckoning, have the doors closed on him for a while. Who desires to have the unworthy wants the Corrupt Judge to hear his case, no Mediator; who to be it to sit in that named capacity. I am afraid they cannot go out of our reckoning, but — Shut the doors. — Thus immediately you reflect upon possible Mediator, you see how absolutely this centres in his Desert; and it is not the worthy who are apt to be sure of their desert. A humane person observing others in sore strife may be much grief-stricken thereat, may pray from his soul for peace between them, but as to offering himself as Mediator

unless assured he is in their hearts besought, or solacing himself with the thought they will be sure to turn to him and he gain glory by acting as composer of their differences, — I think it will be far from him. Judge and Mediator are not the same. The Judge may *assert* jurisdiction. But the essence of a Mediator is that he be a person of such known probity that the parties in dispute can turn to him voluntarily as to one whom they can alike trust to decide that which is equitable. If either turn to a third as to one whose favor can be counted on — Why I will ask America whether she does not think herself highly eligible for the seat of Biassed Umpire? Who unbarred those doors? Shut 'em again, please. And be not so remiss another time. Such interruptions are so vexatious, I shall have to take a fresh paragraph.

For any blest Mediatorship — letting alone those seen in visions, suspended in vacant azure — there must be grace in *all*. It is very beautiful to see One (man or nation) spontaneously sought by his brothers who have got to loggerheads as *fit to be trusted* to decide between them. If their dispute have been chivalrous, grace was never out of them. If they have been deformed by evil passion, one or both, grace must have shot a ray of light through their darkness ere they could so seek the to-be-trusted. They now bethink themselves. Their hearts are chastened. A fundamental change has begun to be wrought in them (if it ever needed to be wrought). Before they can spontaneously resign their debate to the decision of the Blest Mediator, they must actually wish it to be determined in accordance with justice instead of their selfwills.* That, in International matters, this has not for many ages been seen without such manifold admixture as to render it all but irrecognisable does not prevent its remaining the essence there as much as in disputes between private persons: where, thank God, it is not so excessively uncommon, very recognisable. Mod icum of grace in both parties to the conflict is a *sine qua non*. How much more, then, must the Mediator himself have grace?

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* Yes: a yielding of that character, some effluence from the better nature of man, is an absolute essential. The Britain of to-day, for instance, however ready to ‚submit' to Biassed Umpire, can never turn to Mediator till she at least admit her diabolical endeavor to crush the German baffled, and begin to cease cursing.

He is the desideratum; and the combatants, even when grace does move in them, are not always so lucky as to find him. Where should they to-day? *Ecce Homo,* said Wilson, with less than no doubt upon that head. There his conscience was so whole he never knew he had one. That he should ask of it: Fit thou? Serene in flawless innocence, no doubt, or introspection, sad fruits of man's fall, caused a transitory shadow of misgiving to trouble the pure glow in his bosom. We, poor devils, so halt and dual, must gaze with astonishment on such a seamless unity, and turn our dazzled eyes earthward in search of less incomprehensible Wayfarer who has learnt in sorrow and through sin that he has a conscience. No angel beyond exception, yet perhaps more competent to aid, as better versed in the toils and trials which beset us here below. The angels, you know, admit this, and are not offended.

What manner of man is it, then, that has in all times been recognized the fit-to-be-trusted? The tokens of him were once well known, — in America as in other countries. After all, too, they probably still are to a good few. For counterfeits have abounded in other times as well as in ours. A man diligent in good works, strictly minding his own business and endeavoring to do that thoroughly and well, that he might save his soul from perdition and leave such fraction of this world as it was his lot to toil in not the worse for his presence. Whose word and bond are one, and who would do himself an injury rather than commit one. No worshipped maggots in his head that he should itch to multiply them in another's; not ribbed with Principles and stiff in their dictates. Truly an *un*starched creature altogether. Very simple and homely; grave enough, yet, for God's sake, not consciously considerate or of any preserved aspect. Of a natural majesty. One who will not go against the truth or shut his eyes to the facts before him; yet has no point of conscience, and, refusing all compliances with Satan, is of a large understanding and silent discretion. A man of mass and character who is no self-seeker. Reverent and therefore fearless, whose word and deed are known *authentic.* The basest criminal can feel that such a one is his brother, that it is not hate or injustice which sends him to the gallows; and men do turn to him as to one they can trust to decide by the deepest and most level perception of the

right and the wrong of the matter which dwells in him. No God to pronounce an unimpeachable verdict, but a Man who will pierce through to the very facts, to his best ability, and reach a verdict in which a soul of justice indisputably lives.

Yes, men turn to him to mediate between them, but he does not seek to be a Mediator, nor wish to be: He has his hands full enough already. By his nature, he will throughout any conflict be just to both parties in it; and though, if occasion call, he may not hesitate to say what he thinks of either, there will be no favoritism or ill-will in his remarks, however high his praise may mount, or severe his censure. And if he do surmise it probable that the parties in strife may turn to him to Mediate, can this weaken his sense of justice, cause him to act with *less* equity to both, to think of either with less charity? It may well lead him to be more guarded in his deeds and words alike. And yet the more when he is convinced that one has the right much more than the other. For then most notably should the Mediator be one who so lives in truth that even the wrong-doer can trust his cause to him. This form and this gait cannot lie, we will submit our dispute unto him: Wild sons of the desert have known it and done it. Venerable Wisdom turned to by mortals disordered with passion. All ages of Faith the most heathen have seen it and done it. The Sinner clasping the knees of the Priest, calling to him for protection, to him begirt with such a reverence the proudest stayed their hands, submitted to decree: It was so in the flower of Christendom. Who is fit to be trusted to decide by the divine authority which resides in Man of pure soul and just: I guess he is extant to-day too, and is like to continue so as long as this earth remains inhabited. That the general suffrage of even so enlightened a people as that of the United States infallibly elects such a one President is a proposition I should very much like to see proved, but I have not had the happiness yet, despite the flawless innocence of Wilson's Behold Me, Your Appointed Peacemaker, O all ye nations plunged in woe!

Yet Mediator of some such sort as I endeavor to call into your minds has been known in International Affairs also. Nations at war with one another certainly have submitted their dispute to a Third whom they with good ground believed would decide *fairly* between them. Again I ask noble Americans what sort of ground for any such belief they reckon that their country gave

when the hope of proving Mediator was expressed for it; and has since given? Whether they do not honestly think that Rôle is ever *parody?*

I do not say that the verily Fit-to-be-trusted can never wish or hope to be Mediator, make proffer in that direction. Clear to reflection it is that there are concurrences of Event and Spirit when all this may be genuine and modest. How and when, I leave to each reader. Who, knowing that, will be furtherest of any from mistaking the vain for the real.

A great many have desired to discharge so evidently divine a function to satisfaction, and exercised much veiled diligence to have it proposed to them. Are not these the grandiose whose fancy has been flattered by the thought of playing such a rôle before the world, not to speak of those whose tender aspirations would play it before heaven? Both sorts, and the compound of them, have often played it, and been more acclaimed for godhead by the majorities than any he who spoke from his soul mid this earth's dust and moil. I cannot however recollect an instance of the grandiose publicly avowing, especially at the commencement of a war, his intention, or perfect readiness, to enact the part in the so admirable way he felt himself so afflated to do; saying: Let mankind take note. When a Mediator is wanted, as he must soon be, here stand I, unmatchable for the office. Simultaneously to his own people: Patience, my beloved brethren, and understand what a bid I am even now making for your honor's glory. No: the grandiose are commonly aware what virtue may be expected to dwell within an impassive solemnity: and, accordingly, know what is expected of them in this part. Whatever their veiled diligence, they would not stir a finger in aught could be interpreted as diligence to such an end, nor betray the slightest wish to mediate in concerns not their's. True, the higher initiated may read secrets of the bosom, and gods object not to be known to gods. But solely if approached could they consent to put their insufficiency to trial, accept another's burden and the ingratitude of many, for so blest a possibility; foreseeing only trouble and scathe to themselves, yet gladly undertake to do whatever their so sadly incompetent faculty may find itself able to do to compose matters between dear friends of their's whom they would so fain see friends with each other once more. Ah artless Wilson, how the heart opens to thee, put up in this

comparison! In truth it does, too! At least in so far as artless. For, alas, may it not be that the very public avowing of Sublime Principle, etc. is the present day form, suited to Democracy, in which much the same spirit works? Reticence and dignity in the grandiose belongs to them only when in assured seat. Large schemes for the winning of celestial and terrestial glory, life in vain show, nowise extinct because *this* is not to-day so readily attainable. Where your lease is short and uncertain of tenure it is needful to spread out your ware to best advantage. Besides that the mode of procedure is always dictated by day's custom and the prevalent temper of the world-audience .

Had America quietly minded her own business as fully sufficient for her, *been* a nation of justice-loving men and, as such, maintained a stable equity and charity toward all parties in the European War, she might indeed have been turned to as Blest Mediator, one Fit-to-be-trusted; and had, in any case, so rendered immense help and furtherance to all fighting for the right. But this Rôle of Prospective Mediator is a thing which I can only regard as a most vain and tinsel matter, little better than a piece of theatric sky-archery, leaving small doubt what course would be run by one who took it up. Might not all true hearts in America feel shame for that proposed Rôle and sequent course? What chance is there now that she will be turned to as Soul of Equity and Single Head that had kept Level? She so loud in shriek and ramp, hate-filled imagination. Does the weight of that old Hebrew description come home to you at all? ‚They imagine evil in their hearts continually'. Perhaps you have always thought of this as meaning plotting to do evil? Better take the words as they stand to-day, I think, lest to-morrow the plotting follow.

Au revoir! My President, Engineer of the Sublime! May no unkindly Akakia come athwart thee!

III. Humanity.

1. Field of Humanity open to America as a Neutral.

As the course of events have gone, it was over the Submarine Warfare that America's Bias first so altogether broke bound as to force her Official Persons to voice it openly before the world. It was over this that they first decidedly and undisguisedly departed from the hitherto professed Rôle of a perfectly Neutral Attitude, and ‚Strained Relations with Germany', instead of the prior hypothetic mutual good-will, became confessed the order of the day. Press Editors, irresponsible persons; University and other Professors, Public Men of various sorts, responsible persons enough; *Ex*-President (I did not think it kind to class him an irresponsible, so leave him in limbo): — these had long been loud, not to say rabid, in anathema, but there had come nothing *ex-cathedra* which could be certainly interpreted as agreeing with their anathemas. Till then, the Official Persons had endeavored to keep their legs in the face of the rising gale, and cry, in persuasive accents, Not that way, you blow. Neutral we and Prospective Mediator. But when ‚Piracy' began their difficulties increased sadly; and, on the sinking of the Lusitania they accepted their fate. Whether reluctantly, resignedly or with satisfaction that the wind did now blow strong enough. Organ bellows full at last; and our Chief himself to so manipulate the stops that all shall wonder at the harmony and dignity of the Notes which issue. The roar of a multitude is grand. But the art which can transmute it thus, so finely worded and polite with all its high inflexibility! First Gentleman of the World! Twinned with the *Grand Monarque:* Did that strike you, Yankee? Nay, capped above, for he was but of Europe.

It was over the Submarine Warfare that ‚strained relations' announced themselves as come — to stay indefinitely, the prospect of our would-be Mediator became cloudy, and the Rôle of

Dictator for Humanity's sake began to seem the more hopeful one for him to take. For that the war should be waged with more regard had to the Principles of Humanity was much more the plea than American lives lost. Hence it is that we here have chosen Humanity for the title of this chapter whilst purposing that the Submarine Warfare shall be, in a way, the main subject of it. For exclaim at the submarine was far from being the beginning of the cry of Outraged Humanity! Neither was the storm which burst loose at the doings of the submarine, to rage for a time almost without control, by any means originally raised by those doings. It has pleased the Americans to persuade themselves that in what they have said and done in Anti-German sort they have been actuated by motives of Humanity. Wherein, although their execrations of the Submarine and endeavors to curb that infernal monster did become most prominent, it is well known to them that these particular efforts of theirs were only directed against what they reckoned a worst item out of many bad. Accordingly, it is for us to treat of the matter so. Namely, before coming to the main item, to glance at that wider Field of Humanity open to America, had she cared to stretch her own sinews there instead of shrieking at other people's real or supposed *In*humanity: A proceeding which would have been so infinitely more profitable for all parties. Secondly, to examine the Sequence of hor rising Furor at ‚German Inhumanity.' Then, after the Main Item, some words on the Rôle of Humanity. Also on what essentially is Humanity and Inhumanity in war, as in life; who are the true humane and devilish.

Field of Humanity open to America as a Neutral.

A boundless field, wide *as* humanity *and* infinite as goodness! Wherein America might have done so much, and has not. Scarce anything it seems to me, unless it were supply of due quota to the Red Cross Departments. A thing which none of the civilized fail in to-day. Always abundance of volunteers for that service. The very devil himself having at length learnt the beauty of it, and won high fame as generalissimo. Indeed for a century or more the offer of service in this corps has been a bait wherewith he has crimped more recruits than by almost any other. To help to man the hospitals, in one form or another, has, for several generations, been a common resource of those overtaken by the night, who have *failed* to find a human calling. Not that this prevents the calling remaining a truly human one.

‚Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.'

But that Department is not our concern at present. Ours butto mark a little the generic characteristics of any he can strike a spade in the field of a genuine Humanity, note a few items which are cognate to matter in hand.

Prospective Mediator was a shot over. So is Dictator upon Methods of Warfare in Humanity's Name. And as vain. But for simple ministry no very particular gift had been requisite. Jonathan, my brother, I wish your soul were as sick as mine is of high flown magnanimities professed by men whose limitations are all too sorrily manifest. Cannot you suggest in any way to your President how much handsomer he would look if he would come down off those darling high-principle stilts of his? Persuade him to stalk small game instead of those mighty deer he can alone esteem worthy of his chase? We must be patient. It is endemic for men of little minds to scorn the humble deed of good and stiffen their necks for some surpassing; kick the bucket into the well, resolved the clouds shall render rain at their bidding.

When the rages of men are let loose and rise high, many things sad to humanity are sure to be done by all but all; and parties not engaged, who sympathetically remember this, do not require to be any better men than the combatants to be able to minister humanity to them and for them. Both sides gladly referring to them for adjustment all manner of matters which need but a level sympathy for just settlement, much mitigation of suffering and horror. How very, very much America might have done in this respect, had the level sympathy for both and the humane resolution been in her, is surely palpable to all of us. Pity that her President, rapt in visions of Prospective Mediator to bring glory, or of Dictator in Humanity's name to sustain his nation's high place in the annals, could not have a little exercised this sort of Mediation, Humanity! Nowise prospective, it, but lying ready to his hand. Nay, we may say, thrust into his hand. By Germany, at least; to his distaste and embarrassment. Here was much matter of Humanity needing but to be taken up by him, if willing and competent. But it involved trouble, and not that sort of trouble he could point to as borne by him, an Atlas. Any ‚glory' accruing here would have needed to be earned first, and in silence; action supported perhaps by the weight of the

nation but not at once adored and patronized by the sweet voices, just what they advised, demanded, threatened with pains if not done, yet seeing done conformable readily applaud true Leader's own initiative to be loyally obeyed. It is useless to require of a man what he has no skill in. This Entity was not raised aloft that he should stoop, howsoever, every citizen be free to hail him well met, nor least thorny, practise of Humanity a thing that he was ever versed in; all his schooling how to get aloft, and then enunciate the Principles in manner becoming a master in that art. Likeunto a Sign-post rigidly informing every passer-by *Sic itur.* Whither? *Sic itur,* answers it. But the waters are out, the face of nature is changed, and many new strange monsters are raging to and fro. Our eyes seldom see them; they make not the deep to seem hoary, and only their little ones affright us with Wake. Canst thou draw out these leviathans with an hook? Will they make soft speeches unto thee? What shall we do to escape them? They prey not on us: Why then wilt thou make us vain safeguard of their victim? And whither is our way, now that the deluge has *come? Sic itur* answers it. Was not I here *before;* and the legend I bear, if not engraved with an iron pen in the rock forever, yet duly engrossed and properly signed to? Those who framed it had never heard tell of these monsters, that they should take account of them. And though only the Lord can cause these waters to abate again, I know my duty, and remain a fixed sign-post, should I point to the City of Nowhere. But this is running ahead.

He was not willing, you perceive. And as for competence! — Suffolk thought his king a wooden thing. For you do need to be competent would you discharge even those humble functions of humanity, so beneath the regard of him would stand upon the pinnacle. It does require a Man to minister humanity as a Neutral may. One who knows justice and is able to foresee inevitable sequels, growths; who can take things in their beginnings, before they have become unmanageable, and is able to firmly insist to each No help to you in that unless you do agree to the other's just demands in this. And have you observed how the German has throughout been the only one to propose Reciprociity? Hence the President's embarrassment at him. The other side simply announced its decision; how arbitrary soever, unchangeable. Thus demanded nothing of the President beyond

submission in silence, or after such formal protest as they well understood necessary for his dignity, shelved with politest acknowledgments. And, if only the German would have been equally complaisant, how smoothly it might all have worked! The German alone made trouble; every objection arose through the one marked out for perdition not presenting his throat to the knife with that patience he should have done, seeing how any resistance on his part must just create unpleasantness. Britain gave out the law, her Allies confirmed it, and America would have been quite content their will should be done on earth as it so undoubtedly is in heaven. So fine a programme, and the German sole Incorrigible, can you wonder at the President's vexation with him? For it was thus throughout, long before the Submarine Warfare, before the war at all. Man, indeed, might have felt drawn to the one who proposed Reciprocity, found him infinitely the more comfortable party to deal with, and noted a grosser insult in Lofty Stupidity's polite shelving of every suggestion thanin any insistence that To-day's Facts should form the basis of any agreement for To-day's Acts. Not so the Superlative Entity to whom America has at present entrusted her destiny! Though I have sometimes thought I could trace distinct irritation in him when every suggestion of his met nothing save a raised eyebrow, indicating Olympian astonishment at his having the temerity to make it, in view of the known tenor of majesty's will. Even perhaps an occasional leaning to the German from this cause. But then, for Principle's higher claim, a man must swallow down mere personal disgusts, especially when himself demanding obedience to the known tenor of his will. The one may treat me more as equal brother and offer friendly interchange; but, since it is the other's way I'd worshipfully emulate, his snub chastens my heart, proof 'gainst any touch of nature. And self-love better flattered by the reproof of kin; who also will applaud me equal master when I take upon me rightly the same countenance severe toward World's Reprobate.

World's Reprobate! I would like to know when *he* was ever yet other than God's chosen.

Methinks these things aloft are characteristic of who are forever incapable of turning a sod in Humanity's field. And below? Surely it is a primary requisite in any Neutral who would minister Humanity that he be humane and preserve that temper, become *not* obsessed with animus as the belligerents are

so liable to become. Once he is so obsessed, Good night Humanity! Good Lord deliver us from his ministry!

A thousand things there were in which America could have ministered, had she not become obsessed. Racial Hatred, for instance: Is that a thing blessed by Humanity? A thing she should have ministered to? Yea; I speak home, or shall do shortly. For this is a thing wherein she has defiled her own nest. Considering how very large a portion of her own population is of Germanic origin.

Here, in England, I may say that the treatment which ‚Enemy Aliens' were at once subjected to struck me as revolting, as contrary to the most elementary Humanity, opposite to every instinct of Chivalry, repugnant wholly to true Manhood. A war breaks out and immediately all unfortunate individuals of ‚enemy nationality' are to be regarded as Outcasts from Society, interned, tribulated, abominated. The instant spontaneous feeling of every Man, all call of Humanity, toward them being meanwhile one of friendliness, sympathy, protection. Certainly that spirit of hospitality, which dwels in every worthy human breast towards Strangers in our Land, and which I think I may say is strong in Americans, would be doubled in me the moment I learnt my country was at war with any such Stranger's country *whatever the cause of the war.* Yea; even though I had thought, and continued to think, *not well* of the Individual, or the Race, the moment I knew him in that unhappy circumstance every duty of the host were trebly sacred to me. Could I without breach of law help him back to his country I would do so. Failing that, he is a Guest in Misfortune; whether welcome or unwelcome inviolate, to be guarded from injury and insult. Should circumstances compel me to make him a Prisoner, it would be with reluctance and in all honor. But, though nowise crediting myself by any means alone in such sentiments, you may look in vain for the smallest symptoms of them in British Public Spirit, or British Statesman's incitements. Equally so in America, and with less excuse, if any excuse there can be. Witness that ‚boycotting', and refusal to ‚live under the same roof with those people'.

Be it understood that I am not criticising ‚internment' or any other official institution. Though, in view of the evident

spirit, I believe that policy to have been mainly vicious, and many of the restrictions appear to have been informed by petty malice working on very ignoble temper. Quasi-Patriotism egged on by spite and believing its venomous suggestions in that atmosphere of base Suspicion which always enwraps a people risen in misdeed. How far the restrictions were necessary I do not know, though I guess not far and do know the whole a thing of the Night and not of the Day. But the spirit displayed I damn unhesitatingly and absolutely. Popular outbursts, much chronic hostility, were a foregone conclusion in every country. Even *hence* that spontaneous impulse to protect, to ward from insult and injury. It is the total absence of any other temper than that of mob animosity, the Government's sanction of *it*, that is the unpardonable. The shameful fact is that in England it was the *Responsible Persons* who led off in this. They themselves set the Ill Example. An example which has not yet, to my knowledge, been *come up to* by the Populace in any of its outbreaks of Anti-German spleen. Doubtless the British Government did not directly name all ‚enemy aliens' out of law and proclaim it commendable in good citizens to rob and slay these wherever met! But its attempts to justify the going into the war were made in a spirit so charged with the venom which could have done this that all spite-filled wretches found themselves exhorted to do their will within the letter of law — and often beyond it without fear of reprimand. The authoritative incitement has been to Racial Hatred. And it is it which has defiled almost every British Household, emulously following the example of the Westminster Hall of the Furies. Infamous defamation, low, vulgar, contumely, and scurrilous railing at the German has raged there incessant, detestable as despicable; and the people have been possessed through with a rabid Germano-phobia little removed from the temper of those who in other days have gone forth with the knife and hatchet to massacre indiscriminately all members of a tabooed nationality: They may thank their circumstances alone and not their intrinsic character that they have not done this. And in the midst, own lips still foaming, and to foam afresh next moment, they will, with that unctuosity of theirs which never leaves them long unattended, refer to the wickedness of the German ‚Hymn of Hate', as they call it; pause to marvel like innocent amazed at ugly passion, to sanctimonioulsy wonder why

England should be hated. But, of course, that's just the miscreant's character all over — Foam lathering again apace.

In America, the President and his immediates did not lead off in that sort at all, though, later, they permitted it to become obvious they were not much out of sympathy, and certainly did nothing decisively *contra,* as Humanity in them would have prompted. Whilst unofficial Public Men did so lead off, with the Press almost unanimously concurrent. Yet I saw no evidence of the general mass of the People being infected to anything like the extent it is in England.* Which were not to be expected? Then, I pray you, sir, why should all that flatters itself it is Society and swears it voices the Nation be so? Alas, both countries are *ridden by their devils. B*ut, though I could catch no tone of any deep heartfelt Lord deliver us from their domination! I have a strong hope, amounting almost to conviction, that there are multitudes in America who have never actively concurred in the doings of those Imps of Satan. Albeit they have given those doings large passive allowance, even responded Hear, hear! and nowise recognized their perpetrators to be Imps of Satan. Humanity's somewhat turbulent Guerilla, rather, to be granted free field against such an undoubted devil as the German. Friends, do you know that this earth's true Heroes, when engaged in death-wrestle with Iniquity forever do *appear* to be ‚Firebrands of the Devil', if you look at them through glasses of a certain color? *They* cannot then come to us in soft radiance, bringing airs from heaven; they come to us begrimed, all terrible in blood, and only when they have won can thankless mortals reap the fruit of their labors in peace.

I have no clear knowledge what sort of treatment has been meted to ‚enemy aliens' in Germany. Remember English papers quoting complaints by German ditto of the freedom and immunity allowed to British subjects long after it had ceased for Germans in Britain. And I have caught sight of no instance of *authorized* venom in the German. When the Berlin Mob smashed the windows of the British Embassy, the Kaiser did remark to the British Ambassador that he was sorry, but that the British Excellency might see what his People thought of Britain's action: Which is quite another thing to this I speak of. Wrath and

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* Referring to 1915. America *passed* England herein later.

indignation are *not* poisonous animosity. And the German Charges against Britain, as officially made, have a totally different tenor to those of the British ditto against Germany. They were fit to rouse the German People into wrath and indignation at Britain, but they gave no benison to vindictive malice toward all unfortunate members of the enemy nationality, no implied incitement to this as a thing of twin nature. For Noble Rage is not only not the same, it is directly contrary and incompatible. Individual instances of ignoble spite and ugly deeds of anger's violence I have no doubt you could find by the hundred anywhere; they are a matter of course. But I have not seen widespread, and nowhere authorized, in the German the petty personal malice practically universal in the British and most pronounced in the Chiefs of the State. Diligent this moment they, to contrive an International Boycott and Commercial Cripplement of Germany after the war: Over head and ears in Malicious Workings of every description abhorrent to Humanity. The wrath of the one is respectable to me and the animosity of the other despicable.

I reckon that the Germans far surpass in Humanity any of the nations leagued against them. Tribute to foe's valor is free and spontaneous among them. The carnage is more hideous and awful to them; their hearts are more full of sorrow and mourning: From the Kaiser himself down ample evidence of this in them has been long before the Americans, but they have hardened their hearts against all admission to it, fastening only on such incidents of warfare as they can twist to feed their humor. To *see* the Face of Man has not been their desire. For myself, I have met tenfold more of Humane Disposition in the German than in any other concerned; and I not only know the Americans and British to be completely in error in attributing inhumanity to the German, but also how and why they are so in error. With deep sympathy and reverence for many Germans who do not see this, who cannot understand it. *Why* should these things be imagined of us? *Whence* this boundless anathema? I have seen this more than once or twice. A sorrowful amazement. Said one to me in New York, and of Americans ,I cannot understand why it is. They really seem to *believe* these things of us. X X X. I hope they will not go to war with us; for they know not what it would mean to them (voice half broken, and it was in pity for *America*). But if they will have it we must endeavor to give it them!' And I

believe through that thing the Germans have often said, that for months after war was declared they could not credit that the English as a whole were against them. Fight on, ye brave ones, and may God be with you. Better proof of your soul's integrity, of the justice of your cause, you could not give than this. Faint not, nor let this enigma perplex you. Yours to-day to do or die; to *be* Men whatever is said or thought of you. No need for *you* to be learned in Moral Putrescences unknown to the healthy, never dreamt of by the pure in mind who have not been born and bred in their midst. Here is a Fact of Humanity for you, O Yankee! if you have an eye to see it, enough to outweigh the sinking by submarine, being forced to it, of the entire British merchant fleet. Dissect brains, heart and liver of all Anti-Germans of either side the Atlantic, and if you can find enough of anything resembling this to clog the foot of a flea with, think yourself blest in the find. But I fear the most of you are so wofully lacking in eye that nine out of ten of you are wondering what the devil I mean. Again, which side is it that is prolonging the war; which asks nothing save an honorable peace, the granting of inalienable right to live and grow, according to the powers implanted in it, along with all other denizens of God's earth; which quite shamelessly professes determination to destroy a hated rival? If your hearts were not hardened, methinks you would not have a moment's doubt with whom the balance of Humanity lay.

But to return to this of Racial Hatred, the treatment of ‚enemy aliens', etc. Is it not altogether Barbarous? I confess it came as an astonishment to me. I had not looked for it, though I did know our boasted Civilization a thing ready to collapse. Utterly disgraceful, I call it, without excuse of any sort. Governments of other times may have had to ‚intern', etc. as a protection of the ‚enemy alien' against a popular hostility they could not control. Or may have left him to his chances with a confidence that none save the vulgar would affront him; his miseries like to be considerable but not to be alleviated except through that good feeling all men of honor must have for him. (Briton, if your cheeks don't blush scarlet they ought). It is neither of these things we have had to-day. The British and American Governments were not powerless to control a mob hostility in this respect, and they in nowise rested on chivalry as certain to be

in all cultivated members of their Commonwealths. The Leading Officers of either, had they been true men at all, could with ease have checked this vicious animus, could have nipped it in the bud, and prevented its ever getting into the rider's seat. There were men enough in both countries to have instantly responded; saying, and effectively, to the Spite-filled: No more of your barking! It is we, not you, who shall hold the reins here. But with the Leaders themselves barking in the van of the Spite-filled, all who attempted to say thus were of course brushed aside at once; and dirty license *invited* to the rider's seat.

For what is perennially the temper of a Just Man in going into war? It is as humane and generous *as* it is valiant and resolved. If the foe be noble, his sentiments towards that foe are chivalrous. The war is then for settlement of a dispute which unhappily could not be settled without war; and no loss of esteem, frequently notable mutual increase. And if the foe be ignoble, is it for him to be so? Never. In either case, he will, most probably, make some public statement of what he considers justifies his going to war; and in the latter, where he believes the foe guilty of gross malfeasance, he may say so much with emphasis and severity. But to rail at him like a Thersites, to taunt, mock, belie, this is what he can never do. And, in the present instance, to talk of Germany being an *ignoble* foe is fantastic nonsense. No nation stood more clearly Peer at least; known so by every Briton himself fit to be described as humanity and not carrion. Malfeasance in specific matter could still be. But could the British Statesmen who declared war have given any just ground for it, had they themselves been conscious of justice in act, it is a sure thing that none of the Vicious Animosity which has characterized all their speeches and proclamations could have been in them at all. ‚Hun', ‚Brutal Barbarian', and all that delirious stuff could never have been heard of. Their speeches and announcements had then been conceived in so different a key that any moot of *that* had been felt a discord, a profanation and disgrace, by nation roused to Warrior's knightly temper, to Humanity's defence of a wrongfully abused. Alas no call to Britain's Noble Manhood was *possible* in this war. *It* would have absolutely refused to wage this war. If appealed to, if able to announce itself, had answered with such a No, by the Eternal! as had sent each Westminster Attorney and Bishop of the Church

skulking into kennel. One fortnight to debate War or no War? no war had been: Which lessens not the Nation's guilt at all. For the fortnight is never given; and what People have habitually chosen Barabbas in quietude shall forever have the decision of Barabbas in crisis. Such remnant of that Manhood as still remains has long been barred from the Council-Chamber. And the wretched creatures who made the war, impelled thereto by that light in them which is darkness, appealed to the Base they knew, and cried on every meanest passion to bear them through to an attorney's victory, by craft, fell spite, mob's spleen, and all awakened devilries. Host of the Gadarene's Swine, as Carlyle described them, led on and marshalled by Zealots of Political Dogma, blessed by the Priests of the Proven Fals, and inspired by the Fanatical Hatred of a long-dominant Race, which had for ages said unto the Lord God Depart from us, for we desire none of thy ways,when it feels its Supremacy in peril of loss and the Judgments of Heaven *not* reversible, not to be staved from falling on it, unless by its Might and its Purse which can pay half the world to fight on its behalf. Every throat among its Legions shouting hoarse O damn the Miscreant that yet lives in our despite.

This is the beautiful exhibition of Humanity which the Anti-German of Americans emulate; and indeed I think they reach to about par. Here is a nation making such an effort to crush another as it never did before, yet revealing no feature of the Just. One boundless Doggery, united as a Pack is united, and treading under foot all Traditions of Humanity bequeathed it by the Fathers. More horrible manifestation of what frightful and no longer concealable depravity and anarchy their souls were sodden in men have seldom given. How is it, then, that America sees no ill in this? That those in her who claim to voice the nation should find it but savor themselves is no mystery to me.

In earlier times, when one tribe waged war with another, the savage nature which dwells in man delighted in the opportunity of amusing itself. ,Twas reckoned lawful then, for man to treat any member of the adversary who came within his power as victim for Will to do what it would with. Appetite might satisfy itself and Wantonness do what it pleased. Lust, revenge, joy in torture even, were held to be no stain, so long as wreaked upon a foe; and many, who in the field admired his foe, met him

in an equal manhood and sought to conquer true sword to sword, scorning least advantage, yet once victor gave an utter loose to passion; murder, rape, and slavery becoming the established fortune of the beaten. And any caught, or found in own territory when the rupture occurred, was equally accounted fair prey for barbarity to please itself upon. Primeval savage, even noble, would do these things in heat of blood, or idle hour, and they became *the law*. Such usage of the foe a right by custom which the not noble would not have taken from them. Ay; and many an admirable man long uphold as most proper and becoming, effeminate to question, to be slack in doing. As is the way with *anything* which gets established as a custom. And mortal's habit of shut bosom to aught which befalls to one without a pale of his respect; whom he can come to regard as sacredly devoted to be the sport of cruelty. Ugly enough all that, sirs. Heroes and Sages not few were required both to unfold a better way, by their own spontaneous and deliberate conduct, and to overcome the rooted custom. Yet, in so far as it was all in accord with savage nature, the natural act of brute man, it was in nature's course. More Crude than Diabolic.

But the Anti-German Furor of to-day is no product of savage nature, is no temper which could infect men who were progressing, however low their present status. It is a Wickedness, properly so-called, and product of Evil Imagination. The Indian who glories in his scalps delights in them chiefly as tokens of his prowess; who treats his captives to every indignity may yet be venting authentic passions. Yet no wretch gloating over the dying agonies of his prey honestly, just for the pleasure he finds in them, fills us with a tithe of the loathing we feel for the Inquisitor who subjects to torture for the victim's salvation, or for punishment of heresy, and as cut off from redemption. For men *cannot* ascribe wickedness to another, profess their infamies righteous, till after they have known moral law, and have abandoned integrity, whilst still making claim thereto. They, then, are not savage; they are Putrid. I know that the preferring a charge of ill-deed against an upright person, in full knowledge and inner confession that the charge is false, is often only the fox's nature still showing itself through any most sophisticated condition of society. But to *believe* evil of the true: This is the Pit of the Sodden, the Mendacity which has no bottom. For the

British and American Anti-German Fanatics are not mistaken in the object of their curse; they curse the German simply because he is that which he is. They tell all sorts of lies about him, pervert, distort and misinterpret his every word and act, never call him by any name which describes him truly; nevertheless, their rage at him is excited by the fact that he is that which he is. Men may be mistaken in regard to the true; many are so to-day, to whom, and not to the Fanatic I speak, insisting Try *them*, what they are, let the German be what he may. True men erroneously believing evil of another are sure to discover their error in time, and will throughout be true themselves. Whereas here you have a shrieking of Righteous Cause, of Damned Miscreant he, and Godly Champions we, by men whose own conduct is charged with perfidious subtilty, whose own spirit breathes Malevolence whilst calling on God to witness its holiness. The British temper toward Germans were justified upon *no* hypothesis concerning the German; it is, in its own nature, a Blot on Humanity, irrespective of the question how many other devils may be abroad.

Fearful things are being done this hour in that same Pit of the Sodden far passing in diabolism any atrocity of the savage; things all bearing this generic characteristic, visibly, that they are never genuine. Word and deed nowhere correspond; who bans to perdition self merits perdition; not one British foaming at the German but shows himself an evident Child of Hell the while. Of man's condemnation I have not heard a syllable. Not a single word expressive of what I could ever call *sincere conviction*, the spurious origin of those persuasions which ‚believe' themselves to be this invariably manifest; born all of that systematic mendaciousness which was in the British long before the war and without any thought of the German. A bottomless Falsity, furiously excited now at the German but pre-existing altogether apart from him, wherein it is less the lawless brute passions which seek to wreak themselves, than the Deadly Venoms to destroy him whose Actual Desert treatens to bring its Repute of Desert into disrepute. World sweeping claim of war for Humanity's sake put forth by creatures who too palpably exhibit themselves to be *Carrion* rather. Carlyle thus describes one of Cromwell's biographers, Heath by name: ‚Carrion Heath, an unfortunate blasphemous dullard and scandal to Humanity; — blasphemous, I say; who when the image of God is shining

through a man, reckons it to be the image of the Devil, and acts accordingly; who in fact has no soul, except what saves him the expense of salt; who intrinsically is Carrion and not Humanity. * * * From him, and his scandalous Human Platitudes, let no rational soul seek Knowledge.' Which is constantly my own reflection to-day, whenever I listen to this so unanimous Indictment of Germany and her doings. Ah, Yankee, have you no nostril at all, then, that you should have so readily credited *such* an Indictment? And what might you not have done for Humanity had you simply refused to let musty chaff darken light away from you. Sure it were better even now to consider that side of the matter a little, instead of exclaiming at grim deeds you reckon inhuman. If you cannot first distinguish what *is* Carrion and what Humanity, you have no chance to judge aright of actions committed in war.

By this time I should guess you perceive quite well that the present day treatment of ‚Enemy Aliens', the stirring up of Racial Hatred, which I denounce as barbarous and abhorent to Humanity, is not one in which rack and red-hot pincers are much resorted to. Truly, I have seen no unfortunate person of enemy nationality led out for sport; stuck up, in the body, as a lawful mark for dead cats and rotten eggs. Believe those interned are supplied with reasonable lodgings and get their rations regularly. Perhaps they may not fare *quite* as well as Civil-law Felons, but put this down to unavoidable exigencies of the military situation. For you know how superbly since Howard's Evangel, the Thieves and Murderers are fed and bedded; cared for body and soul. Now tell me, sweet Sirs and Madams, you the Visiting Angels of the distressed and unhappy, the Meek Redeemers of those who have slipped in Sin, has not the radiance of your divine love and pity lightened the lot of the Enemy-Alien? Your holy spirit, endemic universally in the English-speaking races his century gone, breathed mercy and forgiveness to these unfortunates who never showed peculiar proclivities to crime as individuals, but were merely born thereto by being German? You have won so many alleviations of the Civil Criminal's lot, can so benignly extenuate his mistreadings, I could wish to learn your labors here. Each American and British household trained in long practice of Charity, perfect in all the lore of the Philanthropic Movement, if in nothing else, what rare examples of Humanity must they not

have given to-day! You'd think so little ill to sleep a night in *Tombs* that sure *Ritz Carlton* must have often known your gracious presence; and that statement of refusal to live under one roof mere calumny? Thief, Drunkard, Whore, Forger and Blackmailer, chastened by a little confinement, are let out again with benison, to work and breed anew; but God forbid that any Briton should so forget his own election and prospective parent's duty as to wed a German these ‚hundred years to come', bring ‚moral taint' more hideous than syphilis virus upon his (might have been) innocent children. Fact (Sir James Crichton-Brown) and verily too typical.

Don't you think there was a pretty wide field of Humanity open to America without upstarting frantic, hair on end, at the Submarine? Moreover, what of *‚the Hyphenated'* your own, and neither Enemy nor Alien?

To begin with, the nickname *Hyphenated* is an Insult and a Menace. It ought never to have become the vogue. Those who introduced it and those who have so greedily caught it up are disloyal, traitorous, internecine folk. And the Administration which failed to severely discountenance it, to declare it most reprehensible, much neglected its duty.

An Insult because Germans who have emigrated to the United States have not maintained a Nazarene deportment and kept themselves unspotted from the population they found there. They have become in heart and soul Citizens of the United States; have gladly adopted that country as henceforth theirs, and owned allegiance to no other; mingled freely with the population they found there as henceforth an indissoluble portion of *it*. More than content to lose separate nationality, they would before to-day, have resented, as an imputation of disloyalty, ought that named them separate. For they were received with welcome, met loving fellowship, and were esteemed an asset. Neither, however they might rejoice in New-world and swear fealty thereto, were they ever before to-day demanded to curse their old loved Fatherland, or mocked for their parentage sake. They were nothing unfilial when they changed allegiance, and the nation which received them into its bosom wanted naught from them which honor could have forbidden to consent to. *Un*hyphenated variety, are you honoring your Fathers, fulfilling still one of the truest gospels they taught?

A Menace because this continual, this, for the time being,

established custom, of referring to that portion of the population which is of German origin as if it were a separate race may tend to make it such in very fact. Which were a grave mischief indeed. A direct and most wilful undoing of much right worthily done. The Citizen of German origin did not wish to be so distinguished, but he certainly never was ashamed of his origin: 'Ware now! lest, by challenging that he has a right to be proud of, you cause him to insist on its acknowledgment, force him to withdraw from communion and make separate cause where it was his wish to make common. Really, you Unhyphenated, you have gone pretty nigh to excommunicating, have instituted a distinct incipience of persecution. Very unprovokedly, very wantonly. And if this split widen, grow permanent, I think the guilt of it will lie almost wholly with *you*.

German-American is used opprobiously. The prefix is not intended as an addition. You do not go in for additions. Princes, Dukes, Marquises and Counts, My Lords and all that lumber, are an offence to you. You have a guess that they are barbarous, that Man without addition, unadorned and simple, is better arrayed than Solomon in all his glory, that there dwells in him a Majesty which cannot be added to. It is very much my own faith: That Majesty is the only one I covet, aspire to, but alack! I feel myself a long way off it; nothing but a humble aspirant with an endless Servitude to undergo would I ever attain to it; indeed fully satisfied, some decades since, that I never shall attain to it. We who were not born in the United States are much handicapped. For *there* I understand that no free citizen is born to sin and trouble as the sparks fly upward, but gains this unbetitled perfectness of Man as surely as a beard to his chin. German-henceforth excepted? Of course, as your standard rises you have to be stricter and stricter, more and more exclusive. And, though you started with a ban on all exclusiveness, an oath that among you it should have no place, this return to it is but like that of a Circle of Eternity which ever closes on itself? I have a faith in these Circles, too; and meantime greet thee, Teuton, Fellow-Pariah. We are in the Vale of Sorrow sure enough, yet let us not weep too much nor faint. Sometimes it is the Houses of Pharisees which shut the doors, and it has often happed the outcast lot was that most blessed by heaven.

Not to be disputed, then, that by the prefix German- you mean to imply that he who owns it is something *less*, not *more*, than yourself, American simple. You do not mean by it to designate one of the Quality, but one who somehow or other *lacks* full citizenship, falls *short* of American unqualified, unsoiled, pure in that native loveliness to which nothing can be added. Grant that the prefix does designate one who is less; that the Sons of the Original Settlers, who hailed from Albion and after declared Independence, who founded the United States, fought their battles, wrought them into One Nation, have the first birth-right, do, so long as worthy deserve to be reckoned *par excellence* Americans, Americans of the first water, backbone and main substance of the Nation: Is it right, is it wise or prudent, is it worthy at all, or has it ever been America's policy, to draw invidious distinctions, to mark those Sons of Other Origin who have come to her since as inferiors; to in any way brand them, cast slur upon them, because not of the Prime Stock? It is none of this; and it is totally contrary to all America's own Traditions of Humanity. Equal Brothers all, I thought it was to be; and welcome to every honest Son of Adam who will come to us in frank soul, help till this New Earth under the *open sky* in all senses spiritual as well as material. Something of Radiance and Divine Enthusiasm, of Immortal Hope that here the Human Race should enter on a New Lease, freed of mountainous Encumbrance. Anew; all things bright as in a wonderland, and Man the Heir of Nature; earnest as a Man, yet joyous and pure minded as a child; replete with all the skill and science won before, rich in precious Inheritance, yet at one bound released from immense Impediment. Erect, instead of burdened down, beladen with Accumulations. Man free at last to be what it lies in him to be; and Part-Owner in one Common Weal, chattle of none. — Sure this was more the Gospel, the Dogmas never it.

Well, when was it that you came to reckon the German- no honest son of Adam, unfit to be a full partaker in the Common Weal, no fair contributor to it; to think it becoming whenever naming him to attach the prefix with hyphen sticking out like sting of wasp, and be thus careful to mark division betwixt yourself and him? It is not long. For within this same Woodrow Wilson's first term of office (it is, as I write, as yet uncertain if he'll have a second) there was some stir among you concerning

Immigrants. And the argument *then* all ran Put some restriction on this influx of Poles, Italians, Russians, Serbs, Etc. *because* they are not like unto the Germans who formed the staple before and whom we know by proof a blessing to the State, with good ground fear these others will prove none. All reversed now, I suppose? The President's refusal to consent, despite the weighty reasons urged, perceived an instance of great foresight and high magnanimity? Good Lord! Yankee, do you ever reflect what a mad somerset it is? I am not laughing outright, yet have a certain irrepressible merriment at you, despite of gloom; merriment born of an honoring love for you, though probably you don't believe it. Besides which, hideous and damnable as this war is to me, frightful as the desolation and carnage is, I have a great Joy in it, as in a Supreme Good, beyond aught I had ever hoped my brief date would witness. The fight which these Germans are making for themselves is a thing for Men to rejoice in. The presence of such a Manhood as theirs, able to practically assert itself in the teeth of all the world, is a godsend, a promise of *Deliverance* from the Reign of Falsehood. You see, to me, the doom of Britain, the collapse into rabid anarchy and bloodshed aimless of this Modern Europe was a foregone conclusion, apart wholly from this Anti-German outburst, without any thought of it. And grief for that overcome in faith long before the war. The possibilities of the German were never out of my reckoning, such as it was; the certainty that the entire Doggery would turn with one accord to rend any true Protagonist was very much in it. But I looked for nothing save the Rotheap's seeming-endless date of gradual moulder and disintegration. Whereas, now, if the Germans can hold their own, prove undefeated by the diabolic onslaught made upon them, I shall know this Old World salved, the fate of Man assured for a long time to come. The New Kingdom will be founded, as Goethe prophesied it would be, *without* an intervening age of open lawlessness; triumphantly evolved from out the Old. Which is a Hope that swallows up all else, makes every Cost a light matter, if it do inevitably cast a proportionable shadow of Anxiety: yet Faith is above both. Veracity victor and Mendacity mortally struck; the one certain to grow, the spell of the other broken and its date become calculable. Nay without any such immediate Hope, why should man mourn,

knowing that in all times and places it is verily the will of God which alone can be done?

To return: It is not really a somerset or volte face. The present furor is a product of what was in your American nation before also; it has merely got the upper hand for the nonce. And the more stable which likewise was before I do thoroughly believe to be still there; hope it will not be too long before it shows itself again. O American, without addition or subtraction, long may your virility and intrinsic worth preserve you fit to be named American *par excellence,* keep you the Main Heart of the Nation! That your noble soul be able to render the equal due, firmly set against invidious distinctions; and all Immigrants, all Members of the State of whatever origin, who are an asset, be as willing to lose separate name as you to receive them into your Unity! America's population is of most heterogeneous origin, and to blend it into one will take a long time. Yet is the problem hopeful. In which, a great help it is, and one of your own proudest boasts, that all come to you of their own free-will. Surely that every variety be blended harmoniously together into one is the heart's desire of every patriotic American, whatever his origin; should be the constant endeavor of American Statesmen. Yes, yes, how sore an affliction so ever we may own to, it is mitigated by a constant hope of this. But I cannot say that I think much has been done to-day toward forwarding that blest result; considerably the reverse, I fear.

However readily we grant that the Sons of the Original Settlers form the staple of the American Race; that, even as it was they who won America's Independent Existence, of their inspiration that her National Character, Ideals, Aims and Institutions were originally born, so, in the subsequent developments, they have never lost the Vitality which can worthily assimilate new elements, and keep the ever-growing Resultant, in fact so mutual a product, a Whole, wherein they remain something much better than the *dominant* party: — however, readily we grant this, I believe it can hardly be disputed that of all the new elements which have poured in the Germanic is by far the most important. In mere number, does not that portion of the population which is of Germanic extraction form a large percentage of the total? and in weight, in sterling worth to the Nation, also? The German Immigrants were never loose adven-

turers, birds of passage in any sort; they settled in the country for good, and stoutly took up all the duties of citizens. For good undoubtedly. Good to themselves and good to the State. A right loyal, substantial, valuable or invaluable Component of the whole, clearly *next* to the Prime Stock. That American who would not freely confess this were himself disloyal. Germanic Portion and Prime Stock, main items in the National Sum, chief factors in the Total Product, I think this is the better description than American and Hyphenated. And Woe to America if these instead of working together in concord as One become set in opposition! A curse on who would breed division between them!

Alas, division has already been bred. But God grant it may not become set. The lot of those members of the state which form the Germanic Portion has during this war been one to appeal to every humane heart. And why? Simply because those members who form the Prime Stock have had no regard unto these, have *failed* to have Humanity toward them. As they ought to have had, occupants of the White House preeminently. Had the professed Neutrality been real, a thing of truth and equity, the lot of those of German origin had not become a separate one. Neither if there had been cause of difference between America and Germany. If Germany had wronged America, America would have remained one and indivisible, so far as these were concerned; they had then had no doubt where their allegiance lay. Their lot only became separate, hard and tragical, when Neutrality was essentially abandoned, when a flood of causeless, gratuitous, hostility to Germany swept over the country: the Prime Stock almost solely accountable for it, arrogating to itself a right to be reckoned American, introducing hyphen to describe inferior whose duty was but to follow its leading and obey its humor. Taken on this ground alone America's Anti-Germanism was, as it still is, a disloyal, traitorous, internecine thing. A gross insult and a grievous injury to a large proportion of her own best citizens.

Consider the position of these men: loyal to America indeed, yet full of deep strong love for their Old Fatherland; convinced of its justice, of its heroism in present struggle against Monstrous Combine. That love had never interfered with their loyalty to America; when *they* transferred allegiance they had never had to repudiate the country of their origin, nor fight against it;

nothing barred their hearts from remaining warm toward it, full of filial and sacred emotions. No American worth his salt as a Man could have seen offence in that love. Every American fit to be named Humanity and not Carrion could only look on it with honor and reverence, saying What is more precious, priceless, than this? Even of such as do owe these affections let our citizens be: Loyalty is of a man's nature; and here is *proof* that these have it. Yes, Gentlemen, Man who would have allegiance looks to loyal *natures*, knows that there alone can he find it. And it is Bigot who says Subscribe to these Articles or be damned. Tyrant swear fealty to me or be accounted a rebel. Even if the American thought the German wrong, every instinct of Humanity would have taught him to be most tender of these in all he said or did. Whereas, except it were an occasional indication of wholesome dread of provoking them *too* far, I have looked in vain for sign of his caring two pins how he outraged their feelings. I daresay you are thinking to yourself: Pot calling the Kettle black. *You* don't care two pins how you outrage the feelings of British-Americans. I know the answer, but if you cannot find it I will not tell it to you. It is here for the finding. There was never true word uttered by man which could not be cavilled at so.

Indeed, indeed, I have witnessed few things more unbecoming than the conduct of America's Public Men, from the Cabinet Minister to the Newspaper Editor, in this respect. It is as if there was no patriotic, no humane feeling in them, no care for the Nation's welfare. Nothing save a frantic outpouring of their spleen, insistence that whom they regard as hateful shall be hated, with an ominous assumption that they alone are the American Nation, whither their passion would drive it its will to go. American that art true man, thy own soul must tell thee that this was never the spirit of the Just, that it is through and through the spirit of the tyrannous. How long wilt thou be such a fool as to imagine there must be a despot on a throne, a class with legalized privileges oppressive, for tyranny to be? Equity and tyranny are of man's nature, found wherever he is found. And question ever each moment which inspires his deeds? Till Americans build on that fact they will never raise a State fit to be reckoned among the ethny of the world. Justice, Humanity and Patriotism, had alike here prompted to a real Neutrality, not to mere lip profession; to a fair field to sympathizers with both

parties, I daresay, but also to a steady and potent refusal to do or to permit aught that could breed Racial Division at home. And, in all Diplomatic Correspondence between America and parties engaged, to an honest endeavor to understand the actual present situation of each, and give their several pleas an equal hearing. Justice and Humanity had sufficed for this, had they been present, whilst both Humanity and Patriotism, not to speak of Justice again, had dictated great delicacy and loving consideration for the German-American in aught tending to create Difference between America and Germany. Even if real ground for American interference had ever arisen, the interference would, by humane statesmen, have been tenderly explained as due to a Difference merely; never as done on hest of Humanity with brand of the noble old Fatherland as the chosen home of inhumanity. A grievous insult to own citizens and a preposterous calumny of Germany it was to pretend this ground. And even if specific charges of humanity had not been calumnious, it had remained an insult to own citizens, most inhuman, most imprudent in statesmen, not to say reckless and abandoned. Alas, when we reflect on the matter thus, what a black infidelity and bottomless pool of evil passion professing Principle do we see it to be! For it was only where Germany was concerned that any danger of this sort existed. America's so mixed population had many members allied by race to each of the belligerents; yet no interference versus France or Britain could have led to racial division at home. Had the interference amounted to war, it would have been well understood by all to be only temporary Difference, had never been put forward as anything else. Enthusiasm might have run high, but it would have known measure, and been informed by chivalry. Whereas the Anti-German furor swiftly showed itself to be a thing elemental, boundless, wholly wild and unreasoning, heedless of every dictate of Humanity. A thing calling on every American of stable soul to do his part in stemming, were it only for his own country's sake, and because of the evident peril of civil disruption, were his worthy brothers of Germanic origin to be left to its outrage.

Before I went to America I had some hope that this ‚Hyphenated' was a British invention, that the constant reference to German-Americans as America's ‚enemy within', and God knows what else, was but another instance of that surpassing effrontery

which so characterises the Anti-German Briton, as it has invariably characterized Infamy in the Seat of Righteousness. But when I got to New York, I found that, though those Britons had certainly made the most of a bad matter, they had by no means invented it. It was amazing to observe the way in which German-Americans were treated and spoken of. The regular custom being to execrate Germany and all things German in the most palpable disregard of equity, then toward the end to make some brief remark on the German-American, who was informed that his duty would of course be to go with America whatever she might do. Are you mad, Gentlemen: no sense in you of the mischief you are brewing? Why, my sober Yankee, I suppose the like of them never yet did have any. But you, are you really in so absolute a minority that you cannot stir, then? The whole drift of those gentry is to tear your country in two.

Public Men, Responsible Persons! There are times when all but all to whom this description were in every day speech applicable are extremely Irresponsible; and we only wish we could honestly say that the President's failure here was the most surprising and unpardonable, instead of having to admit it pretty much what was to be looked for. Chief Officer, Captain, Supreme Head of the State, surely if there is any to whom *all* should be able to look it is to him who holds this post. However little he know it, he, in eternal fact, is not there to serve a party, but to guard and further the welfare of *All.* What true heart beating in one filling that place in America to-day could have failed to be full of sympathy with, of reverence and commiseration for those of his own citizens so sure to be strongly in favor of opposite sides. The natural pride of country in all, to be loved and honored by him. With very special consideration for those whose noblest affections he could not but know would be powerfully with the side not generally popular in his country. As a man, his heart had gone out to these. As a statesman, he had seen the peril of Racial Division at home. and resolutely set his face against everything that could breed it. His ‚attitude', if we must use such a word had, I think, something been: — Children mine, Fellow-workers for a Common Weal, it is fair and beautiful that those of you who hail from these various nations now at war with one another, should have sympathy with the one they hail from, should wish it particularly well. Yet Fairness to all be

America's watchword; and see to it that your generous rivalries be generous, never lead you to forget that here you are all Brothers and of One Nation. Me, raised to the office I hold, by the joint election of you all, I hope you may trust to have a fellow feeling with you all, an honoring love for your various natural affections and predilections. Your common Bond it is that I should be. Such was the great German poet's name for the Chief of Men, on little scale or big, Most beautiful and true forever! May God give me largeness of soul, wisdom and courage enough to be that for America's multitudinous races this day! A wide Field of Humanity for us here, one to tax to the uttermost our whole worth as men to till: what pseudo would stickle for Principle, let him depart from our company; it is verity that we need that charity which is wide as mankind, that earnestness which breathes of eternity, never yet known to those zealous for what they call Principle. The Stiff-necked, they, from of old. O soul that is human! do but once a little know that Earnestness, and the Righteousness of these shall be seen by thee to be dried stick, ready indeed for the fire it would kindle. That every American, be his distinguishing prefix Prime Stock-, British-, French-, German-, what you will, may know that I, his President, am verily *his,* will never, where I have power to forbid it, permit any of these to ride over the others; that, even when I cannot prevent tides of Popular Bias adverse to one sort from sweeping over the country, that sort may still remain confident I, the Bond, am not carried away by such tide, but stand silent-collected and stable for Man. The more any one is unjustly pariahized, the more his appointed friend and protector. In the eternal fact, here lies my duty without an if; and, though those Ideas of which America is supposed to be the special Guardian would persuade that my duty is always to sail with the wind, I believe that standing on this ground of truth I shall meet the support of a Bias of another quality, and popular too.

Yes; no question that he would if he could. One of those mournful-hopeful reflections. So certain that any man, become President, who could have taken this stand would have met the support of the American Nation to-day. So indubitable that no man capable of taking this stand ever could have become President of the American Nation to-day. This is the stern truth, Jonathan; and not till you admit it, not till you know for yourself

the mournfulness and more of it, will the hopefulness of that other fact irradiate all toil for you with a divine promise and assurance.

Had any such spirit been in the President, it is probable that he would have expressed it openly. But this is not necessary, frequently not desirable. Veritably existent in any man in his high station, it can never fail to become known; it will be *felt* everywhere; all his words and acts will be inspired with it and will draw a trust beyond all speech. Such a spirit is by nature silent; seen in its deeds, and little inclined to mouth itself from a platform. But, in to-day's case, it could not, if present at all, have failed to announce itself unmistakably. For direct word and act from the White House were both strongly called for, though neither ever came. Much of the social ostracism to which many German-Americans have been subjected could have been stopped by a single word from the President. Had *he* declared in words of own conviction that everything of that character was unpatriotic, contrary to humanity, was low, insolent, vulgar, dangerous and contemptible, there had been a different feeling throughout the states. This was a thing for dignified speech only, no action could have been taken by him in it, beyond own private example, yet he could have changed the tone to an extent that cannot be calculated. And what of Munition-Workers, etc.? How many thousands of operatives of German extraction in America have been turned adrift because they refused to make machines for dealing death to the soldiers of the Fatherland? Factories not before this war for war material at all but converted since, etc. etc. Methinks that any humane President had had something more than a word to say in this sphere of things, would have found a way to energetic action. There has been and continues to be actual practical *persecution* here, and many a private tragedy similar in its nature to those which drove Americans' fore-fathers into the wilderness. No occupant of the White House could have wholly suppressed such persecution lawful, cold and dastard; no President, who failed to at lowest let all men know that it went forward under his moral ban, could have much of Humanity's grace in him. Items as per journal, these; such as ever go to make up the sum. Day's work, wherein Man ever sees his duty, though High-Principled Entity looks

astonished at the mention of them. Far out of *his* sphere, they; whose vanities are ever fed with the fictitious sublimities alone.

Aye. A right man President could and would have done very much in this Field; but Mr. Wilson's labors in it amount to absolutely Zero or *less*. It seems as if he could so *easily* have done so much. But it is not so. He could more easily have flown to the moon, or circled in ether-plane the three kings of Orion than done a stroke here. A perennial illusion of the Good People this, their notion that it is easy for the like of him to act in truth, in justice, in simplicity, do any plainest duty lying at his hand, which he would need but to stretch forth his hand to do. Nothing is more difficult, nothing is more wholly impossible to the like of him. And the Good People would do better to consider that, to try to understand it: They are not good if they cannot. How in any such state matter, where deed in manhood's simplicity which would blessedly solve the difficulty appears to be within easy reach of the proposed doer, there is in fact nothing more infinitely removed from all his possibilities, unless both he and those who elected him have habitually lived in manhood's simplicity. Then it were a matter of course; but otherwise the apparent possibility is apparent merely, never really existent. So often it does seem that ‚a single word of explanation could have prevented confusions unutterably baleful', but it is a delusion wholly. For the necessary ‚word' never could have come from those who wrought the baleful, nor would have been listened to by them; therefore falls the confusion upon them. It seems that, had the one man in supreme place been different, everything else had been immeasurably different. And so it would. Because everything else would already have had to be immeasurably different before that desirable One could have been found in supreme place. These misses are more than as good as a mile; for, however near they may seem to go, they never could have been hits. America, France, England, these peoples will have to alter from top to bottom before they ever again *can* elect President or Premier capable of doing the right thing for them, possessed of the least clear vision of the day and its real needs. Swallowed in delusion, smitten with Judicial Blindness, every one they raise in these generations. Until they have in their innermost souls undergone a change of the nature of that in old times called conversion, they will never by any method get any except Attorneys

to mislead them. Of England, I have no hope left, but it may be that her fate will prove didactic; America no unteachable, like her. For never did nation more wantonly provoke its own doom in defiance of every solemnest warning, flout of the mercy and long-sufferance of heaven.

Never since the days of *Titus Oates*, I think, did a spirit so ready to blindly attribute and credit all evil, however absurd and impossible, possess the souls of men. And not the least ugly phase of American Prime Stock's perversion is its habit of charging the Germanic Portion with being addicted to *Plotting*. We have heard much of Plots and Plotters. The fear and imagination whereof is so sure a sign of depravity. *Titus* did work his miracles upon piety; upon piety turned coward, yet still upon piety. But to-day's are not worked by one heartless knave upon those righteous who, in punishment for their sins, contemptibly feared the devil, mistakenly slew the innocent in the cruelty of their dread. No; by and upon infidel and lost creatures filled with lying zeals and abandoned to the wicked imaginations of their own hearts, which they pursue as if they were God's hests. It is no fear of Satan which has maddened them. But a horror lest it should prove true that the soul of the world is just, their laws not valid against Almighty's Judgments, and doom to be despite of all the comfort they had taken whilst it seemed delayed. Stung into fury at the sight of Man, they hoped at first to have an easy conquest of him; now welter in a boundless coil of their own raising, growing daily more bewildered, *self*-defeated. His prowess but a small item, in the avalanche of their own debt descending on them.

Always a detestable race, Plotters? Few men could have a greater abhorrence of them than I, in so far as they are men who are by nature plotters, whose souls love darkness and the indirect, crooked byways. Man loves daylight, yet often has to wear disguises and be skilled in the wisdom of the serpent: He need be nothing defiled by subterraneous minings, though these be never his choice. And if the Worm Obscene, whose choice is ever the crooked course, experience no need to conceal his doings, find them approved and acceptable, can sun himself in the open and glory in diaphanous costume, are his doings and his self thereby rendered virtuous, or by much more cursed? Plotter by

character may be damned without scruple, whether he work above ground or below. Of Plotter through circumstance there will be some questions to ask. As for him who plots his own destruction, seeking another's, it is Destiny will pronounce his verdict. And *may* it prove didactic on these left among the living.

But, in glancing for a moment at these charges of plotting, it will be further desirable for us to mark a distinction between those made against the ‚Hyphenated' and those made against the German proper. It is alleged that the German-American has been guilty of plots, etc.; also that the German Embassy at Washington has been a centre of intrigue. Doubtless with interaction. Discontented ‚Hyphenates' may have appealed to the Embassy, one way or another got in touch with it; and the Embassy may have sought out discontented elements, endeavored to stir up internal trouble. Yet the two distinct origins should be separately noted, some intelligence sought of the proper action of each, if the interaction and joint product is not to remain a confusion to us. The Home one is by much the most important to America. President and Administration that did not probe it, remove just cause of grievance in the German-American, little hopeful to better matters by any other action they might take.

The sort of plots charged against the German-American are mainly of the merely anarchic, bomb-throwing, description. Somehow I have a notion I had heard of these things before the year of Our Lord 1914. As prevalent in nearly all countries; not unknown in those heroic martyr innocent Belgia and Serbia; perhaps at a minimum among the German; attempts, successful or abortive, upon the lives of Emperors, Kings, Czars and Presidents, etc., pretty frequent, the Kaiser strangely immune; not far off a *maximum* in certain Trades Union parts of the United States, where, prior to that year, the ‚Hyphenates' were never specially connected with them, but members of the Prime Stock rather took the lead. A chronic matter in our day, naturally always asserting its presence with fresh vigor in any crisis, and trying to ally itself with one or other of the parties, namely with whichever appears to be most in opposition to the powers that be. And servants of the devil sometimes justifiably made use of by servants not of the devil. Of course all decent minded persons and established authorities of this earth condemn it, or at least

condemn the methods of these afflicted. Redmond and Carson this April 1916 cannot find words strong enough for Seinn Feinners; many expostulate with Governments which sat still while mischief brewed beneath their nose; though two years ago gun running was a loyal practice, and authorities chewed thistles smiling. Morley yet would be the priest to bless that saintly smirk. For most confess sympathy with the *principles*, and would deal leniently with the doer of outrage, essentially kindred of soul, only, if he be *not*. — Ah then he's cursed indeed, and mercy's gates are shut. Except the German, I know of none condemns the principles, endeavors to minister to the afflicted, go to the root and cure the source from which this chronic evil springs. Hence it is that everybody now knows who it was that ever secretly inspired each hellish act; with agents in every land, no private maniac but was *sent* mad for a purpose, and all Infernal Machines whatsoever Made in Germany. Truly, when the very villains of your bookstall Fiction and bold bad men of your Nursery Tales are invariably German, it is not surprising you should so constantly discover any murderer, bigamist, or entity in general who runs amok against society to be so. Searching the criminal calendar, you pounce on all who are, triumphantly table this evidence; and, as each new outrage haps, never fail to guess most shrewdly what race the undiscovered perpetrator must be of. They commonly have many aliases; and if he ever darned own breech you'll know his name was Schneider: Sherlock Holmes surpassed in cuteness. Why not save yourself this labor, take a shorter method? Pass an act proclaiming it alone criminal to be of German origin. Then your every convicted felon would be so; and all gainsayers silenced by such incontrovertible demonstration of their inborn proclivity to get lodged in jail. These sort of charges can be left to Titus Oates his progeny, — who, you know, if he did suffer the pillory, died in a good old age, full of riches and honor.

Yet I doubt not there have been some instances of ‚bombs' and what not by German-Americans. Of elaborate and expensive Engines of Death all deliberately rendered abortive by ‚Hyphenates', who bore more goodwill to the Fatherland than to the Employers who left them no choice 'twixt starvation and the making of these. It is true, I did liken their lot to that of the Puritans driven from England in old time; yet I nowise supposed

they had all the meekness of Christ, went away silent with Bible in hand to die unobserved in a ditch; no rage in their hearts, or smart of burning injustice; no man's wrath at iniquity triumphant, neither never whipt of the Furies to retaliate. Oh Wilsons, Lansings, professing Humanity and Divine Idea to rule the world, what cattle ye are! I do not admire the running amok; but, in your place, had known the chief guilt on *me*, had I left it to be thus provoked. And if, in the sequels, there have been, and yet be, Plottings of another sort? Gatherings together of the German-Americans for mutual support in undeserved tribulation, for determined resistence to wrongs heaped upon them? In a deep, true conviction the Fatherland's cause is that of the just, World's Enmity damned; resolved to rebel rather than assist its foes, permit that America wherein they too have indefeasible right, to further add to its burden? There is still some hope it may never come to this; but it is clear as noonday Official America, swollen with the Popular Bias, has been driving the country straight toward such peril. Blind leaders of the blind, whom the seeing may never follow or obey. And, in any case its action cannot pass without effect. Neither can the Call to Man which Germany has uttered be forgotten again in peace, or less attended to then. I hope it will be much better responded to then in America, as it gradually comes to be better understood there, as elsewhere. That Prime Stock and Germanic Portion will not fall to quarrel over it, will alike realize its high significance and learn its meaning in mutual helpfulness. If the one do devoutly lay it to heart, the other persist in impious rejection and denial, division must widen.

For Intrigue by the German Embassy. I use the word Intrigue, you see, instead of Diplomacy. Though I know no manner of reason to suppose that, were the doings of American Statesmen at home, Ambassadors abroad, to be exposed to the light of day, we should find the terms *less* interchangeable. Whilst for those of the British ditto, they have been done pretty well in the light of day. Mephistopheles confessed the obscene was his ideal, yet found the antique much too alive and real; preferred short drapery, not over moral; and angels' backside quite attractive. It is not to Coney Island that you go to view the nude, but surreptitious cat-like lustful, eye it through diaphanous. Suggestion is the art, and Britain well-nigh perfect

in it. No France or Russia needed more from her. And what *evidence* of German machination could have so inflamed the world as her suggestion of it? Oh never shame us by drawing off the veil, but just suggest, suggest. Herself thus better understood, and other's guilt left limitless for every fancy's building. Certainly, one does not wish for more light on her doings, prays for the day when they may be buried out of sight and memory forever. And yet, alack, that cannot, may not be for many a day. It will long be very necessary to keep them in memory. The story handed down from father to son in gravest Memento Mori.

Will any man deny that much zealous diplomatic activity was a clear duty for the German Embassy; or assert the world has grown so righteous intrigue could be expected to be absent from the activities of any Embassy in like predicament? The predicaments of the British and German Embassies in ‚Neutral' Washington have not beeen alike: Which is *one* reason why the diplomacies and intrigues of each have worn a different exterior. Spring-Rice could promenade quite airily, welcomed with smiles; cloak of darkness something requisite for a Bernstorff, gloomed on wherever he showed face. A second reason is thus brought to our notice. Namely, why the activities of the one have been called diplomacy, those of the other intrigue. That the one party has been regarded with favor, the opposite with disfavor; the essential character of the workings of either little in the reckoning. A third reason may be named, and one more due to the parties themselves, as there other two belong to their predicaments.

Statesmanship devoid of intrigue has never been seen. I speak to Men, not Goodies; neither to those who would fain not look a matter in the face, still less to those who disbelieve in integrity, do not know that in uprightness alone is there strength and victory for Statesmen, as for all other men. Search the annals, you will find there has been no practical Doer of the Work, actual leader of men, who was never guilty, if you please to call it guilty, of at least countenancing intrigue. I will not say you shall look upon this as a righteousness in them, but I will say with deepest earnestness that, would you ever be yourself a man, know what true human nobleness and wisdom is, you shall learn of those who have achieved it in the concrete, not those who have only preached it in the abstract, and ‚preferred to be fools in this world rather than soil their white hands with any

compliances'. There is forever but one answer to such Moral, Sirs: Let us see you verily *do better*, not in your closet or pulpit, but on the throne or as ambassador; no fool incompetent to discharge the high and complex duties there demanded, but a yet more competent, divinely potent, than any he whom you in saintly wise regret to tell was sometime defiled with pitch.

Well, German of to-day may have been pleased to see intriguers at work, may have employed them, directed their workings; certain every other has. But German diplomacy of to-day is not informed with a Soul of Intrigue; whilst British, French, Russian and Italian is through and through, — American I will leave moot. Germany has manifested a central essence of Integrity. Her Head not buried in foul caverns, nor any notion *salvation* could lie there; erect in the pure air with eye upon the stars. For instance, Wilson may have proclaimed prospective Mediator, sought rôle of Dictator in Humanity's name; yet nothing fit to stand in the same category with Bethman-Hollweg's description of Germany's ‚wrong done' in invading Belgium, his offers to Belgium before that ‚invasion' and after the fall of Liege, has come from Statesman of any other country. Nothing resembling these instances of German procedure from any other. For these, and many more of the German, but of the German alone, were perfectly veracious. State Papers actually giving true account of the Fact as it really was, making proposals based in human equity, and informed by what I should call royal wisdom: I have seen a good many of these come from Germany; *not one* from any other to which any part of this description were applicable. And this is cardinal. Chaff you may gather from all, but who has the wheat? Hence the German knows intrigue to be intrigue, and not diplomacy; does not walk abroad with it, but keeps it in the cellars. He has often, not always admirably, I am not saying that at all, utilized the servants of the devil, but has never himself worshipped the devil, thought that entity nor all his legions could save him, but put his trust in Another, and without Partner. Whereas the Briton has for long found it impossible to credit God could do anything considerable without the devil's help, believed that Partnership a fundamental for success. Accordingly, he never shames to own it tacitly, though shocked at patency. His intrigue is all anointed, and he cannot conceive of any strength without it. Decency his

God, he whispers not of secrets known to all, but takes these everywhere for granted. He is so thoroughly persuaded that virtuous face is everywhere sufficient and is so perfect in wearing this, he seldom cares who *knows* what his left hand doeth so long as no man speak of aught save the actions of his right.

For a noble and daylight Diplomacy I am afraid that America has not only offered no field, but has deliberately debarred this. Her President has repeatedly asserted that Present Facts are the last thing he will hear of as a basis for agreement; and honorable diplomacy can be built on nothing else. But so far as Intrigue is concerned it will be observed how curiously well the predicaments of either Embassy have assorted with the British and German natures as conductors thereof. The British Ambassador has experienced no manner of need to conceal his intrigues, to resort to secret methods to achieve his ends, however little just; and shady purposes politely lent a parasol down Broadway; kid gloves drawn off, you'd grasp a hand of fairest white, so delicate in touch none could suspect it of a low employment. Hobnobbing with his cousin, a desired guest at each social function, kept in touch with state affairs, initiated into the secrets, granted an esoteric communion, and everywhere accepted as one of the family, the problem for him was not how to keep on good terms with America, if possible, yet forward his own country's interests despite of opposition. Oh no; he was raised far above the like of this. Welcomed to Valhalla by the Gods his kindred, who led him to a seat of honor and rejoiced to see the worthiness of his deportment; Teuton only in the street, a churlish unbred boor, unfit for such high company. What ‚legitimate' thing he wanted he could demand, his Government's decisions he had but to announce, all Americans ready to relieve him of the task of expounding their justice, etc. What assistance he required he could *consult* how best to come by; brother attorneys willingly advising him on the peculiarities of American law and conscience, teaching him the eftest way to manage what he would without notable cross of these. The German, again, eyed askance as interloping fellow wished at Jerico, had a different problem; were his end never so just, secrecy greatly incumbent upon him. The road of the one made smooth for him, that of the other stuck with obstruction, argus-eyed suspicion watching his every motion, hopeful to catch him in a fault, it is no wonder the doings of the

latter only should be called intrigue. Moreover, having closed the portals for all noble diplomacy upon him, denied him equity, if he were not to throw up the game, demand his passports, you left him little except the subterranean to try his hand in. Small game and unpleasing, yet not to be neglected where no better may be. Neither will I swear him, either, proof against the promptings of exasperation, though valuing the charges of base intrigue at less than nothing. Doubtless Spring-Rice, also, has not been allowed to go beyond certain limits. As truculent threat of the pillory to Bernstorff, so an occasional reminder to him, even quite haughtily couched: That America's sovereign independence be becomingly asserted from time to time, some show of equity kept up. But yet there is a mighty difference between helping a man to obtain his end in conformity with certain requirements, indulgent Court wishful he should attain it, and never calling him to account without positive necessity, e'en then more kindly warning than too actually rebuking, — between this and watching him in hope to catch him tripping, in order to be able to convict him publicly, if he be not skilful enough to manage by his own mother-wit in spite of such besetting. No wonder at all, here, that the one could take upon him well, bow with the proper mixture of dignity and submission when rebuked, the other have to walk most warily and reach his ends unseen as ill-seen.

Methinks the limits allowed to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice have been pretty wide! that he has taken upon him well — or ill! Often you would never have imagined he and his were in a foreign, especially a Neutral country. They could not have assumed more imperiously had they been at home. Quite the home temper, in fact. Sacrilegious to question the justice of Britain's cause, speak a word for the German. An absolute outcast from the pale of Humanity, he; and every American to be of that persuasion as a matter of course, who not, a ‚notorious' person. It struck me more than once, when in New York, that President bent on equity, careful for his own country, would have called that high-flying Gentleman, with something of feminine hoity-toity in the toss of his head, into his august presence; there to bid him remember that he was *not* at home, and was a Lord Ambassador, that many of America's best citizens were German; to inform him that he, the President, could not and would not

tolerate their being spoken of in that opprobrious fashion by any Excellency.

Intrigue by the German Embassy! One's inclination were to simply italicise *German,* and pass on with closed lips. *Intrigue* is not what America has hated, seen evil in. If bomb-throwing plotters have been long endemic, is it not also a chronic matter to find ‚righteous' exclaim at item of wrong, booked for denunciation, along with simultaneous conclusion of the lowest motives in own statesmen as a thing of course? You may read it so in any newspaper, ever since I could spell; and I never perused article on Wilson, Roosevelt, Lansing, Bryan, or whom you will, without observing it. One sodden abomination, moral putrefaction, it is which meets you in the newspapers, in the political (and other) world they correctly express the soul of. That in the German political world there is another spirit working to mastery is precisely the reason these others are all combined against it.

Count Bernstorff's position has been an extremely difficult one, rendered so by ‚Neutral' America's unneutrality. Not necessarily by that, either. By America's having more exhibited the character of a Hostile Horde than that of a Nation of Men. I am aware that he is not a straitlaced individual, far from scrupulous, and with no sort of superstitious horror of pitch. Yet I also know him to be a Man; one intrinsically straight, and no plotter by nature, rather downright. America has done very much to provoke him to intrigue. And I do not hesitate to assert that he is of a moral and intellectual character superior to her own Ambassadors contemporary.

Very various Plots and Plotters are said to have been discovered; and some have been *convicted.* But the temper of the discoverers and judges has been such as to preclude the possibility of Equity. Things have unhappily run to such a length in ‚Neutral' America that no verdict passed upon a German there to-day could weigh against him. Neither for nor against. Just sponge it off the slate.

Here, then, have I endeavored to remind the reader how very wide a Field for the exercise of Humanity was open to America, and chiefly *at Home;* to indicate the extent and nature of it. And America has utterly neglected it, done worse. President

and Official Persons, with all the Rabble at their heels, have had no eye for it, as the like of these never yet have had, nor will have. To infidel races and the worshippers of the Fictitious, the Genuine is always simply as if non extant. The modest, unobtrusive, veritable, when did Ignavia determined on the sublime ever have a guess of these? The nature of that Field is far diverse from any they have smallest competence to till; the spirit which can work in it is more alien to theirs than to that of the most lust-smitten savage or sordid egoist. To *be* humane, to herself exercise justice and equity, minister Humanity, was sternly incumbent upon America. And she has never given a thought to this. To set up for dictator on the ways other nations waged war with one another, tell them their duties, was in nowise incumbent upon her. And thither has she gone a-gadding. It is the old story; sickening, disgusting, disastrous. Who knows his own duty finds it sufficient for him; always is it he who knows it not must go abread to teach others theirs. When the long growing imposthume of a man's follies and iniquities is about to burst, then does he conceive himself *missioned;* no Herald of Death more common or more sure than the Meddling *Priest.* Could he but not intermeddle, the Rottenness might dure who knows how long? But there is no creature with so fatal a proclivity to intermeddle. The profanest of the mundane have a better wisdom than this style of *supra.* And the Destinies send him when they are weary of imposthume.

Yon President imagines he is doing a sublime thing, believes himself one for the gods to look down upon. He is indeed a spectacle for gods and men to weep at; perhaps an object for them to set the beagles on, let these teach him to mind his own business, scurry him into some obscure fox-earth, there to cease minding anybody's, since he cannot mind his own. It were an immediate mercy, and I see little hope of it, guess that a sterner is in store: Yes, lead on, you, fittest for the function, to consummate, fashioned even for this. No softer way than such severe beneficent. Till men have another time been taught by terrible experience what you are, whither you do lead. When Delusion has been wedded, there is no softer way. Nothing except the practical experience of what it issues in will then ever — What? Bring return of sanity to them, the wedded? No. To the earth,

by awakening others; through the sane who were throughout sane and their increased following. For *them* it is finis. If ever penitent, let them prove so, serving in low station. Leaders of men intrinsically ignoble of soul, yet professing the supra-mundane and supposing themselves a sort of hierarchs and god's vice-regents, they are among the very sorriest sights this earth witnesses; they are God's curse on the populations which elect them.

America has not practised Humanity nor sought to, has only shrieked of Inhumanity in the doings of another. Could not worse show herself unfit to judge. Zeal for the ‚Principles of Humanity' is the same as that for Creed. Whoso is filled therewith knows nothing of Humanity, *is not* himself Humanity, and, like the religious bigot, chiefly damns whoever *has* the root of the matter in him. Ever, too, it is he who worst broaches mischief; loftily assuming jurisdiction over whom he has none, brings division into his own household, imperils the jurisdiction he did have there. This split which has begun at home, the incipient separation of the German-American, is one fraught with gravest possibilities; and greatly the major part of the guilt of it lies on the Prime Stock and President. As yet one does pray that the split may not widen. Nevertheless, if it prove inevitable, the manful part will be to accept it, even hopefully. By which I do not mean that one could ever desire the division to be permanent. What I do mean, if not now apparent to you, may become so later. Prime Stock, Germanic Portion! If insensible assimilation prove beyond the former's capacity, the true American, without addition or subtraction, is only likely to arise from the fusion of these and other elements. Which fusion can hardly take place till America have one way or another known ‚spiritual white heat'. And in whom that heat, potent to melt all sterling metal into one, cast off the scoriae, will first be generated may be a question. There can be no real living union except in a *faith* (religious and political, for those are inseparable) which is *true*. Whoever lives in that will gradually draw the whole of the sterling to him. In the worship of Principle there is no common Bond possible, but solely in that of Man, though it may be often easier for you to compound for homicide than scape death for twitching the whiskers of an Idol, whether in Wigwam or White House.

2. Sequence of America's rising Furor at German Inhumanity.

‚Whoso passes carelessly over a simple matter, which he was called upon to seriously consider, and wherein, had he given it an honest attention, he could *easily* have found his way, will ere long get involved in an abstruse, wherein he has no chance to see his way, to know the right from the wrong, but must *curse God in a genuine piety.*' Neglect to act one day as its Facts demand of you, sniff at these, treating their Call with contempt, and another day it is not the same Call that will be made upon you, but a mightily augmented, probably now beyond your power to answer. Will any Fact cease to grow because you pay no heed to it? The everliving forces rest not, and the Fact grows according to its own laws quite untroubled by your neglect. Then is your Dignity outraged: Fume; and again multiply your afflictions. For it pursues its own predestined course, in spherical accumulation, inexorable. Each day you will have it in its own proper dimensions for that day, and all your neglects and opposition will not have hindered its reaching those dimensions; *they* will not only have reduced what capacity you had to meet the Fact even in its earlier stages but will also have brought upon you a huge coil of sequels which with manfulness at first had never been.

These truisms have been terribly exemplified in America to-day. All round? Yes; the Fact has everywhere grown beyond any mortal's forecast. And he who has gone most valiantly with it finds himself involved in frightful coil? Aye; wrapt in the whirlwind and knowing the Lord abroad; there to quit himself as man, and trust in the unfathomable. Liken not him to the blind contrariants, nor couple his fate, whate'er it be, with theirs. To the Host of the Noble it is all one to live or to die, to be victor or vanquished on earth. ‚They are God's, and unto God shall they return'. Not cast adrift on the aimless wrack, to bite the dust for presumption, or live abandoned to their folly.

Truisms, doubtless. And in view of them, it may, in a sense, be said that America's guilt has been less that she has shrieked at the doings of the Submarine, than that she had beforehand got into such a temper that she could do nothing but shriek at them. For the Submarine Warfare, on the first face of it, has an infernal aspect. Had it come suddenly upon us, we in ignorance of all that led up to it, we might have been honestly indignant at it.

How much more if we had honestly misunderstood what led up to it? Nay; how much less if we had wilfully perverted what led up to it! There could be no chance of the indignation being *honest* then. Alas, no; only vainly trying to persuade itself of honesty. Ill-will greedily fastening on Facts which it thanks God do prove its wicked Imaginations virtuous; endeavoring to come out of the foul caverns, wash itself, and, in an at length sure holy wrath, parade the Unquestionable Infamies it found there. ‚Tis a suspect holiness, and the piety that curses God never truly genuine, not even in the innocents who have merely believed the report of these: Had their hearts ever known a genuine piety, they could never have mistaken the emotions they so come by for it.

Yet more: Who wilfully perverts what led up to a ‚Crime', he thus thankfully parades as proof his ill-thinking was well founded, is, in many cases, himself accountable for that ‚Crime's' perpetration. Let the named crime be really a crime: Every just person knows well that the guilt of it will not rest wholly on the perpetrator if he committed it under a sense of intolerable injustice; that, if it was wrong done to the criminal which provoked his wrongful retaliation, the blame will lie on more than one party. But I have another meaning here, greatly nearer to present mark. The named crime may be no crime, yet still be a lamentable thing which Humanity would have avoided were it possible. Fail to deal equitably with a man, and you may force him to rightly do that he had the greatest repugnance to do. And then the guilt will lie — Why, no, not on one pair of shoulders. Conspicuously not, in certain cases! Who deliberately countenances those wrongful exercises of power which force a grim rejoinder, must share the guilt with who exercised his power wrongfully. Especially when he begins to exercise his own power to damn the grim rejoinder whilst still countenancing the wrongs which forced it. His cry of Outraged Humanity! more than suspect; to those who are human, despicable and revolting.

Some things are indeed right or wrong for a man absolutely independently of his circumstances or any other person's conduct toward him: None of these can be formulated or written down as laws. And in every specific deed which can be named, how very much the right or wrong of it will be dependent on the circumstances and the spirit it is done in is indisputable. Whilst in

almost everything which is social reciprocity is demanded. This is not the damned doctrine that faith need not be kept with heretics, so much in evidence to-day in certain quarters, or say with anybody, who cannot make the breaker smart for it. Rather is it the blest ‚doctrine' of Cromwell, that it were preferable to do wrong to a good man than a bad. Has not my argument all along been that no evil in the German could excuse the conduct of those leagued against him? I assure you it remains so. Equally that no wickedness in his foes could excuse in him the wanton ferocity which those foes charge him with. For I honor him even for being thus charged, and estimate him by a far other standard. ‚Blessed are ye, when men shall say all manner of evil of you, falsely'. Mitigation of horror in warfare comes primarily from Nobility of Character, which no longer wills the diabolic, and no atrocity in Blackfoot will excuse Bayard if *he* takes to scalping. Yet is it no disgrace to knighthood to strike an adversary without observing form of chivalry if he obey no law thereof and have you at such disadvantage you are forced to it in self-preservation. The distinction is clear: Degradation of spirit is — degradation; to answer baseness basely is soil of own manhood, instant, unescapable. But where Methods and Means are concerned reciprocity is essential. For there is an immense secondary mitigation of horror in warfare, which *can* only be by mutual agreement between the combatants. Take advantage of your circumstance, use your power arbitrarily, to do that which your foe cannot do, breaking the laws against him, condone this as Neutral, concur in it as Neutral, and it is you, not he, that will be accountable for any resultant horror if he retaliate with the only means at his disposal, which in his peril he must use.

Sequence of the Furor! It has been upon the Submarine Warfare that President and People (or such portion as follow him, drive him) have taken stand; but they and he had already, before that Warfare commenced, got into a state of mind that precluded the possibility of their forming any fair judgment upon it. They and he had failed to understand, to make any honest attempt at understanding, what went before; merely ‚preferred to believe' what pleased them. Had neglected to act in matters which went before, and which were the direct cause of the Submarine Warfare, certain to provoke it. I may admit it to be a question whether America was called to act in those matters; but

I can admit no question that her failure to act in them deprived her of the right to act against the German reply to them. Of these things later. Here we have to do with the origin of the state of mind already existing in Americans before the Submarine came on the scene. And should we attempt to trace this back a handbreadth, it is clear that the Belgian Atrocities are the first thing we come upon.

Stories of fiend-like atrocity by German Soldiery in Belgium. A Viscount Bryce may think his country's glory enhanced by setting these precious stones in gold with his best jeweller's art; no pure water diamonds or gentle beryls, blood-red rubies all. Britannia's head begirt with such a coronet it never wore before; her tresses no more flowing graceful in the breeze but coiled, transformed to serpents hissing slander. The British Government, also, still thrusts its Pamphlets containing these stories into the hands of its Recruits. Saying: There Conscript, feed on filth, grow fell of humor, stiffen in vindictive malice, for thus shalt thou be willing to do our Hate's bidding. The Pamphlets lie piled on every Post Office counter to this day. Free to all for the taking; but no pile yet diminished by me: As you walk the streets of London, or other city, you often have ‚*Medical*' pamphlets offered you by the hawkers, but being a decent-minded person, no libidinous, revelling in obscenity, you pass on without accepting. Sometimes the Hawker is abashed: But Asquith brazen.

I have examined the matter sufficiently otherwise. And every credible word I have read upon it has informed me that when these Stories are examined they evaporate, leaving nothing save a foul smell behind; that they have practically no basis on fact; as peculiar to *German* soldiery, none whatever. For the most part originating, in so far as honest, by utmost stretch of the word honest, in wildly perturbed hysterical imagination. When poor tossed mortals do ‚see' things which never happened. Who returned to sanity would confess:

> ‚Flying saw I, through smoke and flame,
> And the tongues of the blinding fire,
> Fearful angering presence of Gods,
> Stalking marvellous figures,
> Giant great, through the gloomy
> Fire illuminate vapours.

Saw I, or was it but
Dread of the mind, that fashioned
Forms so affrighting? Never can
Justly I say it?'

Goethe's Helena.

Such I take to be the main *genuine* source of the Stories. The subsequent embellishments very far from genuine; and what grain of actual fact lies behind them no more than is inevitable and invariable in all wars. The German certainly not peculiarly guilty, for anything I know to the contrary, the *least* guilty. Were the doings of the British Army uncovered there would be things to weep at: No sane mortal doubts this.

Quite certain it is that American Furor never waited examination, never rose or has continued through any honestly sifted Evidence of the truth of the Stories, founded itself upon ascertained fact at all, but simply through a blind acceptance of the Stories, just as they were, ready made and marketable; thankful for embellishment and artistic setting, very unthankful for question of evidence, ascertainment of fact, — *that* were has proved most unmarketable in America! At home, in England, when these Stories first began to be circulated, I noticed many vain yet honor-worthy attempts to put in a word of reason, etc. And in America many ,by no means pro-German' persons did the like. But not the smallest attention was paid to them in either country. Though President gifted with a grain of foresight, blest with a pinch of Humanity might have seen safety in Reason, peril in Furor. Unhappily, by those who so quickly believed these Stories, truth and reason were not desired, were indignantly repudiated, as offensive superfluities. Whilst the Governments, caring even less than the Publics what the facts were, saw profit in the temper excited by the Stories.

The British Government at once eagerly endorsed the Stories, openly in Parliament and without a moment's pause for enquiry into them. The American did not quite do this, but it lamentably failed to endorse reason. Which it was its duty to have done, to have initiated reason if need were. Considering how much was made of this matter, worthy President would have made verily impartial enquiry, if he thought it necessary, and given his weight to its findings. At least, he would have gravely remonstrated

against credit being given to the Stories without evidence, much more against its being persisted in despite of no evidence of their truth being forthcoming. Which, as the circumstances were, would alone have sufficed without recourse had to formal enquiry. For he would thus have endorsed reason. Which would voluntarily have made ample enquiry and got *heard*. He remaining uncommitted either way. Nothing insurmountable in this to a Man, you may think. But Woodrow Wilson is too adept in swallowing camels to hazard strain at a gnat. His conduct has been practically the same as that of Mr. Asquith and his Colleagues. Who, when challenged as to the Truth of the Stories, merely referred to the ‚high authority' of their Belgian vouchers; yet would of course ‚order enquiry'. Such authorities and such enquiry as it really was desirable (from their point of view) not to make too public. Which, accordingly, they did not; little more being thereafter heard of the matter in parliament with direct official confirmation there. The Stories could not be substantiated, remain to this day *Stories*. And it was found the prudentest course to leave it to voluntary effort to keep the belief in them alive, especially since yon coroneted Professor of Softsowder offered service. So sweet with heavenly graces and above suspicion of malice; so happy to minister to those head over ears in malice, and little wotting what a cousinship he bears to them. We have asserted these things, repeated vain noises and inarticulate shrieks, with our own oracular lips in the temple mid incense; cannot prove them, know them lies, yet find them useful and are quite indisposed to withdraw or deny. So, though, where forced to it, we may even admit that they surely are lies, yet will we do this in such a fashion that few shall much observe the confession, and none feel called upon to insist on it, we shall still refer to them as known truths; for it remains grateful to us that the belief in them do continue to be kept alive and spread. In short, we will do an official shuffle on the matter, leave it in that chiaroscuro which is best understood by Our Faithful, and offers least impediment to our still drawing all the advantage from them that we hoped to. *This*, Premier and President, Gentlemen of the British and American Cabinets, is a thing very shocking, a frightful, inexcusable, altogether damnable *inhumanity*, an Atrocity like few; and you are one and all Guilty of *it* before the Living God, and to the height.

Clear, also, that this first step backward in trace of the sequence is only a very small remove; that even as the real deeds of the Submarine were all interpreted in the light of these imaginary, so the credit given to *them* was still due to a state of mind already present. Aye, my brother, ask thyself *what a state of mind!* That in which foulest slanders, which every honest soul had known incredible, were not only immediately ‚credited' on evidence of a character each stable soul had as instantly rejected, but, after their baselessness had been exposed, were — not abandoned in horror at ever having repeated them, with prostrate apologies and prayers for forgiveness. No; utilised, yet fostered for the profit to accrue from them. The Devil's seed corn sown broadcast; scarce tossed on the wind than it had to be acknowledged 'twas the Devil's. Yet Hush! Say no more whence it came. Be patriotic and rake not into what is past. The seed is snug i' the ground by now. Harrow; and expect the harvest, too precious to be jeopardized. *Their* Faithful understood it well. Do'st doubt they'll get the harvest? Do'st realize what manner of man it is thou hast for President, who makes his boast of Humanity and appeals even to that harvest to support him in it; smiled on the sowing and blest the culture? Horrors, perfidies and blasphemies, where downright Knavery seems wholesome by comparison, and every one who makes his boast of godliness is damned beneath all depth!

What we come upon at the next step is that the Belgian Atrocities were only believed because the British tale of wanton invasion of Belgian for aggrandizement sake, etc., had still before that been accepted, swallowed whole. This was at the very outbreak of the war, and I have often thought what an immense Service to Humanity a true man President of the United States could have done by prompt act in it. He, I think, so soon as he saw how his People were taking the matter, would have had a word to say to them before the world. Leaving aside the right and wrong of the war in its deeper causes, not touching on that or saying at all which he believed to have the major justice, he could and would have said this British pretext of making war for Belgium's sake is a Lie, absolute and self-evident. In words suitable to a Statesman he could have said this, have *shown* this in an undeniable way. Till that tale caught hold of the popular imagination in so unexampled a manner, Britain's own Statesmen

admitted that Germany could do nothing save ‚invade' Belgium. Germany's offer to Belgium and assurances in regard to Belgium made to Britain were before the President. Britain's prior compacts with France had long been palpable to every thinking man, could by no possibility have been unknown to the President. The story of a Treaty infringed, — the Treaty described by the German as ‚a scrap of paper' which it strictly was and nothing more, a museum document, of no more concern in twentieth century politics than Adam and Lilith's divorce papers. Facsimiles of this never very venerable parchment,with the signatures and the German's comment, were plastered up in every English Railway Station. This story, I say, of a Treaty guaranteeing* Belgian Neutrality could *not* by the general public, British or American, be known at once for an attorney's subterfuge; but it could not fail to be so known to the President, even as it was to the British Statesmen who professed to be standing on it, a sacred covenant. No Treaty was infringed. No Treaty existed on the matter, except such extinct sheepskins as antiquaries pore over in museums. And had truth and equity been in the President, the welfare of his own People been his care, he would have said to them in suitable words of his own:

It is no part of my duty to dictate to you what you shall think of this European War. You will each of you have your own convictions and notions about it. But it is my duty, your duty, every man's duty to search truth and reject falsehood; not to accept the mere *pretexts* of any the belligerents as the true causes of their becoming belligerents. You may be perfectly certain that no one of these Nations has engaged in this war without premeditation; that with every one of them its own interest was the determining factor in its decision to enter it; that the war is the outcome of disagreements of long standing; and that who would side with whom in it was predetermined. Pretexts to the contrary can be nothing but pretexts; and it is not all the Nations that have made these. I regret to see a strong tendency in this country to believe what is demonstrably untrue in regard to Belgium. Who originated this war and whether the British were

* Compeseing were the truer word. And if any reader be still in doubt about this Treaty I refer him to Mr. K. A. Fuehr's book ‚The Neutrality of Belgium', published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

right or wrong in joining in it are questions I have no thought of entering upon at present; but that that account, which is gaining currency in America and which represents Britain as having entered for the sake of Belgium, is devoid of foundation in fact I feel it my duty to point out to you. *(Here the demonstration would follow. I have elsewhere given it.)* Of course the British had their own reasons for deciding to join in the war and what these were we shall wait to learn and to estimate. My business here is simply to render evident to you that this which has so dangerously seized upon your imagination was *no* reason; that Britain was under no kind of moral obligation to defend Belgium, and never went to war for her sake; that Germany in ‚invading' Belgium broke no Treaty, did no more than the military situation compelled her to do, and was in nothing blamable in this, taken by itself. I say dangerously seized your imagination, because I can see no limit to the mischief which such a mistaken idea in us may not breed for us, if we do not be-times cast it out. Let us stand on the truth,not run headlong to folly. And whatever real cause Britain had for war can only gain in strength in our eyes by the removal of this most obviously fictitious from our reckoning.

This would have been an Act of Humanity, indeed. How millionfold better than all the Principles that ever were or will be! *A help to Britain* compared with which the pouring out of the whole of America's resources in men, money and material for her and had weighed sheer gossamer. A furious storm of astonied exclaim it would have raised in Britain for the moment, yet only for the moment. It had never led to war or serious friction with Britain: and had met the lasting gratitude of the whole real worth and manhood of Britain. Swiftly, too, I reckon; in those early days it could have turned the tide sufficiently for a Resolved (and continually growing) Minority to have become a countable factor: More I do not suppose it could have done in Britain, but this had been enough to immensely modify the whole course and leave a ray of hope the iniquity would not be consummated to the uttermost.

An idle dream it would have been to have looked for aught like unto this from an American President of our day: That is even what I pray the earnest hearted of Americans to lay to heart. Yet I do not speak as a dreamer, but as a man who knows

what this world is when I say that the like of this could have been done by noble and veracious soul elected President; a completely *practicable* thing in its own nature, though to-day so utterly impractical, impossible. I know that it would have required something of a real Hero-soul to do this, though from him it had come in one from or another as a matter of course; for it would have been a direct confronting of the Devil and all his Legions at home and abroad. Yet had he carried it, even to-day; and the peril in doing it nothing to that of leaving it undone. Intuitively perceiving that there lay the centre of mischief, he had at one bold stroke checked its whole growth, left it writhing madly enough, but no more dangerous. That fatal Tale, of an Outraged Belgium, wisely, in true statesmanlike ways, shown by America's President to his People to be without basis, Britain courteously left by him to declare any real cause of war she had, the whole atmosphere had been cleared; the gathering electricities restored to equilibrium, not left to accumulate in hostile opposites. It is forever so in this world. All fairy-tales are poor to Reality. Frightful evils forbidden to be by one touch of the magician's wand. And there is only one real magician ever seen in the flesh, Man who is Intelligent of the Highest.

Alas, nothing like this was ever possible. And why? That would lead us beyond our depth. Take an easier: It was not because the President believed the Tale that he did not deny it. He as perfectly knew it to be a Lie, and attorneys' Hocus-Pocus as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith. He assuredly could, even he, have got up and declared it to be a lie, demonstrated it to be a Lie in a manner fully satisfying and beyond disputing, had he been disposed to do so. And yet I go too far in saying this. For such minds as his or Sir Edward Grey's or Mr. Asquith's never *see* any fact; they *have* no insight into the truth of anything, so probably never could ‚demonstrate' it in a manner that could be beyond disputing. Cogent, valid, inevitable, are not terms descriptive of their discourses. Disputation is the element they have passed their whole lives in. However, leaving that, why was he not disposed? Many answers. This, for one: The British pretexts for the war were not in their hearts believed in by thinking persons *in Britain*. What did they believe then? Various things. As that Germany's increasing power was hurtful to Britain, threatened *her* power. Perhaps some actual vein of belief that

Germany had aggressive purposes, though that vein, made the most of, was probably very small as a determining factor in the minds of those members of the Cabinet who had the decision. War or not? More surely, that they could *easily* crush Germany; and, above all, that the opportunity to now do this was one not to be missed: Germany's power not to be permitted to grow greater still through war with France and Russia with Britain for a pledged third left free to decide till the last moment. You need not look for consistency or coherency, *except* that sort which keeps each creature, man, knave, ape, jackass, true to its own nature. The point is that the actual motives which they did have were held by them to excuse the false pretexts. By ‚thinking persons', including the President, in America likewise. As the Evident Falsehood was promulgated in Britain simply for the sake of salving susceptibilities of conscience, so was the belief in it encouraged both in Britain and America as a thing furthersome to an enterprise engaged in for quite other reasons than any it named. Held to excuse! *Can* it excuse? Integrity does not put forward false pretexts, *honest* belief in a deeper right has no need of them, does its utmost to keep itself clean of them; they are the natural spontaneous product of systematic mendacity, and the actual motives of who cleaves to them to justify his deed are forever certain to be to the full as false and iniquitous as the lying pretexts themselves. Neither are Outside (Quasi-Neutral) Parties one whit the better if they hold that the lying pretext is excusable because they are persuaded he who parades it is the one they desire should conquer; their sympathies, then, are always sure to be with the wrong and their own workings evil, their pleas of High Principle and what not all certain to be extremely *Quasi*, probably hell-tainted.

Thus, in tracing backward, we can arrive at nothing save mental prepossession adverse to the German, predetermined to allow no equitable hearing to him, no good in him, to credit every lie against him rather: THAT GOOD MAY COME. From the start, an attitude toward him of: Thou art one marked out for the slaughter. We are satisfied beforehand that thou *meritest* slaughter; and, therefore, whatsoever advances this shall be well in our eyes. A Miscreant, thou, whose destruction is so necessary for the good of Humanity that all means are justified to achieve it, and who helps therein puts heaven in his debt. The

old plea of the Jesuit. An attitude which has merely grown *more resolute* and confirmed as the war has proceeded. With this change: That so long as the slaughter could be looked on as secure without America's knife to help, the temper was comparatively complacent. Whilst since the slaughter failed to come off with the hoped for expedition, the temper has ceased to be complacent, desire to speed that issue become hardly containable. Very sweet with loving grace, America, Is she not? Wears today such a Mask of Humanity as deserves to be long kept in memory. You are piously thankful and proud to think of your great-grandsons gazing on it in the Natural History Museums, ranged there along with those the Aborigines of the country were wont to wear when they performed the War-Dance?

Yes; the German has proceeded upon one course, grown more confirmed in it, shining brighter, brighter, stellar-wise; his foes have proceeded upon this, grown more confirmed in it. As is the way through all time, whenever Man does battle.

Let us briefly run over this Sequence in reverse order before leaving it, and start with the deepest it is fit to touch upon.

Over all the world Religion, as a bond of united action by men, was pretty well extinct. No aspiration after the infinite informed any Communion of Men. They had lost ken of their eternal birthrights, and Duty, the accountability of every man, each for himself, to the Creator of all had ceased to be recognized by any save isolated individuals. With the sequent departure of Integrity in all State Affairs, of Veracity and true Intelligence in the whole conduct of life. *Political* faiths had entirely superseded spiritual, usurped the place of these, in the entire thought of men, and exclusively directed their co-operate workings, especially as Nations. And in the absence of the spiritual, much more in the presence of the extinct of these and their ‚revivals' the political never could be anything save *Bedlam* faiths, delirious as impious. World-Cataclysm was inevitable. The Form of it, I, for one, did not foresee. That it would come in *some* form was indubitable. ‚The whole air is as if charged ominous and we walk in the boding of horrors with parallel'.* This I wrote in 1907.

If in one Country it was otherwise, if there were any Race

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* Adventures of Sally Helsmark. Bk.: 4 Part 2, Chap. 6.

of Men who did still aspire to the infinite — Aye, and not *still,* in the sense of aftershine, but livingly in the never dying, never fading, still augmenting. A Race of Men in whom a real Veracious Manhood was, and nationally; who were marching forward with their eyes upon the eternal loadstars, growing in worth and *thereby* rising in Power, in coherence as a Nation; diligent in Peaceful Development, daily widening the realm of Man's knowledge, and Reverent of Wisdom; toiling to make their riches wealth, the whole ever expanding world of their possession inward and outward cosmic; earnestly endeavoring, not to manufacture their State by a Pattern or Creed, but to educe it in accord with nature and verity; seeking from the bottom of their hearts, not that every man should have his ballot, but his billet, those whom God had gifted with intelligence lead, and so every member of the Host be blest, Brotherhood and Man's Freedom won and maintained by that noble labor of head and heart and hand on the part of all the valiant by which it alone ever can be won or maintained: — If there were One Country, one Race, where and in whom this incipiently was and gathering in might, becoming clearer in aim, as it learnt its way and began to know itself, whilst all the rest were buzzing swarmlike, chaotic and anarchic, vaporing on platforms, occupied in voting as it in doing, — why, then, there could be no doubt that once they became alive to that Race's presence, they would turn upon it with one accord like maddened hornets. Even as their instincts and earlier surmises, before quite alive to the presence, had already caused them to ring it round in hope thus to forbid its increase. Stay within the fence and we'll not quarrel with you, even pay you much respect. For, truth to tell, we are uneasy in our inwards and have qualms lest if it come to wrestle you mayn't prove stronger than us all, and best laid schemes gang quite agley. Pray observe the fences, therefore, we set them thick and strong, O mark how formidable and never risk your skin! In our magnanimity and holy desire to keep our skin whole, we'll even not swear to attack you when you go to war, but let you defend yourself when two of your neighbors set on you, — provided you do it through one narrow wicket of our choice, leave us free to guard all other outgates against you on your foe's behalf, and free to attack you ourselves should you even so get too much the best of it. You won't! Nay, then —! All hell's let loose; and Injured

Innocence has raised an Alleleu that's pierced the Yankee to the soul.

So was it, is it, in the deeper. And maddened hornets led on so by the Race which had a generation or two before produced and rejected that high Seer who prophesied of these things and made known to it that other Race. All the world may see to-day how well Carlyle succeeded in making the German known to the Briton. Ah! Damn you, yes. He is the one for me to rend. See! See! How all you prophesied is coming true, in spite of my denial! The ill you prophesied of me, whereof I made a mock, comes now pouring on my head. And He, — 'Tis him you blessed, have at him tooth and nail. You've made me sure, as none other could, that he is the God I must prove Devil or be myself *exposed* a Reprobate abandoned. I'll *call* him so, at least, while breath is in me.

Reverting to the earthly circumstance:

Certain Serbians brutally assasinate an Austrian of high rank. Russia, with not the smallest title to interfere, forbids Austria to punish this misdeed; whilst Germany, upholds her right to do so. France instantly declares she will not remain Neutral in a thing she had not the ghost of a pretext to concern herself in. Thus announcing publicly before the world prior league and plot, predetermination to seize opportunity. Britain, who had already bound herself to support France in such a contingency, *unless* the German would submit to conditions of combat which were preposterous and outrageous beyond all comment, then found the German would not submit to all these conditions since she would not give assurance of her Neutrality even if he did, so had at him, too. And, immediately, to cover this atrocious deed, not easily, if we take it in its full compass, matched for infamy in all the annals of mankind's sin, pours out upon the world a flood of wild, obscene, baseless and delirious Defamation of Germany.

This Flood of Defamation, never the Facts at all, catches hold of the popular imagination in America. Chiefly by appeal to the common Political Creed. Appeal not to the Gospel of her Father's but to the Dogmas of her Scribes, the *Bedlam* Faiths and all that Righteousness of Pharisees to which alone was Defamation ever grateful. America's own Government Officials are of that Creed, possessed by those Faiths and full of that

Righteousness. They experience in themselves the same instinctive Enmity toward the German as their European cousins. Bias is thus born on the instant, being *ready* for birth before, and grows with the rapidity of an Evil Conception in minds which have long habitually *worshipped* their own conceptions instead of searching what IS. Stories of fiendlike Atrocities by Germans in Belgium are sent over from England, avidly credited by Americans already disposed to look on the German as *the* Antagonist of their own much cherished Ideals, Liberties, Humanities. The Stories suit well with their conception of the German, and they are no more restrained by a thought of What is Truth? there than in these same cherished Ideals. Hence America has worked herself up into a state of Furor, become obsessed before the Submarine appears on the scene.

The German is the PROTAGONIST of our day. And he is in very fact the terriblest foe that Government Officials, on both sides of the Atlantic, possessed by those Faiths and full of that Righteousness have on earth in our generation. Therefore it is that they are so banded together against him. Believe it, they are perfectly correct in their surmises that victory to him will sooner or later spell death to them. In all countries. The Peoples of each gradually learning, through that Victory, that they are not the desirable sort of Government Officials to have; the Brave Men in each becoming resolute to have another sort cost what it may. And for the Peoples, in so far as they are just Companionable Swarms buzzing about nowhither, *preferring* such Officers, — mere Queen Bees, as Carlyle called them, any Cleon the Tanner swollen into bulk reckoned by them suitable for President or Premier, — the disciplined German is their foe also. May it not be their savior? For the tale which their present officers tell them that the German is the Arch foe of the Gospels, America's among them, is totally false. Perhaps the Best Friend of these; the one who has abidden by the Substance, ever most hated by whoso merely clings to the Name.

Of the Submarine Warfare

It need hardly be remarked that it is our business here to deal with this form of warfare solely as directed against what are styled Merchant Ships, not as against vessels confessedly employed in the direct naval service of belligerents. With it as directed against Dreadnoughts, surface Torpedo-boats, or even

mere Patrols we are not concerned, solely as against Merchant Ships. By which what is meant? Strictly, merchant's ships? Painted wonders flying on the main, carrying the homely needs of simple men, bringing Treasures from the Distant; bearing men themselves from one land to another, knitting all in harmony; instruments of Discovery, half magic as they bound or glide along as if themselves alive; bathed all in Romance, what we are too wont to name the commonplace growing translucent before our eyes and the very Secrets of Life lying opener? This? On: Busy traffickers in Commodity,

„That same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;
That smooth-faced gentlemen, tickling Commodity,
Commodity the Bias of the World?"

And direct naval service, too, may be rather difficult to define. In the pure orbit, all worlds in interaction meet, and nature knows no line of demarkation. 'Tis granted legitimate to sink a Transport, send mouse and man to Davy Jones. But the ‚Cymric', e'en though she had no passengers aboard? Zealous American Consuls will search, see if they *cannot* find law broken. Day after she went down a London newspaper of good repue described this vessel as having ‚been engaged since the outbreak of the war in the White Star *passenger and naval service between Ltiverpool and New York*'. Naïvely? Inadvertently perhaps. I cannot say inaptly. A good deed covers a multitude of sins, it is said. If not, I scarce know how any of us will get to heaven. And Cargo has often stood indebted to the Passenger. Whether all who have so fed the fishes were true Martyrs to the Faith, and no soul rise up in Judgment? Some say they'll *all* rise shrieking; and shudder at the Kaiser's death-bed. But now that every Woman-Worker in the fields may have her Badge, after much ado, why should not Wilson and Asquith devise some similar Token of Honor for the Passenger who survives the perilous convoy? They desire no reward, virtue brings its own? 'Twould apply to the others surely. Mere Conscripts who could not help themselves and did it *not* of love? May be; yet the Token would be an encouragement to do it for the honor's sake. Each Briton seeing it on the breast of his fellow-citizen would

doff his hat, lowering it to the elbow, to the knee when he saw it on an American's. Sinews of War, most requisite for us, and thy life jeopardised to bring them safe across the roaring ocean and the perils beneath its waves. I think it would gain as much respect as red cross of Attested,* and no ‚Cymric' need to lack a Passenger. Wilson could put a few on, ready badged, before she sailed, and save the need of all that troublesome inquiry after. Yet this would never do, for then he couldn't say he hadn't. Nor is allowing putting. God forbid he'd force the convoy. He stood for perfect Freedom and left no other way; would not for his soul's worth agree to any other way, lest he should seem an accessory to who made this way *unsafe:* That last was, for a time, the soul of his argument, so far as it had any soul, and we shall see how valid. For being an accessory with who made it *unsavoury* he has never shown sign of discomfort.

Since this Submarine Warfare *upon Merchant Ships,* which we have already seen to be a very wide term, has attracted so much attention in America, been nominally the cause which has kept her for months on the edge of war, if she does not even yet go over the edge, it will be well for us to give it considerable attention, far more than it is intrinsically worth in my estimate. Nevertheless there is much which is intrinsically worth most serious attention inseparably connected with it. I purpose to arrange what I have to say upon it under seven heads, which I shall label thus:

a) How the Submarine Warfare arose.

In reality, everybody who has given the matter attention, *knows* quite well how this Submarine Warfare arose, what the circumstances which caused Germany to resort to it were. People, whether they consider Germany justified or not justified in resorting to it, do really know what the circumstances were. But unhappily, though all know what they were, there are precious few who do not completely ignore them in all their talk and deed where the Submarine is concerned; who have not so ignored the circumstances from the beginning, although where statesmen at least are in question, they were never ignorant of

* Badge of men ‚Attested', i. e. sworn to join the army when called on. Not compelled to volunteer. Only told that if they didn't volunteer, they would be compelled.

them. Therefore I shall state them, in hope to bring them home a bit. Some readers, too, hurried along by the popular emotion, and hearing of them only from the German side, — for the others, American or Briton, have carefully foreborn to speak of them — may not know them. So I shall begin a little way off.

For some generations past it had been a maxim with British Statesmen that Britain's Navy should be more than equal in strength to the united navies of any other Two countries in the world: Their Two Power Standard, as they called it. This idea, long since fully realized, probably originated in the times when England was in a state of chronic war with both Spain and France; became the maxim after she had won the victory there. *After*, I say distinctly and with meaning. England did not win then in virtue of that maxim having been acted on before. In nearly all her great naval victories and achievements, her enemies out-numbered her in ships, outweighed her in tonnage, often very largely. The Two Power Standard, as a thing much acted on, is a nineteenth century affair; and since it became the vogue, since it has been actually realized, no great naval battle has been fought by England. Won by mere demonstration, and so the maxim proved valid? No: that has not been, either. I never have much respect for fixed rules of that description; they are too frequently of an ominous character. Yet this rooted in the notion: Let us always be ready to fight Two at once; and, at first, had no agressive ground, confessed or subtle. As precaution, noble: if in dread, ignoble. I should have preferred readiness to fight any number, and navy suited to our needs, whether four times or fourth part that of any other's in strength. Yes, it is always an ominous and fatal kind of thing to resolve to always go one better than such and such a One, or Couple. A resolution which will play the devil with any nation that takes it up. You might as well try to bale the sea dry, and will certainly never have done. *Not so* will you ever be ready for all comers.

Later, when the thought of perhaps having to fight Two receded and all things were drifting to fight with One, British Statesmen did not think this sufficient. — What a course do these things always run! — They then made open alliance with Japan and covert with France, with Russia also through her, if not directly. Nothing seemed sufficient. It never does, to man who

ceases to be content and trustful to have just what place among his fellows his own deserts secure him. But thus when the British made war on the One, not themselves One against Two, but Leader of a Pack *versus* One, they were relieved of care of the East by Japan, of the Mediterranean by France, of the Baltic by Russia, and were able to concentrate their own enormous fleet in the North Sea, to completely blockade Germany's sole maritime out-gate, and prevent return home of such of her ships as were in foreign waters when war was declared. The hunting of *them* down merely a question of time.

Every school boy and school girl in his or her teens has, I should suppose, a sufficient idea of this terraqueous globe to know: 1st, that Germany has only a very small amount of Coast; her Baltic shores and a scrap on the North Sea between Holland and Denmark. And that the Baltic opens by narrow straits into the same North Sea. 2nd, That the island of Britain lies on the west side of this North Sea, directly between Germany and the open ocean. That, thus, there are only two passage ways between the North Sea and the ocean; namely, the narrow English Channel and the tract between the north of Britain and the Arctic Icefields. Third, that this narrow English Channel is bounded throughout by the coasts of France on one side and those of England on the other, which coasts approach within some twenty miles of each other at the end nearest Germany. And can accordingly realize that with France and England leagued together against Germany, to shut up this Channel to her could be no very difficult achievement. Whereby all that the British had to do to completely shut out Germany from the whole waterways of the planet was to guard with their enormous fleet (almost the whole of it free to them to use for this purpose) a line drawn across from Scotland to Norway.

Ladies and Gentlemen, don't you think you do need to be taught your A. B. C's?

Americans have glorified the Allies for being able to sweep the German Navy off the seas'?. It does not appear to me such a very grand achievement. A mightily different problem to that which Britain had of yore, chasing French and Spanish fleets over both Atlantics, the Pacific and the Indian oceans. One small mouse-hole to guard with a fleet of your own double your enemy's, the rest of the world taken care of for you by your

friends; and nothing there to take care of, save such few isolated vessels of the foe as happened to be out before the hole was closed. 'Twas in the foreknowledge of this that the Friends agreed to take such charitable care. Yes; block you the hole, keep that terrible German Navy off us and in return we will patrol the freed oceans for you, find our own opportunities. Japan never missed them. Perhaps we may even pick off here and there for you one or two of those isolated vessels, though mostly we will leave the honor of that to you.

By these circumstances, these magnanimous agreements between the Allies, German Warships, battleships, cruisers, etc., all except the submarines which we shall always name, calling the others collectively warships, were at once forbidden the seas. They could not venture out, either singly or in fleets, except for momentary dashes near home, unless they wished to commit suicide. To come out otherwise than so was certain destruction. The enemy fleet being literally enormous, altogether overwhelming. There is no valor in running your head against a stone wall. Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery alone? How nobly she can front enormous odds Germany has given, is now giving, splendid proof. Even here as much as elsewhere. The true valor is that which does *not* grow desperate when threatened with imminent perdition, but fronts this also stably, calmly, unmoved by the Taunts and the Clamours, as by the Terrors.

Such of Germany's ships as were out when war was declared, scattered over the world, conducted their war upon enemy commerce and neutrals carrying contraband according to the recognized rules thereof, with chivalry as with valor. They had a perfect title to sink ships which they had no possibility of taking to German ports, and they saved the lives of those on board and treated such captives well. Americans did try to raise cavils, even here. Nothing but cavils. The position of those ships was such as to move sympathy in any man, friend or foe; the behaviour of their crews and commanders such as to stir admiration. But Americans had already shut their eyes, wilfully refused to reckon with the facts of the case at all. If the conduct of the crews and commanders was not precisely what it would have been had they been at their ease with large means at disposal, instead of hunted units cut off from the rest of the world, Americans were ready to swear it unlawful, malicious, diabolic,

It did not suit with their conception of the Germans that these should anywhere quit themselves as men; therefore, however conspicuously the Germans did so quit themselves, they would not see it, or allow of it. Anon paying tribute of respect in some one instance, for the sake of pointing to it as exception proving their rule. But these ships were few in number, cut off from supply, and had no chance, however valiant and resourceful those upon them, to live long against the odds; were all soon hunted down or obliged to run to internment.

Hence before many months of the war had passed, Germany found herself unable to attack enemy commerce or neutrals carrying contraband by any other weapon than the Submarine. She was absolutely compelled either to use that weapon or leave enemy commerce and contraband at sea untouched. No other alternative save one of these two was open to her. This fact, I say, is known to everybody, has throughout been so known, yet constantly ignored. You, Reader, have no honesty and are not a man, if you continue to ignore it. You are here called to lay it thoroughly to heart, to meditate on it and completely understand that it is THE FUNDAMENTAL FACT in which this Submarine Warfare arose; never to be lost sight of by you but kept clear and definite in your mind. Had persons responsible in America and elsewhere ever looked on it, ever honestly admitted its existence, how incalculably different had the whole sequel been! It stood there before them, clear as the sun at noonday in a cloudless sky. But it had never been their habit to look at Fact; and they only pleased to think as their Principles taught and their Biases interpreted.

Nor was this all. For meantime Britain used her enormous naval power to absolutely domineer the seas. She issued out order after order for all mortals traversing the seas to obey or expect worse, simply at her own sweet will, without regard to the interests of Neutrals, International Law, or what else. I am not yet saying whether she was right or wrong in doing this; *lay it to heart that she did it.* She not only swept all German commerce off the seas, but composedly informed all Neutral Countries how they were to conduct their commerce in a way that should be pleasing and furthersome to her, if they did not wish it also swept off the seas. Inflicting so, at one swoop, material damage on America I do not know what multiple of any the German has.

She not only declared all war material destined for Germany to be contraband, which she would permit no Neutral to carry, but also all food-stuffs. This at once; there has been more since. Again, we will wait a little for the right or wrong; understand *that this was done.*

Comprehend it well. There were these Two Alternatives open to Germany and none other:

1. To sit still while her girdle of foes drew from all countries of the world whatsoever supply they needed. The whole waterways of the globe open to them, to herself closed. Her foes' own ships plying to and fro unhindered, safe from least annoy, carrying out what products of own industry they pleased, returning laden with whatever things could minister to their own wants or pleasures, deal death to her. The ships of every Neutral Country invited to pour the whole cornucopia of its wealth into her foes' lap, protected like their own so long as they would do this, forbidden to carry for her. Little choice left to these Neutrals save to carry for them or lie up, if sailing in ballast proved too expensive an amusement. Girt with steel ring on land and neither powder ball, corn or milk permitted to be brought to her over seas even through Neutral Countries: To sit still and patiently watch this, or:

2. See what she could do to disturb that charming arrangement by the one weapon wherewith she could reach it.

Such is the indisputable Fact. Comprehend it; go to bed with it, sleep on it, meditate it in every free moment, till the full meaning and compass of it rise upon you, till that Stern Reality be so present to your soul and mind and heart that you can never more forget it. You may then be in some position to judge of this Submarine Warfare. Till then, never. You may then begin to surmise feebly how that Circumstance was burnt into the soul and mind and heart of the Germans who suffered under it, what sort of emotion it must have caused in them toward those who produced and those who abetted it, what kind of a resolution they would be likely to take upon it.

b) What this form of Warfare essentially is. Newness of the Submarine. Of it, itself, as a Weapon; its Capacities and laws of use. Also of Zeppelins.

It is not until the next or third head that I mean to speak of the right or wrong of this Warfare, not until the fourth that

I mean to look with you at Germany's conduct of it in present instance. The first thing was to get a firm grasp of the Circumstances in which it arose; and the next thing is to understand what it, itself *essentially* is. Not till you do well know these things can you judge at all whether it was justifiably resorted to in the given Circumstances; whether and how far the party who did resort to it conducted it well or ill. No degree of wrong done to a man will justify his running amok, committing acts which *are* senseless, wanton, profitless, though the verdicts passed on his acts by those who did the wrong to him, or abetted its being done to him, be little worth regard. And, however thoroughly certain methods of retaliation may be justified by the circumstances, there will remain the question How they were carried out? Do, for God's sake, go to the root of the matter and look at it in steady sequence. Know first the circumstances which gave birth to this Warfare. Next what it essentially is. If you do not know that a thing *is*, you certainly cannot know whether it is a good thing or a bad. If you do not know how a thing *could* be carried out under given conditions, you certainly do not know whether it was well or ill carried out by any particular party subject to those conditions.

It is a pity when Presidents and Secretaries of State did not stay at school long enough to learn these A. B. C's. Alas what school is there which teaches them, which does not deny them? Moreover, some are unteachables. Oftentimes it haps that till the head be *broken* the Idea cannot out, the implement of breakage the only sort of Fact which will ever get in.

Well, what is the essence of this Submarine Warfare? Murder! Piracy! O soft a little. In its essence it is simply Destruction of the Enemy's Supplies. Which is a wide term, capable, if you please so to stretch it, of including men, women and children belonging to him, or in any manner of way assistant to him. Take it even so, and be clear that that and *not* wanton destruction is the essence of it. Narrowing down a bit and leaving the shriekers alone, no sane mortal seriously imagines that the Germans *wished* the destruction of the women and children or non-combatant men; many may believe that the Germans sacrificed these in a callous and unpermissible manner for the sake of their object, but all *compos mentis* know that their sole object was the ship and its cargo, one or both. In other

words, that the essence of the Submarine's war upon commerce was identically the same as that of any other warship's, such as could capture the enemy vessel and take it home as a Prize: This Essence long written down legitimate. Now as to the question How far Destruction of Enemy's Supplies may be rightfully extended, whereabouts the distinction Barbarous or Civilized, Etc., may lie in it? we must wait a little. But may at once remark that, if the women, children and non-combatant men be left out, it was not well *possible* for the German to include more under the description Contraband than the British already had. Of the right and wrong of these things it will be my business to speak under the next head. Here merely would impress upon you what and what alone was the Essence of this Submarine Warfare on Commerce, namely exactly the same as that of Cruiser Warfare on Commerce, differing therefrom in no particular, however diverse the Submarine's methods of procedure. I am sorry that it is necessary to insist on such plain truths, but it is very necessary.

Continuing these A. B, C's, Messrs. Wilson, Lansing & Co. would never learn, I would inform you, that the Submarine is a New Invention, never known in any previous war. Now although the President cannot allow to God Almighty the right to create anything for which he cannot find a precedent in his law books, records, etc., you and I will not go that length. To him it was so disconcerting he could do nothing save solemnly pronounce anathema upon it with bell, book and candle, according to the custom of Infallible Popes with all New Facts unpleasing to them. We, I hope, understand that whatever is we shall have to conform to; that the Newness of any Fact will be absolutely no excuse to us for impiously kicking against the pricks. The Submarine was new, but there it was, and it was for men and Presidents to recognize its existence. It never thought of asking their consent to be, nor was like to wait for them to tell it how it should act. I should be sorry to attempt that enterprise with the lowest and most repulsive organism in nature, convinced that I should make a muddle of it and be quite defeated, that it itself would know better how it was to act than all the Sages together could instruct it. It was for men and Presidents to try to understand how it would and could act. And, surely, it is the *could*

which is primary. It will not be needful to consider whether upon having his sins forgiven him a man would take up his bed and walk if he be so fishy as to owe mere tail and fins for limbs.

As I have already explained to you, the German Submarine was out Alone in the waste waters, one poor little Monster of the Deep seeking what it could devour, beset with a thousand dangers; whole fleets of enormous leviathans scouring about, mutually intelligent and assistant, searching lynx-eyed for its least appearance; the very milch kine it would feed on huge to it, as bullocks to a weasel, needing but to butt at it to send it, a dead stone, to the bottom; itself all aidless, cut off from help, and missioned on far errands of most queasy nature, no eye looking on it with kindness; great Fishers, dragging steel nets between them, mercilessly sweeping its favorite haunts; in the waters beneath or on them above no friend, far away from its home it could seldom know rest or a moment's cesurity, in an element treacherous hostile, with its life sought by all, salvable by its own dexterity alone. Speeding along submerged through perilous tracts of sea, cautiously popping up to take breath, bask a little in the sun if no sail be in sight, generally needing to dive again on the instant if there be, it is itself a most tender craft, though so powerful to damage or destroy others, requiring indeed in those who man it a nerve of iron, great resourcefulness and intrepidity. In searching out its prey, much circumspection; in attacking, needing to creep close unobserved, launch its Little One, and dive for its own life, may be rising again at a safer distance to take a look, observe effect, then dive again and scurry off leaving no wake behind, ere S. O. S., desperately cracking from its victim, bring up who'd ne'er save *its*, nor in indignant mood believe it had one.

'Twas not for it to heave up on the horizon, bear down upon its victim, large in majesty, clad in visible terror; make observation of her, imperiously demand her name and errand, all particulars becoming; compel her to heave to by warning shot, board her, search her, put a Prize crew upon her and send her — Whither? Home? Aye, verily, with thanks for the addition to the crew, safe prisoners in her home. Unless the circumstances were exceptional, none of this was within the capacity of the Submarine. It may all of it be the natural way with others, — except the last, for if that bourne were the inevitable methinks

the most ‚civilized' Cruiser would take the crew on board herself and send the ship home *vertically*.

By the laws of its own constitution and necessities of its self-preservation, the Submarine could act in no other way than I have described; and there could be neither wisdom, justice, Humanity or common-sense in demanding that it should act as it had no power to act. The rightfulness or wrongfulness of using it may be the second question, how it *could* act, if used at all, is the *first*. 'Tis common to admit this formally, yet rare to find it laid to heart, a thousand times more usual to see the second jumped to, the first impatiently skipped over. Look at the Submarine by itself, on its own basis as a Living Organism in Nature, study it so, understand what its own constitution is, what its capacities are, what its self-inherent, innate, Laws of Use may be: This is forever in all cases the prime study incumbent upon any Solon or Lycurgus. Master of this, he may be competent to issue Regulations in regard to it. Ignorant of this, in wilful obstinacy ignoring this, he can never be competent; and no single Regulation which he issues with all his trumpets, from the pinnacles of Principle can have the least validity.

To my own mind, the use of Zeppelins, to drop bombs — Where? Amid a peaceful rural population, to the spoiling of shepherd's crooks and upsetting of milk-pails? Among what are called non-combatants, with results ghastly and horrible enough, is a much more question able Form of Warfare than theSubmarine. The advantage of sending enemy ships to the bottom, whether full of cargo, or only going to fetch it, is undeniable: but whether the damage done to the foe, profitable to the doer, by the dropping of these bombs, has been any way proportional to the damage which is of no profit, is a question to me. I suspend judgment wholly here, for many reasons. Such as: The impossibility of knowing what the actual damage has been. Official and publicly printed reports — one chicken's leg broken, a pig killed, an inkstand upset (but that last was German burlesque of the reports) — having reached such a height of absurdity that nobody now reads them except as burlesque. Then the reports one otherways hears are all of the no profit sort; the profitable damage being kept secret, denied to exist, but not in a way that convinces. And the newness, utter tentativeness of it; which

applies also to the Submarine. The fact that it is to so large an extent experimental.

It is, clearly, quite justifiable to drop bombs on magazines, arsenals, military works, stores, barracks, etc., etc.; railways, their stations, bridges, etc., etc.; munition factories etc., etc. Where is the limit? Neither can you deny the right to *try* all this. Might as well say every projectile must find its proper mark or the gunner be damned. If the misses, if the useless damage, loss of lives, bear, and after further practise, greater perfection of the weapon, continue to bear so large a proportion to the hits, the profitable damage, as to declare the Zeppelin Warfare evil, it will be abandoned. But as yet it is in its experimental stage, and we have no data to judge of it by.

Where is the limit? Were I a military commander, which is a bold figure, I confess I should have little more compunction in blowing to pieces Workers in a Munitions Factory than Soldiers in a Trench: They are only very nominally ‚non-combatants'. Where is the limit, indeed? It is mainly decided by the special circumstances of each case and by *mutual* agreements. Agreements made before the invention of new means are always liable to become invalid after their invention. 'Tis a simple matter to agree not to fly so long as neither have wings, or any sort of equivalent; to leave this or that untouched except by such and such methods suitable to the sole instrument yet dreamt of as possible to touch them with; never to lay hand of violence on what you as yet have no means of laying your hand on at all. Moreover, mutual agreements to be binding in equity must always obviously cover approximate equivalence in act, not mere identity of act. Break the law against your foe. Or without breaking it put such pressure on him in one particular that his agreement with you as to another particular ceases to be fair to him, and it is not the parchments which can bind him. Violate the law against him in a way he cannot violate it against you, and he may easily be entitled to answer by violating some other agreement he had with you, if this was *in justice* dependent on observance of the law you have broken, whether so stated to be in the bond or not. And all your exclaim at him for this breach will be nothing sweetened because you yourself had not committed identically the same breach but another.

One thing about these Zeppelins is sure, that they do not

aim at the non-combatant lives or wanton destruction of property; that, like the Submarine, they always have definite objective, well within the ‚limits'. And let me say for the soberer of the rank and file of my countrymen that, in spite of all the Parliament Men, etc., have tried, to persuade them of the contrary, they do pretty universally take this for granted. Get them in a quiet hour, you will find they conclude without debate that the bomb had a military objective of some description. Of course even the Parliament Men, etc., themselves admit this, would answer with contempt if you raised the point; yet frequently expressly assert the contrary, and continually imply it. With comtempt; in a scornful disregard of this truth, proceeding as if it were not a truth, confounding the aim with the concomitants: Which certainly, is no way of arriving at any truth in regard to the matter. Wherein, I think I may say, the soberer of the rank and file do not much follow their lead. Likewise that these soberer do not lend serious credence to the wretched stuff preached to them from the same quarters, to effect that these Zeppelins lose their way, do not know where they are, take the North Foreland for Flambrough Head, the Tweed for the Forth, and such like twaddlements. Personally, I guess that on a clear night, when he could see the stars, a Zeppelin Commander would know what spot of earth he was over to within a few hundred yards at least, even though he could see nothing beneath him save a sheet of mist rendering sea and land indistinguishable. That on a cloudy night, in bad weather, a Zeppelin may in a few hours, or even minutes, become more uncertain of its bearing than a ship in as many days, is conceivable enough — to a lay mind which pretends not to know more about it than common sense will help it to. To hit a particular building from such a height is another thing, and misses are not astonishing: If we knew the truth, we might find the accuracy of aim to be so. Of the wild goose errand no reliable evidence has come within my ken, of several very narrow misses some has: hits are forbidden to be told under penalties.

Air-craft Warfare, off the battlefields at least, has an ugly look as conducted by any of the nations. Not Germany more than the others. The Zeppelins are exclaimed at and depreciated by those who have them not because they have them not, and in the same breath it is confessed by them that if they had them

they would use them similarly. The whole thing is tentative, experimental yet. And Zeppelin Crews are not savages bent on indiscriminate slaughter, or, say, discriminating ‚babies' as the most desirable objective after such a journey at an expense of How many times the babies' weight in gold per mile? They are highly intelligent, skilled, intrepid men: I have no doubt as gentle of heart as any others who have left their wives and bairns behind them when called to war.

c) Of the essential Right and Wrong of this Submarine Warfare. And of what provoked it, has followed from it, or been concomitant with it.

No reader (I will try to hope) supposes that I regard this Submarine Warfare as a beautiful thing, such as we are exactly called upon to fall down and worship; Tirpitz's Kingdom come one we should have prayed might come, ought now to beg may long continue. It is true, I have spoken of the Submarine as a lonesome little Monster, done what I could to move your bowels on its behalf. Why not? Burns had pity for Auld Clootie, was wae to think upon his den even for his sake; thought, too, it could give him small pleasure to skelp and scaud poor dogs and hear them squeal, concluded with a hope he'd'tak a thought an men'. The Poets and the Prophets, all Good Men in their way, have told us we should have charity, pity, love and sympathy for all and with every created being. The greatest of the modern poets, speaking of ‚the highest right, supreme Humanity' and him who has it, asks:

‚Whence o'er the heart his empire free?
The elements of Life how conquers he?
Is't not his heart's accord, urged outward far and dim,
To wind the world in unison with him?
When on the spindle, spun to endless distance,
By Nature's listless hand the thread is twirled,
And the discordant tones of all existence
In sullen jangle are together hurled,
Who, then, the changeless orders of creation
Divides, and kindles into rhythmic dance?
Who brings the One to join the general ordination,
Where it may throb in grandest consonance?'

Does this call *Wilson* to your mind? Is he the One there meant, the cunningest pattern of excelling nature, foreseen in vision the World's Mediator? You feel assured that *he* long since, when bright mists veiled the world before him, had said: ‚My bosom

> Shall not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested,
> But all of life for all mankind created
> Shall be within my inmost being tested:
> The highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,
> Shall heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow?'

And now, a Master of Life, deservedly wearing the crown of all Humanity he long since so won, divinely gives the law to combatants, brings healing to poor mortals woes? Mild wisdom and a perfect inward peace of soul so appearing in his looks that none can doubt how royally he has won that inner victory, which alone could give him title to compose these outward strifes, every sinner blest to trust his cause into his hands.

I hear thee heave a sigh, O Reader! feel thee turn back with me, not rejecting sympathy with all creation, sharks, octopi, and other recognised Devil-Fishes included if need be. We are to understand their natures, transport ourselves into their positions and endeavour to see with their eyes, feel as they feel. Observe, too, how if a Carlyle could call a Heath carrion, he had scarce a harsh word for a Cagliostro; equable description of him as he was proving amply sufficient. It is the law for the study of any, simply as a Living Organism in Nature. Which President Wilson must be allowed to be. And, lest members of the wider audience be getting uncertain of their ground, let me say quite directly and expressly that I want none who have not an honoring sympathy with the Crews of Submarines, admiration for their courage and expertness, cannot openly receive them as men of like passions as themselves.

But for the Warfare itself, it has an infernal aspect. And I think we may all without breach of charity pray that it should *not* continue, should do what it may lie in our powers to do to cleanse the element wherein it was bred. A prayer wherein I hear German voices joining deep and earnest, full of remorse that it ever had to be; and cannot but pay tribute to the German that he does and has throughout endeavoured to clean the element,

howsoever inexorable that till this were done the Warfare would have to continue. As for those who created the element, I have heard their voices very loud in curses but never yet in prayer, nor seen them stir a finger in the way of cleansing. A certain nominally impartial party also I have heard very severe in reproof, most high inflexible, yet likewise loftily refusing to listen to the smallest proposal for cleansing the element.

Our immediate point, however, is that this Warfare was *unwillingly* resorted to by the Germans; is a thing for the doing of which they have throughout pled force of circumstance, admitted that it is not to be justified *unless* by the necessities of their situation. To those who deny this much, I will not address myself. All worthy and humane persons must grant thus much, whether or not they think that the necessities of the situation did justify it. Alas, if they had granted this, seen this with their own eyes, in America, none of the subsequent trouble had arisen. Neither could worthy and humane persons, if occupying high offices of state, have failed to see it.

Huge as the coil in which the matter has now got enveloped is, wild and conflicting as the arguments about it are, the Essential Right or Wrong of Germany's resort to the use of the Submarine to attack Commerce is not a complicated question, not a question in its own nature abstruse. Remarkably simple, rather. It depends on the answer to one, single, definite proposition. Which it is now possible for me to state very plainly to you. Now that I have already brought before you what the Circumstances under which Germany resorted to the use of this Warfare were, and what the capacities of the Weapon itself, its inevitable manner of use if used. Remember what the Two Alternatives were, and the proposition is this: —

Was the unavoidable destruction of non-combatant lives bound to result from the use of this Weapon in those Circumstances so great an evil that no Just and Humane Nation ought to have resorted to the use of that Weapon even in those Circumstances?

I have put this crucial proposition in as simple and direct a manner as any fair-minded *condemner* of the Submarine could desire. The violent denouncers of it would, no doubt, have much preferred all mention of the Circumstances left out and the capacities of the Weapon never reckoned with: Which has been

the inveterate practise of too many Americans, with the President as their chief spokesman; natural to the state of mind existing in them before this Warfare began, yet highly unprofitable and the sooner quitted the better. I have no hope that they will quit it, and address myself to those who do desire to get at the truth, yet have been hindered from doing so by the ‚huge envelopement' and that same unfortunate practise of the Official People and general Press.

That Proposition is crucial. So far as the Germans are concerned, they are absolved or condemned according as the answer to it is negative or affirmative. Namely for resorting to this Warfare. For their Conduct in it, we will wait till next head. Has not half the mischief come through confounding one thing with another? Sky-scraping Tower of Babel built in the fancy before so much as the site was surveyed. To much Confusion of Tongues. That my own answer to the Proposition is an unhesitating NO you must have long since been sure. May be interested in such survey as I have made? I can assure you I did not arrive at the answer in my sleep, *lulled* by the shrieks of drowning victims because not driven hysterical. Blood guiltiness! my friends. Whom is it you will listen to? Him who says ‚Whichever is without sin among you cast the first stone?' Or him who living in glass house, takes glory to himself for casting the first missile, a spotless whose own hands never knew soil? He may walk on very high stilts, carry a very big stick, and his glass dwelling be conspicuously the White (d), but yet —!

Look again at what the Circumstances were. The German Nation at war with a Host of Foes, surrounded on land, and all supply, war material or foodstuff, whether destined for soldier or civilian, man, woman or child, forbidden to be brought to It overseas. Its enemies free to all Supply, reaping it, fetching it, commandeering it, ships from all the world pouring it into their ports; no warship of Its own able to venture out without instant perdition. Its sole means of attacking that Supply to Its foes, the Submarine. And the German Nation thus begirt, beset, was never to use this, Its sole Weapon? Supply was forbidden to be brought to It by any friend or trader for the openly professed purpose of starving It to death or, worse, ignominious surrender; forbidden for the declared express purpose of starving It to death, man, woman and child, no distinction made or

allowed. The Supply, which this German Nation was not to touch by the one means wherewith It could touch it, was to keep Its foes in good heart and strength, large part of it was war material for directly dealing death to It. And the publicly proclaimed and many times asseverated object of Its foes was to crush, dismember and destroy It without mercy. As an Offense to Humanity: that they, the godly, might not be troubled, and their will be done upon earth even as they were all ready to take the sacrament it is in heaven. Yet this German Nation was never to touch that Supply to Its foes because It could not do so without imperriling the lives of those engaged in carrying it or voyaging on ships that were carrying it! — I do not think that any more preposterous demand was ever made in the sweet face of day. Much less supported by ‚disinterested' Neutral, professing Humanity! A demand more suited to that witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out contagion to the world: When men could drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on. Most certain to produce bitter business, destined to cast so lurid a light upon the Demand and the hell of Bottomless Mendacity, which breathed it out upon the World contagiously, that it and its Supporters will long be remembered — much otherwise than they at present think. They sought to be canonised, may in vain now seek oblivion. By their uncalled for interference they have so attracted the eyes of all men to this matter that it will never now be let rest till the truth of it is known: then will they stand in the lurid glare, their real features no longer mistaken for angels'.

Is the destruction of non-combatant lives so evil a thing it must never be done? Then were every general who ever bombarded a town damned. The crew of a ship which is engaged in carrying material for your enemy differs in no essential respect from any other sort of transport workers engaged in the same work. Suppose a wagon full of stuff for your enemy be manned, as it often is, not by soldiers, but by rustics of the neighborhood, paid for the job or compelled to it, possibly by your own peasants or prisoner soldiers. If the bang of one musket discharged in air be enough to frighten these transport workers, you will let them scuttle off and take the wagon with praise to God and pop guns. Being a civilized man and not a savage, if you can capture the wagon without harm to the waggoners, you will

do so; will be thankful to get the wagon and its contents on the cheapest terms feasible to all parties in the transaction, whether you are able to cart the same home or require to burn it on the spot to prevent its being recaptured. Now, you know, times were — when all fighting was hand to hand — when the wagon could not be taken or destroyed otherwise than thus; times when the power to capture or destroy the wagon necessarily implied the power, and, therefore, in chivalrous Bayard, the duty, to let the inoffending rustics 'scape. Since the introduction of field-guns, the case of this wagon and its waggoners, perhaps with some good gossips sitting on the top of it, grateful for a lift on the way to market, is somewhat altered. I desire to ask any humanest American General whether, believing the arrival of the wagon at its enemy destination important to prevent, yet not having the power to send a detachment of infantry to bring it off or burn it, he would, having the power to do this, hesitate to send a cannon ball into the middle of it? Suppose yourself, my dear Yankee General with heart full of the milk of human kindness, to be in a somewhat perilous and besieged position, greatly straitened, cut off from supply, your fellow countrymen, their wives and children all looking to you as their bulwark, their lives and fortunes dependent upon you; upon you, posted in the breach, with honor, manhood, all that can make the name of country dear at stake; the wrestle between yourself and your foe resolving itself more and more into a question of Which of us is going to hold out the longest? Conceive yourself in some such position as this, I say: then that you knew how beyond the limits of your enemy's immediate battlefield supplies were being brought to him in vehicles manned as I have described; superb eight horse drays some of them, coster's barrows others, many a fashionable Diligence with its gay load of Passengers and its belly stuffed with copper, cartridges, what not, a very motley Transport Train, like what you see on the road to Epsom Races, all and sundry pressed into the service (gods, Olympic, Oceanic, Tramps and Herring Trawlers). To reach the mightiest or the sorriest of those vehicles by sally forth of infantry is quite beyond your possibilities. But if, by some long distance projectile or aerial torpedo, you could hope to spread havoc and dismay among so strange a Proteus' Flock climbing the hills and dipping down in the valleys, should you hesitate to say Fire away, my hearties;

give it them in singles platoons and volleys. See if they can stand it? Should you reckon it your duty to flash out Warnings to them, that they might stay still while you took steadier aim? They'd be so sure to do it, especially if, once 'ware of him, they had the power to turn the tables on your deadly Messenger. I am certain you would not reckon it a sin to launch a bomb at such a wago laden with munitions of war because the waggoners would probably be blown to pieces as well as the wagon; neither at the Diligence if it, too, had been pressed into the same service, because it did still carry harmless travellers as well. Should you reckon it a sin to fire at any because in such a medley there might be many a wedding chariot or harmless milk-float innocent of aught could do you harm, the which from the conditions of your aim, you could not always be sure of not mistaking? Again, No. You would regret such accidents as much as any; but would know, in a stern and truly noble Humanity, that you would be neglecting your duty if you did not do your utmost to spread havoc and dismay among such a wagon Transport Service conveying supply to your country's foes. Moreover, if those foes had already declared all foodstuff destined even for wives and children to be contraband and acted on that declaration, I do not think you would be very particular what *sort* of Supply going to them you would reckon fair prey.

Now, before the invention of the Submarine, the Merchant Ship at sea was in very much the same position as the wagon manned by rustics before the introduction of artillery. Hitherto the power to capture or sink the Merchant Ship almost necessarily implied the power to save the crew, therefore for every humane Naval Commander the duty to do so. *Therefore.* Hitherto, the alternatives never were in fact Save the crew intact, or leave the ship alone, to go her own way intact. It has been widely but very rashly concluded that these were the alternatives: But they never were: they only appeared to be so. Because, before the advent of the Submarine, the power to capture or sink the Merchant Ship so almost absolutely involved the power to save the crew that no alternative save humanely saving or barbarously mistreating it at will had been dreamt of. Hitherto, not to save the crew was reckoned inhuman because the power to save it necessarily co-existed wherever the power to capture or sink the vessel existed. Any exception to this rule being too

few and unimportant to need seriously considering. Where the reasonable power to save the crew does exist, it remains, and will always remain, inhuman not to save it. But the Submarine often cannot save the crew or even give it warning of its fate without either running itself into destruction or losing its prey. And it is a very powerful and important weapon, needing very serious consideration, — of quite another sort to that it has got in most quarters. Its advent wrought a fundamental change in the laws of war upon commerce. I refer to the Laws of Fact, to which those of Parchment will have to conform. You see it clearly, do you not, Reader? That so long as the power to sink the ship and the power to save the crew were practically inseparable, the duty to save the crew was plain. No warship's captain excusable if he fired at the merchant ship at sight and sent it to the bottom, mouse and man, just *to save himself the trouble* of examining, boarding, salving. But that once these two Powers, to destroy the vessel, to save the crew, became separated, the possession of the first *not* involving that of the second, the question of Duty, in regard to the saving of the crew was on the instant vitally modified. It is the possession of power that creates duty. Hitherto the question for each naval captain raiding commerce was, as for the ordinary warship's captain it remains, Save the crew, or, in callous indifference to its fate, omit to do so. But for the Submarine's captain, commonly, Send the vessel, as it floats there with all sorts aboard, to the bottom, or leave it untouched? Obviously there is no analogy between these two most radically diverse cases; and laws of duty applicable to the one, quite inapplicable to the other.

Crews of ships engaged in carrying Supply to the enemy do not differ from the drivers, etc., of waggons engaged in the same service on land. Whose civilian or non-combatant character will not save the waggons from being shelled, if shelled these can more conveniently be than by other means captured or destroyed. Such waggoners have to take the risk, confessedly on all sides. Hitherto the merchant vessel at sea could not be thus shelled by who could not, usually with the more profit to himself, peaceably capture instead: Now it can: That is the kernel of the whole matter. Is it a thing to make such a frightful fuss about? Methinks, if the crews had not been told they were inviolable innocents, they would have understood their position and taken

the risks uncomplaining, with at least as much manfulness as those Rustic Waggoners long have. And as for Passengers, if they persisted in travelling on those ships carrying Supply, after fair public notice given that they were now as liable to be torpedoed as the waggon to be shelled, they assuredly should have frankly accepted the risk similarly. Especially after offers made that ships guaranteed *bona fide* passenger alone should be inviolate.

If it is said, The ordinary warshiplong did occasionally have the power to destroy by shell when it lacked the power to capture as prize, the answer is *occasionally*. Quite too occasionally to be raised in this comparison; and mutually foreborne. Never before was absolute domination of the seas by ordinary warship set against sole and immense power to attack Commerce by torpedo alone.

For, of course, the use of the Submarine for this purpose is not to be resorted to except where no better way is open. Though I think we shall all have to admit that the Submarine has come to stay, for who knows how long? That its existence will much modify war on Commerce permanently. Or at least for an unknown length of time! You know what the Circumstances were under which Germany did resort to the use of it so, that there was no better way open to her. Unless hands folded on the breast and meek eyes turned to heaven is to be reckoned a better. I should not reckon it a better. Truly, Gentlemen, there is simply no doubt that Germany was fully justified in resorting to this form of Warfare in those Circumstances; that she was Right and not Wrong to so resort to it; that her Commanders would have neglected their Duty to their Country if they had not thus utilized the Submarine to the fullest extent consistent with a wise reckoning of other factors properly influencing their decision in resort to the use of it and in continuance of the use of it. The Warfare itself was right and not wrong for Germany.

The next thing for us to turn to is the Right or Wrong of the British Actions which produced the Circumstances in which the Submarine Warfare arose, or, after, added fuel.

Glancing for a moment at the higher ethical aspects: If the British had been fighting Germany in a just cause, — Nay; if they had got into war with Germany anyhow yet *honestly*, whether

in a correct or a mistaken reading of their duties, whether sagaciously or haplessly, their right, in the most searching meaning of the word right, to gain as complete a command of the seas as they *could* gain were above challenge. I say their right, as far as it is possible for men to know what their right is; they try it thus, and learn by finding what it is they can. And I say command, not tyranny. If the British made war upon Germany evilly, their prosecution of it was certain to be likewise evil and in the *same* way. — — Have you noticed, for instance, how even all their charges against the German are of one kind? Lusts of the Brute in every case: War for conquest, atrocities by soldiery, Murder and Piracy at sea, ‚Militarism', Kaiser Despot, Prussian Tyranny. With all possible sins and iniquities to choose from (they say so, and I say so in another sense) they charge the German with one sort alone. In spite of all their fertility of imagination, unrestricted by care whether the thing chosen for charge be true, they can harp on one string only. And for themselves, when you come to study their prosecution of the war, their Blockade of Germany, etc., you will see that the manner in which they have gone about these things has been precisely the same as the manner in which they presented their ‚Case' and aforetime gave entertainment to subtle *Entente* no Alliance. Irreproachably decent, whatever uncleanness diaphanous stole made doubly evident. Though I grant that in the tussle of war this drapery has sometimes got pulled awry, in haste been neglected. — — If the British only became able to concentrate that enormous fleet of theirs in the North Sea by wrongful means, then its very existence there was a Wrong for which they will have to answer to heaven, receive penalty on earth. But quitting this now, and taking them simply as a Belligerent Power:

Their right, in common parlance, to sweep all German warships off the seas if they could is out of question. Right and Wisdom. How far, having the power to do it, it was either right or prudent to absolutely sweep all German Commerce off the seas may be a little questionable to me. Possession of power creates duty. Whilst the problem was How much of the Enemy's Commerce *can* you sweep off, mutually endeavoured with some degree of approximation and entire success never in sight — Why then, it always was endeavoured. I leave it to your deeper meditation whether the complete power, one sided, will not alter

the duty of its possessor and of any Neutral becoming concerned. This is too high ethical. It had been madness to think of it to-day. Our business lies far lower down, in spheres unvisited by Magnanimity. For the effects of the possession of complete power, in any matter, upon different men are very diverse. Some will say: Now are all my duties in this matter increased and is my grace free to act. Others: Now need I be bound by no law; and, whatever I agreed to forebear doing to another whilst he had power to do the like to me, even that may I now do with impunity. That complete power held by the Briton has not been his own, nor honourably come by. Without France and the rest fighting along with him he had not possessed it. He bargained for the power for the very purpose of using it as he has done. And the main effect on Neutrals of his holding it has been to increase their temptations and multiply their troubles.

The forbidding of Neutral ships to carry any manner of Supply even foodstuffs to Germany; to their own ports for conveyance thence to Germany; the dictating to Neutrals what and how much they were to carry even for themselves, measuring this out to them, so much of one commodity we calculate is sufficient for your own needs and not a ton more shall you have lest it get to that Arch-Foe of ours, that other commodity we declare superfluous to you and forbid you to have on any terms: — all this was more than a little questionable. A great deal of this was an unwarrantable interference with Neutral Shipping, a thoroughly tyrannous exercise of power. Domineering the seas does differ immensely from commanding them. International Law was certainly broken here. Though the Attorneys be ever ready to argue. And who looks thither for help in forming his own resolution will never know who kept true, or proved false to the spirit. If one party do treat International Law as a dead letter, this will render his eclaim at another's violation a mockery; but it is the eternal laws, the intrinsic justice and equitv that I care about. And *these* have not been regarded bv the British, here at any rate. In their Premier 's words, they have, in their treatment of Neutrals .Stopped at Nothing' — or nothing save the palpably perilous to themselves. What they *could* force Neutrals to submit to has been the sole limit to what they would force them to submit to. Not the limit to what thev have tried. Let us see what is the extreme burden you will suffer us to put

on you without taking up arms against us! *There*, and there alone, have they felt their honor grip them. Burdens gradually increased with solemn assurance each time that the item then laid on the poor Neutral's back should be the last. Attempt to impose the whole at once had made him rear straightway; but once judiciously weighted he'll not find this so easy. Get your ass bridled, and you may hope to lead him, can then more safely apply the cudgel, if he show contrarious will.

On many of the ways in which this Stoppage of all Supply to Germany was accomplished by the British the stamp of iniquity is indelibly printed. I am afraid on nearly all which were diplomatic and concerned the Laws of Nations, as distinct from their Navy's mere carrying but the orders given it. It is Violence which is charged against the German. Violence may be right *or* wrong: Iniquity is wrong. And we shall have to consider those Ways in which the Stoppage of Supply was accomplished again. But first, of course, whether the Stoppage itself was justifiable, supposing that it could have been accomplished without iniquity. Along with which will go the British Exclaim at Germany's Retaliation.

To begin with, ask yourself If it was prudent? By stopping all Supply even foodstuffs, by creating those Circumstances which I have impressed upon you, begging you never to lose sight of them, the British certainly invoked the Submarine Warfare. Treat any Nation *so*, it is sure to retaliate. Was it, then, a prudent thing to do? But the British never weighed these things. They rushed on the Germans expecting to *speedily* crush them, and exerted all their power ruthlessly. Not believing that the Germans would ever get the chance of seriously damaging them, and trusting that a swift victory would secure them from criticism, that in the power of their might they could disregard it. Simultaneously defaming the Germans to their utmost, to make it appear they were but giving them their deserts. As their difficulties increased, sinking into lower and lower depths of the same.

Next, If that total stoppage of Supply, even foodstuffs, could, intrinsically, be a fair and honorable thing to do? This *is* a hard question to answer. A question I do not know the answer to, in the present case. As it is permissible to stop all supply from entering a besieged city, so must it be to stop it from entering a besieged nation. I admit this general proposition entirely, would

assert it against any German who denied it. Also, that, regarding the Allies simply as Belligerent Powers, the question, How far it was justifiable or permissible for them so to stop all supply from entering Germany? is a question which *is* ,in its own nature' an abstruse one, very difficult to determine the answer to. Messrs Wilson, Bryan, Lansing & Co. gazing into it intensely for many months have found it extremely abstruse, growing ever the more so the more they studied it, no ray of daylight visible to them. Their decision, after all that poring over it and racking of their wearied brains, Give it to the Wigs, and let them have a year to answer. Alas, Gentlemen, if you had looked with a little natural human eyesight into other matters, wherein Man could full surely have seen daylight, is it not probable that, with duty valiantly done in *them*, you would have found that this had solved itself sufficiently, so far as you were concerned in it?

Those Circumstances produced by this stopping of all Supply are not such as we can look upon as blest? No. Nor the Submarine's retaliation, either. Yet have I asserted it justified in those Circumstances. So must I that the stopping of all supply *could* be justified by circumstances, could be rightly resorted to by honorable men. Whether and how far it was permissible to the Allies, just as Belligerents, I must leave open. Do not reckon that it was ever America's duty to do anything except leave it open. Do very sternly reckon that it was her duty to insist on reciprocity, to say everywhere to one If you do that, you must leave the other free to do this. If she spoke at all. And, certainly, her duty never to forbid to one what the actions of the other had provoked and rendered just.

To stop Supply is permissible, broadly. To prevent foodstuffs from reaching even the women and children of your foe? Well, of course; there are conditions under which the humanest of commanders-in-chief would have to insist even on this extremity of rigor. I do not believe that those conditions existed in the present instance; and the virulent, most embittered spirit which the British Government and Nation generally displayed the instant Britain declared war renders it impossible to credit that *they* resorted to this expedient reluctantly, as a sad necessity. Thev have not even said so. Merely composedly announced to the World their superior determination to exercise this severely beneficent form of ruthlessness against the German, and bade

all Neutrals conform to their regulations formed for that purpose. That these also might have their due share in so divine an example of Humanity, and not be shut out from Paradise by omitting to aid in it. Of course it was not the object of the British to starve the women and children. Their argument that the store was common to soldier and civilian; that to let food in for the women and children though *it* might go to them, would enable the Germans to feed their armies from that part of their own store which had otherwise been required to be kept back for the civilian. At least, their argument might have been this. So far as I have heard it, it was: We can't trust those people. If we let food in, it would go to their armies, whatever they promised to the contrary. They shall not have it on any terms. For we are resolved to crush them; and, though our League's numbers be as ten to one against them, we see no hope of bringing them under our heel except by starvation.

I can only say: First, that to prevent all foodstuffs reaching Germany, even for her women and children, *was* an Extremity of Rigor. An act in Ruthlessness far surpassing anything the Submarine has done. After the warnings given, women and children had no business to be on ships subject to torpedo. Second, that the British did not resort to this Extremity of Rigor from any just necessity. Third, that their action in resorting to it as they did were defensible solely if they honestly believed the Germans to be a Nation of Miscreants, so dangerous to Human Society that they required to be dealt with in the utmost severity. Which, as you know, has been their own argument. That is the attitude they took in enforcing this same Extremity of Rigor. Fourth, that no nation with any such honest conviction concerning the character of another could possibly have acted in any part of the matter as the British nation has. They resorted to this Extremity, among others, because, in their war against Germany, there was nothing they would stop at.

Grant them free to stop at nothing. Let every question of right and wrong in what they did go out of the reckoning. Grant if you wish it, that the British need not have been restrained by any law of morality, humanity, prudence or what else. Grant them, if you wish it, absolutely Lawless Brutes seeking another 's destruction. Such as they call the Germans: You cannot go further in definition of Lawless Brute. There they are then,

entitled by the laws of their own constitution as Living Organisms in Nature to do the uttermost they can against the German. Will you now say that, having created those Circumstances, ruthlessly enforced that Extremity of Rigor, their Exclaim at the German's Retaliation is a thing to listen to, otherwise than as to the howl of a gorilla when he feels the victim he has been trampling on suddenly bite him in an unexpected tender portion of his anatomy? — You, American, would rush to the rescue, peremptorily forbid the victim ever to bite like that again if it would not have you also added to its open foes? But to stick to the Exclaim: On the hypothesis of the British being just any lowest sort of Organism, you of course admit their right to howl and lie and curse as loud as their lungs will enable them; but are you really going to take down their utterances whilst in that bebitten predicament as inspired oracles to be graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever? Perhaps not quite. But yet to take them for your texts canonical for every sermon and oration delivered in and for the passing hour wheresoever two or three of you are gathered together; all your printing presses amplifying, illustrating, reiterating, Never did bebitten creature give voice in so infectious key, and denizens of transatlantic forests break forth in symphony. 'Twas irresistible; whoever caught that sound must on the instant try if his own vocal organs could repeat it. A thing recalling to your mind the Religious Manias of the Middle Ages. When some ecstatic wretch coming into town would demonstrate the Gift of Tongues, and, at the hearing, the whole populace lose its reason; Bishops have to execute a few, lash some hundreds, ere peace could be restored. Or like the tales of the Tarantula: Which tell that one bitten of this insect must dance till he died, and none who saw the dance could restrain himself from imitating. Demonic possessions, only to be exorcised by much prayer and fasting. Castigation not omitted, either. You will not be charging me with that omission, if a while dubious of the exercise devout. Yet may perhaps come to believe it, also.

To drop metaphor. Whatever may be thought of the British Blockade, their domination of the seas, of their right to produce those circumstances which caused the German to resort to the use of the Submarine to attack Commerce, their Exclaim at this Retaliation is, on no hypothesis, defensible. A contemptible

absurdity this, deserving the unmitigated scorn of men. Sweep every German ship you can, naval or merchant off the seas; enforce to the fullest extent of your power every arbitrary will of our own against your foe. But, having done so, be at least prepared to take the consequences without whimpering, accept these at any rate as a man, or even a brute, would, instead of shrieking like a Bedlamite. It is simply the Exclaim of the British at the natural Retaliation which shows how utterly preposterous their attitude toward the German was. This face of offended godliness, astonishment in its every feature, shocked not beyond expression but to the utterance indeed, which they turn upon the world whilst pointing to the German answer to their actions, tells you very clearly in what spirit it was they went about those actions, what their Lordships did expect of the German. Meek submission, namely, for all they'd call him devil. That he *ought*, they'd still insist; asseverating, these things prove him rebellious to our will. Can you need more proof? Astonishment in every feature. It seems a pity to put such Lordships out of countenance, addressing them as mere calamitous mortals, but I am obliged to say to them as straightly as any Mahomet to a Sultan:

Stop every morsel of food which might reach a German mouth, and we will leave your right to do this an open question. But *take the consequences without whimpering*, or we can esteem you nothing but a Bully who delights in maltreating only who cannot harm in return, some Big Tom who runs screaming to his mammy when Billy, whom he struck at vantage, hits him back. Reject every proposal for the safety of Passengers on ships; and none will deny your title to so jeopardize your own. But *take the consequences without that despicable howling* or we shall have to pardon our foe if he believe that you sacrificed innocent lives for the deliberate purpose of charging him with the sin. (The reader knows that some exasperated Germans have so imagined. And all true men will in time see that though no such deliberate purpose existed, the Fact was much the same as if it had.) Arm your merchant ships mount guns on every Trawler, but *take the consequences.* (International Agreements apart, I see no harm in arming merchant ships. But may say that, in the present case, arming *any* was the same as arming *all*. How was the Submarine to know if a ship was armed? Are its guns visible

from the periscope? Does the armed ship carry any distinguishing mark visible from a distance by day and by night? Like the Neutral vessels, it sails with ARMED painted in huge characters on its hull, lit up with electric light at night? If not, was the Submarine to wait and see if it would *get* shot before firing shot or torpedo?) Do all these things and any more you like, and, regarding you simply as Belligerent seeking another's destruction, we will not debate your title. But *accept the consequences without whimpering*, or — What shall we have to regard you as? Among the strangest of overgrown Puppy-dogs ever registered in natural history? Alas, no; as something much worse than that.

Whereby we come naturally back to the Way in which the Stoppage of Supply etc., was gone about by the British. Just the same Way as they went about the war itself. Which was: No war — provided you'll submit to every ukase; with war to the knife, if you don't. And shriekery of shocking miscreant on refusal to submit. And remember that this manner of proceeding, shriekery included, was in part sincere. Sincere as the proceedings of formal persons are, as their shocked indignations are, when, all decent rules observed by them, their none too righteous words or deeds are called in question, fail to meet that douce acceptance which were becoming. Sincere as the proceedings of these are when they agree together, or resolve sole, what thing it is they'll do in the name of law, as their indignations are when this, announced or done, is not let pass or bowed to with that assent they reckon proper. In a word the British were sincere as formal persons, by station, supposed virtuous are, who expect to be supposed so whatever they may be, and grow ireful ,if Virture be anywhere not concluded where by their law and custom it is supposed', become incontinent despite of would-be dignity if this be expressly denied, the latent Vice made patent to the public eye.

The British have everywhere spoken *as if from the Seat of Authority*, acted *as if in Authority*. Now, you know, it was said of One: The People were astonished at his doctrine, for he spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. I give you the Antipodals. As the one is highest, so is the other lowest. Authority is in man or he cannot come by it. No investiture with office can ever create this in him; it must already exist in him. How can it exist? How can a man be an authority?

Solely by what are called his Gifts, from the Giver of all gifts. By his being a man of integrity, veracity, by nobility of character in him, depth of insight his; by his being intelligent of things as they are and having the fearlessness to act by them as he sees they are. Such a man will act according to that he is; he may often be in duty bound to act in a total disregard of what other men take him to be (in a sense always, as in another sense never) But what man speaks as if from the Seat of Authority, acts merely as in Authority, rests the whole of his claim to be obeyed upon what other men take him to be, upon the Place he holds in the world, — frequently adding the claim to be in special communication with the Almighty. Are not these Eternal Antipolars? The one assumes *not*, claims *not*, though he be eminently charged therewith by the children of Belial; he simply LIVES THAT HE IS. By the truth of that he lives and does he has an Authority like that which breathes in Nature, comes thereby to be obeyed. The other claims that authority which his earthly station names him entitled to, as primarily his by that station, and presumes thereon, offended at least challenge. The earthly station may have been first won by and loyally granted to the Just, and any Just born or elected to it will certainly claim his right; but he knows alway that it is no more than an outward acknowledgement of that must be in him. Whereas this other sees in *it* his title, and claims obedience to his will *as if just*, whatever it may be. Anointed Attorneyism is his god; and being in a Seat of Righteousness, he will have his acts *taken* for righteous no matter what they *are*. Not knowing what righteousness is, never having practised it himself, he, in time, almost actually believes that the form of law will make his acts righteous. The Form of Law becomes to him instead of Integrity. And Iniquity was ever named the *formal* Vice.

Throughout, the British have been viewed, by the English-speaking Races anyway, if we except the German-American, as Judges clothed — shall we say, in scarlet (which is the official dress of judges in England)? Oh no. No smell of the shambles invades their dining halls. — As long robed Judges fortified against extraneous noises, — and facts — most wigged, and able to ignore the contradictions of publicans. As Judges, I say, delivering verdicts from the Bench, or orations from the Woolsack. And the German viewed as in the dock, *there* to answer

for himself, though mostly forbidden to interrupt the hearing of evidence against him; at best be exculpated — of an item or two. In fact, the Two Parties do *not* stand in any such relation to each other. Nevertheless an optical illusion that they *do* is widely prevalent — in America. In Britain you may call it *complete:* and hence the ability of the British to impose it on others. If you wish to see either Party in his true character, to estimate aright any of his actions, I advise you to get rid of that Optical Illusion, as preliminary essential.

But thus it is that the British have been able to deceive the world. Their acts have all been done *as with the appearance of law.* The evil of their deeds has not been instantly visible, what they did has not been palpable to all eyes the moment it was done. Which of you, for instance, has seen any German woman or child suffering, and evidently as a consequence of the British embargo on foodstuffs? Whereas all of you have seen women and children drowning, evidently as a consequence of Submarine's torpedo. And not only there but everywhere has it been thus. If the British had long cockered Belgium that she might refuse the German passage, when the moment came directly commanded her to refuse it, the common eye never saw this. Though to every man whose sight can pierce at all through the Shows of Things into the Things themselves it was as plain as plain could be that this was what they did. What the common eye saw was German ‚invasion', Belgian cities laid in ruins by German guns. If the British had for decades been persistently hostile to Germany, checking her, thwarting her, at every turn, jealous of her as the stung are of the adder, though never stung by her; if they had sat as Hatching Mother to ‚Encircling Policy', whilst swearing the chicks should be free and Brood Hen never bound to them, yet free indeed to fly in the face of Mastiff, as maternal love dictated; if their workings had in verity wrought toward war whatever they professed, and if they stood all subtly ready and determined to lead on their Free-Chick League with every feather bristling *unless* the German could be throttled down to their will without; — the common eye never saw these things. Albeit to each true man's vision they were so very palpable. What the common eye saw was start of the war by Germany. It is very shameful to you, Men and Women of America, that these things have deceived you; that you have called him good who

wrought the Evil State, him bad who drew sword against it, saying Better death than this continue. That you have charged who drew the sword with blood-guiltiness, not him whose Iniquities had filled the general cup to the brim, who in the Fury of the Abandoned by the Gods, cast in the last few Drops of Bitterness which sent it foaming over, to deluge all with wild delirium. Who could not even fight without first filling the air with his curses, nor dream of possible victory except by World's aid and appeal to every evil passion. Whose Iniquities had been exposed and denounced within your hearing by one of those High Messengers sent to every Nation before its Last Day. Stopping their ears to whom, what excuse is left to them? And to *you*, who also could have heard him if you would, what excuse? Not that you needed to remember his word, though if yourselves true men you could never have failed to remember it. Nothing was needed of you but to be true men; lovers of veracity, searchers after it; haters of Mendacity, souls over whom its accursed spell could have no power, as it has had and now has.

Everywhere it has been the German who has directly done the deed in the light of day. Trusting, as man should, to that deed's own intrinsic validity. Appealing, if he appealed at all to World's Opinion, Is it not valid by the Facts? Everywhere it has been the British who have indirectly caused the mischief, by doing daily, yearly, that which was evil and not good; heaping up provocations to the unbearable pitch, within the letter of their law, at least with plausible pretence of this; entering into conspiracies with promise of support and to get aid for themselves, should the one they provoked refuse to bear it longer. Yet always saying, Why could he not bear it? Professing law and appealing very much to World's Opinion, Was not all we did lawful?

Which has deceived the World. A sorry World to be so deceiveable. For is not this just the worst sin ever? Look at it in Civil matter. The Tyrant, some Richard Hunchback, sending men to the block or whipping post, seizing their wives and their goods. Yes. But Sublime Officialdom, with its rules of the office, and clerks with the cold dastardly spurt of their pens, which in fact is accountable for greater and more widespread evil than ever any confessed Tyrant was, yet can nowhere be directly convicted thereof. *Religious* superstition and bigotry, fanatical for Creed, seeking to persecute, extirpate, heresy and heretics,

as if by heavenly mandate. Americans think they know that and abhor it. Yet is not the whole Remnant of it still remaining completely at one with that *Political* ditto Americans know not, but are themselves infected with? Sainted Attorneys and Pharisees of Principle who work always with a form of law and swear their aims and deeds most high beneficent yet within are ever full of all uncleanness: Are not they the true bloodguilty? Though they wash their hands in public, and it is another who stands grim with that slaughter it is their acts have brought upon the world. Stump-orators pleasing to Buncombe who never had much other aim than the, to them, so seeming-harmless one of pleasing Buncombe, yet were in station where mere omission will bring cataclysm. The joint and separate workings of all these and many more of kin, of their various compounds, have been fearfully active in Britain for a long time past. For ages past scarcely any Public Office has been held in Britain by men of any other breed than these. As decade has succeeded decade it has come nearer and nearer to none save these for Statesmen, Rulers, Guides and Teachers, Parish Priests and Councillors. A People who have forgotten God as much as ever People did. Who, in the words of Carlyle, have everywhere *‚taken up the Facts of this Universe as they ARE NOT‘*. Persist therein till Destruction come.

And now if such a People try, and vainly try, to throttle down, to prevent all growth and increase in and to another People who are right manfully endeavouring to live by the Facts of this Universe as they are, do you need any ghost to tell you in what Ways they will go about that enterprise? Cannot you open your eyes and see them? And will you continue to say that it is that other People and not they who are accountable for horrid war resulting? Since they swear they wanted not war but only that their Reign of Falsehood might continue, spread its blessings over yet other lands, who threatened it by mere existence to be kept tight in pound, and did all with plausible pretence of law, therefore, who broke the walls of the pound, when it on two sides was attached at once, is guilty of the war which has resulted? Your sympathies are all with the People which do Iniquity in peace, not with that other People who went forth to battle in their own defence, saying: Here is no peace possible for *us* at least, nor can be till we've won it. And, in the very truth, by acting thus, as

manhood bade, in their own most dire necessity, have become the World's Protagonist against Mendacity?

British Statesmen might resolve to Blockade Germany, lay an embargo on all foodstuffs, or what else in that sort pleased them, but it was only by means of the British Navy that Britain was able to accomplish any of this. And on that Navy's methods of carrying out the orders given to it I have no critism to make.

Since I wrote ‚Carlyle and the War' many things have become certain to me which were then uncertain. Among them this: That except for the British Navy, Germany had already gained the victory over all her foes. Huge as the Combine against her is, enormous as the odds against her on land are, it is now clear that she would before this present have overcome one and all of the nations leagued against her there, if her multitudinous foes had not had such immense preponderance of power at sea as to completely dominate the seas.

I am a Briton and could wish that I might be proud of the British Navy. Surely, also, there is much there whereof I may be proud and am. Yet power by *mere* number and weight of ships is not a thing to be proud of. And it cannot last. Never, I tell you. No faith is deeper rooted in the soul of man than that.

I wrote a word or two a little way back on the ‚Two-Power Standard'. The right strength of any country's armament is that which suits its own needs, that which grows naturally as requisite for its own development in security, and does *not* spring from jealousy. Perennially is that the truth, the deep eternal law of the matter. Britain with her many Colonies and Dependencies, her world-wide Trade, came by the nature of that case to have a powerful fleet; and it proved sufficient for her needs, able to win for her that Freedom of the Seas, before forbidden her. No might of Spain with France to aid could close the seas against her. The Pope's Meridian had no validity in nature; Justice was with England, and she won. ‚Won', as Carlyle wrote of it, ‚not Freedom of the Seas for herself only, but Dominion of them *if she were not wiser.* Guardianship of that Freedom for all. Dominion only for that wise object.' *If she were not wiser.* The italics are mine. Ceasing to be wiser, using her Dominion to forbid the Freedom of the Seas to the German, just as the Spaniard in his decline forbade it to her, reckon you that Britain,

with France, with Russia and Japan and all to aid, will win her will? Her claim to *so* dominate is not valid in nature, Justice is with the German, and, be it now or be it later, *he* will win. Fail to graciously yield unto another his just rights in this creation, refuse to permit him these, and, as certain as God lives, the power you abuse shall be wrested from you. Not though you could collect and command against the One you're jealous of, the ships of every other nation could you maintain your power then. For *then* you fight against no mortal opposite but run athwart the eternal bias of creation, which is to Justice and that only.

With her numerous Colonies, Dependencies and World-wide Trade, Britain might long have continued to have a powerful fleet, probably by far the most powerful afloat. But *thither* should her whole care have been directed. Not to have a Navy stronger than this one or that, but simply proper to own needs, leaving every other country free to have Navy suited to its needs. Never was an Armament raised for Lust or built in Fear other than a peril to its owners, a deadly menace to world's peace, and thing to bring upon its owners all the dangers they thought to avert. For Lo ye! they have put their trust in plates of iron and much cordite, and will never have enough; not knowing where to turn for strength, nor how man can love peace yet live prepared for all may come. True valor ever says No to the suggestions of Pride and Fear. Looks to its own duties, trusts itself, and grants to every other free right to prove his valor and general worth, gain to himself what he can of the boundless wealth which is the equal inheritance of all who are worthy. Is there a term to peril? Cans't bind the winds or secure thee from the shock of earthquake? Tremblest thou at the Mighty Men, and fearest the secret counsels of the wicked, art appalled at their Leagues and their Numbers? Can all the Hosts of the Earth put thee in dread? Shall not thy right hand suffice thee, and thy soul be in God's keeping?

O Americans! Americans! Never get infected with the rage to be stronger than another. There is no end to it save in the Pit. Be true to yourselves, *neglect* not your defences, have such Armament as is *meet for you*, and measure it by no other standard; trust ever that so, and so only shall you be ever ready to meet all comers if need be.

Look at Germany's army! There is an Arnament which has

grown up naturally by the needs of the country; gradually, beautifully, in contact with Nature and Fact, from the Old Dessauer and the drillings of the ursine Friedrich Wilhelm, through the Seven Years' Storm, the instantaneous defeat of France in 1870, onward to this Storm now raging. A Grand Phenomenon, that Army. Which came into existence by the vital necessities of the country, and has continued to grow in might in strict accord with these. All charges of ‚Militarism' wind and blue vapor. Very poisoned wind, and vapor not such as adds beauty to the valleys, hills and skies, but steams from putrefying matter, or say from witch's cauldron mid foul incantations and wherein men can see whatever hideous shapes they list. An army created for Defence, security of Developement, the vital need whereof has been proved to-day, and which to-day is proving its capacity to meet that need: Its country's Bulwark, and that Country's Glory.

Militarism! Army for Agression, Conquest, what not! Germany asks nothing save to be left in peace and as free to the lands and the oceans of this planet as any other denizen of it. Nor has ever asked more, never drew sword save because this was forbidden to her. Britain openly demands suppression, destruction, absolute crush. Are you not ashamed, Americans? And you cry Humanity! too. Germany never added two regiments to her army whenever France or Russia or England added one to their's. Germany never laid a keel but Britain on the instant laid down two. Demonstrating in public that she would never let Germany have a Navy if she could help it. Britain has been bitterly jealous of all German colonizing, of Germany gaining for herself any naval station anywhere on the earth, and of all German commerce, though these things were as much the German's right as any other's. Britain has added enormously to her Navy in recent years, yet she did it not in care for her own needs but palpably, confessedly in Opposition to another. Britain's present Navy is the hugest this world has ever seen, the most preponderant in number and weight of ship. And the British did not create it thus huge and preponderant in care for their own needs, for security of their Empire. They built it from Jealousy and in Enmity; not to defend themselves but to overwhelm whom they looked on with dread and envy; to demonstrate to him their resolve to forbid to him his equal right

to the seas, be able to destroy him should he not accept the demonstration without trial of battle. Therefore is the Ban of Heaven on every rivet they drove.

The British have said and thought that they built this Navy like their ‚Encircling Policy', for their own needs and in care of their Empire's security, *because* they and their's were threatened by the Growth of Another Nation's Power. It is what the Mean and Base have always said and thought, what the Noble and True have never said or thought or done. It is a very ancient tale, many times repeated. And throughout Man's History no Armament so raised, no Nation which built it, has ever met other than one fate.

This British Navy of to-day is not serving the need of Britain to-day, as Germany's Army is that of Germany. This war was forced on Germany. Germany had no choice but to fight, and went to war in self-defence. She nobly rose at the call of the Eternal Destinies to meet the Inevitable Trial assigned her by the Gods, for reasons known only to the Gods, unfathomable by men. Britain had no cause to enter the war, went into it voluntarily, driven on by Spectral Terrors and Demonic Possessions, in the hope to crush whom she regarded as a Rival and much dreaded, therefore seized what she thought a not-to-be-missed opportunity to overwhelm. That she might find the Inevitable Doom assigned to her by the Gods for her Iniquities, wherewith the world was full to surfeit. All warnings disregarded and offers of Redemption turned from.

And it is by the British Navy that this Doom is awhile held off from Britain, but for it, it had already fallen on her; and her Counsellors are proud of their works. Each Nation's Day is preappointed, and no Doom can fall before its hour. God is mighty and wise: Every wild Mahomet, seeing the wicked in his glory, has asseverated this. It is through the power of the British Navy that Germany's Trial is made so sore, her fate still kept hanging in the balance: God is mighty and wise: Every wild Mahomet, trodden in the dust, has asseverated this. So frightful an Implement of Power in evil hands and imperilling the lives of the Just! O German! Attribute not folly to Him. Say, Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

Remember that the British Navy, howsoever recently swollen by Malice, was first built by Heroical Virtue, still in reality owes

its power to the Inheritance that left to Britain. And never, when the day of your Supremacy comes, do the like; but daily conquer your Inheritance anew, for so only can it continue with you and Heroical Virtue be ever yours.

The Heroical Virtue was long in building the British Navy. From the Old Norse Vikings to Blake and Rodney, Collingwood and Nelson, some thousand years. What it built may well last a hundred or two. But with the Virtue gone without return, what it built cannot continue indefinitely. If the German can himself continue and true to himself, he need have no misgiving the British Navy will alway be a peril to him, or even much longer. Equal ship to equal ship, he is already fully the Briton's match; it is by Number alone that the Briton now dominates the seas: Which fact alone is really decisive. And, if the two continue to proceed in the same direction as they have severally been doing in recent years in regard to that most vital point, it will not be long before the German is much more than the Briton's match, equal ship to equal ship. But apart from this, Such an Implement of Power as the present British Navy is, used for evil, cannot in its own nature continue. The seeds of death are *in* it, irrespective of what may come upon it from without. Britain's Navy may remain throughout this war too powerful for the German to attack it with any reasonable hope of success.* Though I should never be surprised if the event proved otherwise. Attackable or unattackable to-day, yet it cannot endure. Even undefeated from without, Self-Dissolution is bound, in time, to come upon it in one form or another. Were there hope of Repentance and a Return to Veracity on the part of the British, it would all be otherwise. But it is eternally beyond he capacities of men and nations to retain that power which they use for evil.

Coming now specially to the Right and Wrong of this Submarine Warfare as upon Neutral shipping.

I have only to say that I can recognise no such essential difference between Neutral vessels carrying contraband and the enemy's own merchant ships as to debar their being attacked by Submarine, if attackable by no more desirable weapon. What

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* Written before it had. *with success.* First battle between the great fleets fought the week after this was written.

applies to the one applies similarly to the other. There is this difference full surely: That whereas the enemy's own ships can* be justifiably sunk simply as *his ships*, irrespective of what they have on board, even as on land you may shell transport waggons whether empty or loaded, provided you do know or have good ground to believe them employed in your enemy's service, you can have no title to so treat the Neutral vessel! You must be reasonably sure first that contraband is on board. But if reasonably sure of this, I cannot see that the same law will not apply to the Neutral vessel as to the enemy's own merchant ship, whereof I have already spoken. Recollect that we are here considering *essential right and wrong*, not prudence or imprudence of act unless that be expressly referred to. Should you engage in this sort of warfare against Neutral shipping, you will sometimes make mistakes, and will require to apologise and indemnify. As a man, this you will do according to the grace which is in you. Perhaps merely casting an eye of sorrow on a known friend. But, if your *prudence* so dictate. Salaaming low unto Bashaw, or even quite prostrating with every oriental token of submission.

I love the Dignity which knows the world and can perform obeisance to the little worthy, if need call, without self-soil or any inward stoop save to the worthy; rightly done, as it can be, it is purer. loftier, holier far than statuesque immoveability or any knee of brass too stiff to bend. My Waldo, we cannot always meet as Gods. For, see you not? 'tis oft no God at all we've got to humor, but a poor infirm and brother mortal, dressed in a little brief authority and playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as makes the angels weep, who with our spleens would all laugh mortal. And it is often our part to humor him. Which duty who cannot do had best stay in the academies; who would never do has spleen still, and is — his cousin not so very far removed. — When mistake is made, the Neutral's wrath, in equity, reserves itself dependent on how far, or if at all, you were guilty of culpable negligence. Which, I observe, with honor to her, that Holland has recognized to be the law, in equity, though some Bashaws we know of have soared too high aloof to see it so. And German had to prove himself adept in salaam.

As for what may be reckoned contraband. 'Tis a wide

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* *Can* i. e. under certain conditions, may be.

question. All war materials, the entire furnishings of your enemy's armament, which can include the smallest item of a private soldier's kit, these things are admitted to be fairly reckoned contraband. Beyond these, I will only remark that Germany had *as much* right to forbid foodstuffs to Britain as Britain to forbid them to her; to forbid any ship to approach Britain's shores as Britain to forbid them hers. That the one was able to enforce these, its self-made restrictions by ordinary warship, the other by Submarine alone, does not affect the intrinsic justice or injustice. It was preposterous to allow that one might do these things because it could with form of law, insist that the other must not *although* it could by a weapon for the use of which no form of law had been laid down, seeing it was hitherto unknown. If permissible in fact, the want of formal regulation can never be impediment. And how it was permissible in fact has been declared. The laws of each thing's use inherent in it must be found by practise before any regulations for its use can be drawn up. Lawyers had best understand these before they scribble parchment. And as for saying no New Weapon shall be used until the Wigs have decided upon *how*, did ever Bedlam raise a madder plea? In the midst of war, peril upon every hand, thou'st found a way to launch thy bolts against Oppression's Might, not out of the azure vault but in the blue deep, and *mayest not* because no horse-hair has been shaken on the how! Wide-eyed wonder, and all Olympus still before it peals with merriment. But, Husht! and humor that little God o 'the world.

International Agreements, mutually observed, may modify these things. I here speak of the essential right and wrong of the acts themselves. *That* comes first, and it is a most fatal thing to try to spell it backwards, namely from the Agreements. Mortal's Laws are valid solely in so far as they are *true* interpretations of the right and wrong which IS in every matter, irrespective of what any human statute names it. Mutual Agreements to forbear this or that, which may not be wrong in its own nature, but the forbearing of which mitigates horror in warfare and the forbearing of which becomes feasible, therefore a duty, where the forbearance is mutually observed, must be mutually observed to continue binding. Neither will one party's continued observance of particular item, easy to him, make the other wrong because he refuses to observe it, if the first party have taken such

advantage of his power as to enforce upon the other conditions which render his continued observance of the particular item a preposterous thing to demand. Moreover, where the act is not in its own nature ever wrong, Agreement to forbear doing it may at all times be broken after fair notice given, if to continue forbearing to do it have become in the fact one-sided and no longer well possible. Every Belligerent may forbear for mitigation of horror what he cannot forbear when necessary for the prosecution of his war. You cannot lay down rules to cover every case, and the right or wrong is ever to be judged by the Circumstance and the Spirit. I have to repeat these things, for they must not be forgotten. And if you would honestly look at the Facts, the Circumstances and Spirit, I think you would surely see that the German has shown vastly more Humanity than any of his foes. What he has done he had to do in self-defence, and, on the whole, *not* with more horror than was unavoidable. It is his foes have ruthlessly exerted their Power to work their own wills, seeking to destroy who had never done them harm, and stopped at no grossest injustice to Neutrals in pursuance of that aim. Their Power has enabled them to do this without their hands being instantly and visibly dipped in blood, yet are their hands no cleaner than Pilate's. Nor does the German stand more horrible in gore than Ulysses mid the Suitors, or Cromwell at Tredah. Who wrote that he could well have had remorse if the grounds of his actions had not justified them.

America has been a Neutral, however nominally, and it is her actions in regard to the Submarine Warfare which has raised it into such prominence. But, as I intend to devote the seventh and last division of this section on that Warfare wholly to America's Conduct in respect of it, I shall leave most of what I have to say thereon till then.* Here only repeat that since America accepted the British Blockade and Embargo, with or without protest *accepted*, namely by not refusing to be bound by it or to observe the conditions imposed on her by it, she thereby forfeited any right she might have had to take action against the German's natural Retaliation. Which Retaliation, also, would in all probability never have needed to be resorted to if America had not toed the line as ordered by Britain, submitted herself con-

* The event proved otherwise, however!

formable to the many and extraordinary Regulations imposed upon her by that high Mistress of the Seas of the World, Dictatress to whomsoever should presume to steer a cockle thereon.

The President has prided himself upon his ‚foresight'. Upon how he ‚foresaw' that the use of the Submarine, to torpedo merchant ships, once beginning would end — He did not say no man could know where, but ‚in indiscriminate slaughter'. Foresaw the end as well as the beginning, you see. For what is there which is hidden from so piercing an eye? And matched the phrase to the popular Furor. Foresaw that too? You bet he did; leastways saw it there when come and knew what tune to play. But, my dear sir, he did not foresee the beginning. Never since his boxing days at school did a blow neat on the pit of his stomach so make him gasp for breath and make the world reel round, whilst deadly nausea seized him; cause him, when he got his breath, to cry out (in tune) Infernal! Undreamt of! Never in our dreams was this imagined! Ah, how it spoils the plans, puts all things out of joint! And Oh the cursed spite that ever I was born to set them right! But, soft, I'll do it in a style that shall surpass e'en that I was prepared to play the Mediator in, and gain us all a greater glory yet. Which done (if done it be), why not the Mediator too, a double glory and each enhancing other? First love reviving in his thoughts. And Rachel granted still by heaven, in guerdon for that unwelcome toil which won him Leah? Salaam, salaam, O German! Let no obeisance be omitted, if needful, hopeful. Methinks you read his inmost soul aright. Which, may be, always did propose to take a firmer stand on your behalf if you would first submit *sans bargain.* I do reckon it not impossible, and much accordant with the nature of that Entity. Blest Mediator being out of hope, be thankful for what the earth does offer, and humor him with skill. These things are hypothetical. It may seem a pity that this wondrous President could not ‚foresee' that the use of the Submarine would be resorted to when the British Embargo was laid. But you cannot expect all things, even of such an Apollo, Jove instructed. And if the end be well, it shall be well.

America's attitude over the Submarine, very much *over* it, has been almost identical with that of Britain. And in some ways worse. Thus it was America, not Britain, who made the Demand upon Germany which I spoke of near the commencement of this

third division.* At least it was America who articulated this Demand for Britain when too bebitten to do anything save utter lamentation. The British did not demand of Germany that she should not resort to the use of the Submarine despite of all they had done to her. They only made the woods echo when she did it. I have granted that the British thus declared they had tacitly expected Germany not to retaliate. Also that transatlantic forests have echoed loud and long in symphony with British woods. Still I would impress upon you that it was America who articulated that Demand, first openly insisted on it in the sweet face of day. She alone had the power so to insist under threat of war. Even as she alone had the power to refuse submission to the British Blockade and Embargo, etc.; and could have refused it, by quiet and steady methods, without war. I do not know how long Americans will continue to chant anthems over the loving wedlock of these their children, Mr. Demand and Miss Submission; what blest thing it is they think it likely will be bred between them. Father Principle has given his blessing. But whether Son of Integrity will believe it was to his nation's glory?

Then there is the great and very outstanding Fact of America's Supply of Munition, etc., to one side alone. It were absurd, indeed, to charge her with Bias here; for all men know that could she have sold to both she had been the more pleased to do it. Commodity, that smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity, never found her coy, but ever at his service. Should the German charge her *here* with wilfully keeping back from him what she yielded so freely to his foes, she'd answer pat with Mistress Quickly: Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou! And each just bystander endorse this with Prince Hal, Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly. Not want of will to have the two, like Box and Cox, but want of power was the cause of this one-sidedness. And where two lovers are prevented, she who loves much will shower all her treasures and endearments upon one, make the utmost out of him. Moreover, in these spheres, whichever of two suitors can bang the door on t'other wins the doxy's favour, her caresses and esteem; as by law of nature she falls to him, his natural prize, and rewards his

* Page 139 (and before) of this MS.

doughtiness. America sold to the Allies only simply because she could not sell to both. The German lover could not come to her, nor she go to him. The British lover had shut his rival up and stood between her and him, crying Come to me, my darling, now you're all my own. A pleasing champion in the fair one's eyes, the other disgraced by his discomfiture. You understand it: The Supply to one side only originated in the Facts of the Situation: It came by no operation of Principle. What American pleads this in justification, I consider unanswerable.

For according to the moral code of sixteenth century Eastcheap Taverns and twentieth century Business Houses, the right to sell Munitions etc., to Belligerents is not to be challenged. And, certainly, if this be a universal right, no impossibility to sell to one can make it wrong to sell to the other. Our Immaculate President understood how sacred was this Principle, and would not for his soul interfere with Eastcheap. You see it would not have been *in tune* to do so. Some shrill pipes played in the Gallery, may be, a deep bass murmuring in the Pit, and Germanic Portion growling, but the Dollar-mighty in the Stalls and Boxes had never blessed what orchestra's conductor had given the sign for overture so very different to the soft warbling fara-laras they expected him to beat the time in. Or, in another simile: Persons skilled in *Graft* know well what sort of sweet-smelling Roses their *Stock* will grow, that all the air be perfumed with delicious musk; what Principle will interess with principal, vines of France and milk of Burgundy yield interest. They want no stern, inexorable Hebrew insisting on just weight and balance true; have Bouquet only for that other sort of Jus more commonly found in the markets and most cunning in them, whose inexorability insists this is or is not in the Bond. The nosegays which *he* fancies, they are the rare and ravishing. No usurer's usage questioned, their eyes are much enlightened at seeing him upon the pinnacles of Principle, so star-like and unmatchably in tune. Had Eastcheap been interfered with no player upon wind instrument or string had known the stops, but all run on a false gallop; and every ear in Yankeeland been rent by such discordant clamour as arises when a flock of eagles, vultures, ravens, crows, are driven off those fields of carnage they had gathered to.

Whether to have interfered with Eastcheap, notwithstanding this would not have been more in unison with sphere harmonies

and eternal melodies; the sough of the wind and the roar of the oceans; with the songs of the Angels greeting the morning, and the odes of Valhalla to the deeds of the Heroes; with the voices of men when tinged with melodious ire in alte, or melting in pity? Whether roses grafted on *such* stock were ever comparable to the wild briar and the lily; gum flower's injected perfumes ever breathed true balsam to a wounded spirit, or quickened grace and holiness in the strong for Justice and Mercy? O Americans! My eyes glisten with tears, and ire likewise is behind that dew. Old German Generals, warriors who had seen many a bloody field and weathered a hundred storms, were courteous and man-like equal in reception given to your Correspondents; presented them, silently, at parting, with fragments of shell made in America. Your dining halls are richly furnished, your drawing rooms are bright with lustres, your pulpits call on God and Righteousness, all artists are at your service, and everything smells musk; but yet methinks the odour of the shambles does invade the whole. Voluntary assistants in the slaughter. And of whom? Come to know of whom, and, if you are not penitent —! At least of those who never did *you* harm.

Many Americans wished that Eastcheap should be interfered with an embargo laid on the export of Munitions etc. of war to any party. And I think the dictates of Humanity had run that way without exception. Whether the fact that the Supply could be to one only did not make it unjust in the eye of heaven, whatever Eastcheap Taverns and Business Houses might think? Whether this Fact, though due to the situation and not your choice, did not silently demand that same Embargo from you, Americans? Whether you were not in Justice called on to lay that Embargo, whether in omitting to lay it you did not run athwart the eternal bias of creation? I believe the answer to be Yes; you were and did. That you were tacitly called upon by the Dumb Realities to say We will not help one side against the other thus. If such Enormous Odds cannot destroy One without our aid, then, in God's name, let him live. For we must guess that in such a case he is likely to be worthy to live. It seems to me that this was about the least thing you could have done in honor and integrity, no doxy at each lover's service.

In the lowest reckoning, What has America gained by her immense discharge of Munitions, Stores, etc. etc. into the lap of

the Allies? Her goods have poured out from her in such a volume. But what has come to her in return? True Political Economists know well that *there* is the rub. The pockets of her Rich have grown heavy with coin, their bellies deep cried, More! But her Wealth has been diminished, not increased. Even in this, material, America has lost, not gained by her Supply of Munitions etc. And in all higher reckonings I should not care to measure, if I could, what she has lost, not gained, by the one-sidedness of her Supply.

When in New York I noticed a newspaper cartoon, which represented two ships steaming full speed across the Atlantic, one labelled ‚Munitions of War for the Allies', the other ‚Corn and Food for the Allies', with the superscription, ‚This may be International Law, But is it Justice?' Gentlemen of America, was it, is it Justice? It is International Law perhaps, and the Submarine's Response to it not, it would appear. You have gloried in your President, for that he would hear of naught but what was in the Bond. Yet ask yourselves very earnestly indeed if Shylock is a true divinity, even when he does wear a nosegay of Principle in his button-hole and smell all musk? Ask yourselves what the feelings of the Germans have probably been? What those of your own Germanic Portion? I will not call them Hyphenated. I have never appealed to a Briton's Humanity where the German was concerned; but I will not hesitate to appeal to the American's. In spite of all you have said and done, I do appeal to you. Asking you, when contemplating really lamentable deeds by the Submarine, to try and realize a little what sort of provocation they were done under. Provocation to which, as you have Humanity, you will confess your country has been too much a party.

The one-sidedness of the Supply did not come through the Bias, Anti-German, of America. It originated in, and has remained essentially due to the sheer physical impossibility of supplying any but one side. I cannot say, either, that any of the arguments by the Germanic Portion, which I happened to read, gave me the impression that the arguer would not have been quite happy had the one-sidedness been to the other side! *Yet* his sense of the injustice true. And chief of men's diviner function to remove the cause of it, however he might have to check who had it, should his turn to be checked come. The one-sidedness

regardless of right. To the Greatest of the Neutrals I have represented its injustice, what action I shall have to take, if she let it pass. She who alone has power to say Nay. But she has only smiled superior, and lodged a formal protest, cud for the lawyers to chew, in their leisurely ruminations. While the fact is one of the Present, to be dealt with in the hour which is, or not at all. When crisis is not even imminent but come, to talk of waiting till to-morrow is an insult and a mockery, a deliberate playing of my foes' game, unbecoming to a Neutral. If she thinks it not wisdom to interfere, let her say so and stand out, know that her wisdom. Yet when I mentioned my inevitable action, her brows knit and she called it threat and „frightful", said you won't! It was no threat; and I will. Mistake it not. I WILL. No ship to come nigh me. My foe's own all fetching harvest of the dragon's sowing, to belch it from the cannon's throat upon my noblest sons, fighting for their country's freedom and their children's rights; Neutrals carrying to them whatever things they need. Not a sheaf of corn permitted to be brought to me for mine, e'en the helpless that yet smile in widows' faces wherefrom hope is banished. And the cry O Lord! how long? Women weeping, children sobbing, double pang to see them sporting; the shadow of death is in every home and men are past all tears. Sorrow is in all our lands, and the souls of men grow grim. Despair and madness have seized the weaker, but hope shines steady in the noble, and a resolved valor unquenchable breathes in all my People. Who beleaguer them by land and sea exulting meanwhile that the whole world's produce is free to them, debarred from us. You may call it Law, but Justice it is not. And as I have no power to capture ships bearing my foe's needs to them, and have the power to sink them, sink them I will. Take you all warning, then, for as God lives, I'll do it. Fair notice given, that no innocent life need perish. But, understand, *I'll do it.* Who after this sails passenger in those ships, his blood be on his own head. And crews, who man them, observe you take the risk. I am sorry it should have to be so. This ‚Frightfulness' was not of my seeking. I hope I have done everything which it was possible for me to do to avoid it. But I have been answered only as Folly in Power is wont to answer man who pleads that the Realities of the Present should be considered. All pleading proven fruitless, I must proceed to act. And God be the judge.

It is to be noted, that in the sequels, America went far further here than any other. Every other claimed or protested only where its own ships were concerned. But America stepped in, like a *Deus ex machina,* and demanded immunity for other people's also, even those of Belligerents. In order to put her disinterestedness and magnanimity above question. A ‚Sussex' incident very desirable to choose for this. Marry, she has not much shipping of her own, and if her goods could not be safely carried in other people's, mainly British, how were they to be got across? I have spoken of her sending out Supplies without getting back much except coin for the pockets of the Rich; but the Supply was not done *gratis.* Do you think this insistence on immunity for all, chiefly British, was? Methinks I could have chosen a better, if I wished to be above suspicion. Immunity for all, too? Bar the German; bar the closed Baltic altogether. Those open seas where our goods can be carried are a sufficient field, even for so all-protecting a deity. Apollo never beheld the shadow.

You perceive, Brother Jonathan, that I stick tight to the Facts, somewhat disregarding colors put on them. Yet have we seen how prismatic some of these are. And I hope to please you with a further display of their many and exquisite hues, as we come upon them from time to time.

d) Conduct of this Warfare by Germany.

By those who had got into the state of Furor against the German, which the Americans and British already had before his resort to the use of the Submarine, his resort to the use of that weapon never had the ghost of a chance to be viewed in equity or any spirit of justice, of truth, of holiness or of Humanity. Be sure your sins will find you out; and all the more you shriek contrary, the deeper debt to pay. Truth is inevitable, and will be established despite of all recalcitrants. Justice is inexorable, and cannot be escaped from. Curses, like chickens, do always return *home.* And Mother-hen, who hatched them, find such brood devour her as she never dreamt could feed on her own bowels. Where resort to the use of the Submarine at all was instantly condemned as diabolical, the way in which it was used never had the ghost of a chance to be seen, but only fantastic perversions

to become current. You and I, however, now looking at this together in a different spirit wholly, will not find it so difficult to see how that weapon has been used by the German.

With all eyes blinded by the Furor, it was most madly assumed that the German suddenly violated all the laws of the sea and of Humanity by sending peaceable traders in Commodity to the bottom without warning. Nothing could be further from the truth. And, I say again, in reality all know this, and are without excuse for the mad assumption contrary. We have seen the Circumstances in which the German did resort to the use of the Submarine, and that these did justify resort to it. Now, how did he go about it? How has he continued to go about it?

Did he start torpedoing without warning? (I speak first of *general* warning.) No. You perfectly know he did not. He gave full Public Notice to all parties concerned, Enemy and Neutral, of his intention to use the Submarine on and after such and such a date, reasonably distant; declaring what ships he would attack and how. Said, in effect:

Here am I attacked on every side at once by leagued foes, who shame not to confess before high heaven, profess to all the earth, that they seek my destruction and will be satisfied with nothing less. They take glory to themselves for being possessed by an absolute fellness of temper toward me hardly to be matched, as between Nations, in history; to find a parallel to which we must turn to those Religious Persecutions many hoped man's records would not again be blotted with. On land they ring me round with eager fangs and throats all thirsting for my blood. There my steel-clad hosts have met them, and the great guns bellow on my every frontier. All the earth is shaken and the thunder roars above us. Darkness discovers us and the red streaks of fire behold us Men. Our widows and our orphans are to be numbered by the hundred thousand, by the million. May the Day of Peace rise softly where the Mother of Iniquity now spreads her tents and has called forth all the Legions of the Pit to work her will! The God of Battles be our trust; the Issue be with Him. Our hope at least to stand unconquered till we die.

On the sea — (Here he did not expressly, or in effect, say My foes' navies are so overwhelmingly the stronger than mine that I cannot meet them fleet to fleet, but must reserve my navy for a more equal day, lest I lose it, cast it away, as a fool does

his life when threatened with measureless peril. Left that obvious fact as obvious, and continued), on the sea my foes have used their power to sweep all ships of mine from off it; forbidden any Friend, if on this world I have one, to bring the least help to me in my need; said Nay to a drop of milk for my Little Ones. For their hearts are strangely hardened of the Lord, and all kindness in them changed to bitterness. Yea; and in the Greatest of the Neutrals too. They have fallen into the snares they laid, and are wrapt in self-delusion. They cannot look on the face of the living, nor see themselves in the mirrors. They know not what thing it is they do, and are caught in the Spell of the Furies. It is of the Lord, and, if His will be so, He will enlighten their eyes and break the enchantments of Satan. Or if it be His will unfathomable that possession so demonic shall continue, they to triumph in it for their greater downfall, I to be their prey to-day, torn to pieces, that also shall be well in my eyes, since in His. Islam, Islam, what is man that he should boast of his righteousness or question the ways of the Almighty? My integrity I hold fast, yet my sins — who can number them? It is not for man to justify himself, and only by the grace of heaven shall he find mercy. Have I not seen that the works of the Lord and His presence are in the deserts and the high mountains, the deeps of the sea, where no man is? I have said, Behold I am vile, I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once I spoke, yea twice, but I would proceed no further. Then heard I Him answer. Wilt thou disannul my judgments? Wilt thou condemn me that thou mayest be righteous? Hast thou an arm like God? Or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him? Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency: array thyself with glory and beauty. Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath; and behold everyone that is proud, and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place. Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret. Then will I also confess unto thee that thy own right hand can save thee. So knew I that He could do all things, and my eye saw Him. Then did my strength come to me, and Wisdom was not far from me. I committed my fate to His keeping, and resolved to fight to my utmost while life remained to me.

Therefore know, proud Mistress of the Seas, all ye who cater for her, that I will not submit to this same haughty domination, which is not based on justice but done in the power of her might

of the Supply has not been due to the Bias. No. But it has been the Bias which has made it smell musk. We have seen how it came. Sonsie Doxy fallen by right of conquest to superior Cox, who had the vantage; poor Box shut out from her endearing arms. Never Falstaff better nursed his Doll, Pistol thrust downstairs, nor she caressed him with more charming grace, extolled his valor, called him her little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig. Bid him not leave fighting o' days or foining o' nights, begin to patch up his old body for heaven. That he should need to beg her not speak like a death's head, nor bid him remember his end. But this,too near the naked fact, was not what any sober decent Uncle Sam could look on quite approvingly, seen in his daughter. And *here* the Bias came in, made it all appear a work of piety and mercy; never a queen swept a more splendid train nor reared a more dazzling tiara than the wench could now. Small wonder that she curtesied low to the President, blessed him, next under heaven, for her finery. And each laconic Sam thank God that now the general daughter of the State could be no ill example to his own peculiar; pocket war-won dividends and revenues serenely, well assured all nature smiled on him and them; nor need to ask Vespasian what cash smelt good. No fear of going to hell for even an eternal moment or two. But hanged the trifling respect, and took the honor.

Well, America having decided so to give this enormous Supply to the Allies only, as alone she could, I have to say to her, exactly as I said to British Lordships: Since you are resolved to do it, do it then, and *take the consequences without howling.* Standing by the Bond alone, with the moralities of Eastcheap Taverns, Business Houses, and Principles engrafted on such Stock, pour out your Cornucopia of Commodities, and we will not debate your title to do this. But expect not that the ships which bear these overseas are going to be inviolate because you swear who touches them profane, or insist the passengers you *will* have on them should be safe convoy to all law respecting men. *Such* notions, I beg to inform you, are hallucinations of a disturbed brain. You may have written them down as laws in your books canonical. But Nature and that Necessity which is mightier than Law know nothing of them. And you will be the more respectable if you take the consequences without howling.

Yes, Gentlemen, that is, in effect, what the German said. It was not because he spoke in diplomatic phrases that you did not hear him. If he had spoken with the tongue of angels, it would have made no difference. That Cant of Humanity, wherewith Mankind has so long gone about sick, could never have been exorcised by any most inspired utterance of man. Deed of Humanity done in our midst can alone exorcise it. I call the fight Germany is making for herself such a deed. Hope Americans will yet see it to be so, come to understand that the shrieks at her doings are only those of Hypocrites and Pseudo Persons when they feel steel in their bowels. If, like me, you have long earnestly prayed for the day when they should so feel it, *their* shrieks will not disturb you much; you may even feel a grimmer satisfaction the higher they rise.

Any *sane* Belligerent, whatever his status in the scale of being, from demigod to fox or gallow's carrion, having enforced upon another a complete Naval and Commercial Blockade, laid an Embargo on all foodstuffs, found itself able to prevent any species of supply reaching the other even through neutral countries, would have accepted the other's torpedoing of its ships as a matter of course. And any sane Neutral, of as wide variety, looked upon such torpedoing as a matter of course, accepted it as a matter of course for its own ships if supplying the first Belligerent. *None genuine*, whether high or whether low, whether just or whether cunning, could have regarded resort to the use of the torpedo under those conditions as other than natural, inevitable, and a thing to be taken for granted. But we live under the Avatar of the Spurious. Where *truth*, in any kind, from that spontaneous in the demigod to that natural to the fox or gallow's carrion, is neither thought nor said nor done; but everywhere Speciosity and Semblance are the order of the day; scarce a naturally honest man can see the least thing *as it is*, or knave rejoice in his knavery, but Humbug Unctuous reigns supreme, its veils Transparent as any most diaphonous costume that ever harlot walked abroad in, yet worshipped and named High Principle superior to verity.

Accordingly, the Leagued Belligerents and the Greatest of the Neutrals, of soul so kindred, who wished them well, merely sniffed at Germany's announcement, courteous warning of that she was about to do. Called it the threat of a Hun, and looked

on it as the idle bluster of an impotent, refusing to take warning, or alter by a hair's breadth the righteous ways of their godships. The Greatest of the Neutrals answered: It is the right of my citizens to voyage on whatever ships they please. Though she had not before said It is the right of my citizens to carry goods of peace in peace to whatever ports they please. And continued: If they suffer, therefore, their blood shall be on your head and I will surely call you to account. Like the Irish of the seventeenth century when Cromwell came among them, these Belligerents, this Greatest of the Neutrals, could not understand that the German, any more than others, meant the thing he said and would do it. As their own words had so long been worthless as the barking of dogs, their very thought false, representing not fact but the contrary of fact, they could not believe that there was any truth in his heart either. But he was risen among them in his own defense with a God's Truth in his heart, very unexpected by them, and was there to do as he had not sought but must. Manifoldly. Whereof this Submarine action was part. Warning given, and worse than no notice taken, act followed.

Beautiful is Act forever. Priceless to us is the Word of the Sage. The Poet opens our hearts to all wonder and love; he holds the mirror up to nature, and we see Deity in every grass blade. He and the Prophet, one character, unseal to us the Mysteries of Being and reveal to us ourselves and our Duty. We become filled with the one almighty force enduring and are in league with the stars and the stones of the field. But the Deed done passes all this. 'Tis done. The Act has become a part of the Eternal All, whose foundations cannnot be shaken. All the clamours of men are in vain, and it shall bear fruit in its season.

You are marvelling at me, perhaps. But I know what I am saying. This so infernal looking Act is, like the reaving lightening, one of the cleansing bolts of the true gods, denizens of the Empyrean and not of the Pit. The German was not conscious of it so; but it has grown visible to me it *is*. An *Act* by *Destiny* destined yet to lay more ugly and more dangerous Pythons in the mud than ever the Submarine's Little One sent to the bottom, mid such wail of the Innocents as made the doer shudder at doing it.

Nothing of it that doth fade,
But shall suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,

It is from the study of the Circumstances in which it arose and the tremendous outcry and excitement it has caused, that I have learnt this. No Pluto's vengeful stab, but one of the Sun-god's arrows shot into the belly of Cant and Hypocrisy, of that Pseudo-humanity which is more cruel and pernicious than any savage's atrocity. Whereof Master Woodrow is the most conspicuous living Apostle. In *this* view of the matter, the German is, of course, nothing more than the instrument of heaven. And we all know, I hope, that such Instruments may be of any quality. Returning to the Instrument's own quality therefore:

By the mere right and wrong of the act, taken by itself, Germany would have been justified in simply persisting in it steadily with all her might, regardless of any Outcry. But it would have been neither prudent nor manful to do this here. Did she persist in it, in cast-iron fashion, irrespective of results? Again, No. You all know it. She did not even start it with a full blast; but began on small fry and as much as possible avoided attacking the large liners with passengers, though she knew these all loaded to the line with war material. It was to get her hand in, and grow expert in practise of the devilish art? It was to *feel her way*, doubtless in that particular too, but also in others you give her no credit for. She acknowledged that it was a new departure, and well knew she had launched into an unsounded deep, where wariness would much behove her. She still hoped that a little realised fact would aid reason to resume her seat. ‚What is actually done exerts a resistless effect on most minds; an event which lately appeared impossible takes its place, so soon as it has really occurred, with what occurs daily'.* And she had always to weigh how far the game might be worth the candle. But, alas, ‚people of a singularly strict and high-principled temper are wont to stand immovable upon the past, to set themselves forcibly against the present, and thus increase the evils they have taken a vow to remedy, or die.'* A consideration which may be of much import when weighing the game against the candle. Nor is it easy for reason to resume her seat if nowise wonted. Meseems that Seat has been much in evidence, but when Reason last sat on it you had best ask the antiquaries.

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* Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Bk. 1 chap: 14. The latter quotation of course. adapted!

Washington had some, I guess, and Lincoln a modicum. But since? Roosevelt played for Big Game with vigor, and has been hunting it since. If he capture it once more, I reckon you'll find the drum's empty. But, Lord! the sound if beaten, and no New River — to his pockets. As Scots ones sung of the Black Douglas, I'm told that German nurses quiet fretsome babies by bidding them mark the crack of his jaws. Such Strenuous Life all ending in a feast of shells; Othello's occupation gone, and first of raptures unrenewable. Though the teeth be still so white, can snap most forceful; appetite far from satiate, if the audience be.

Well, albeit that reason did not find much aid to appear, did not Germany give an honest attention to what little showed face? She made many suggestions for getting over the Passenger difficulty. All answered by mere screams of: But we don't want the ships torpedoed! How dare you suggest so base an action to us! Why, we should be aiding and abetting you, you horrible Miscreant, in your diabolic practises! Put the Passengers on separate boats, and leave you free to prey upon Commodity, that sweet-faced gallant, dear to me as the apple of my eye! A likely story! His last protection gone! You are a villain and a murderer! For, of course, it is the lives alone I value, all the Riches of the East are nothing to me. Never breathe to me again of compounding for them! They shall be safe as they are, or I will never put my soul in debt by securing them through compliance with such a monster of maleficence. Life is above property. Principle is above life. Now have I worked myself up into holiness, and am calm with the resolve of the saints. I am too far above you to be moved any longer by your execrable deeds and infamous proposals. Now I understand those Bids of yours which the Honorable Mr. Asquith spoke of. I'll foreswear keeping house before I'll be put in these tirrets and frights.

O German, what tempests of exclamation men of good breeding do have to bear with in patience! Who can manage such high or low Madams, when they ride their humors and are sustained by conscious loftiness, should put thee to the blush. Hast thou not confessed thyself vile? And when did she? The Almighty would never have addressed her as he did thee, but known better what was becoming to so dignified a lady on the tallest stump. She never provoked Him by seeking to justify her ways, but knew

them beyond reproach. Let us ponder these things, and consider of ways of manage.

Germany's general Warning and incipient Acts having been received as we have reported, did she reply in any similar manner to the demands made on her as to *particular* Warning? Not at all. Why should she? It is not for vile man contemned by the Lofty, as even self-confessed a necessitous worm, to forget that Reason, Verity and Moderation verily are incumbent upon him, when these Lofty imperiously insist thereon, though they superior wholly to all such requirements, laid by the Maker only on the worm. For who has cast the slough and been initiated into the high Cabric Mysteries of Principle is lifted far above the need to observe these mere mundane virtues. God may rightly exhort man and minister reproof to him; but the angels, who accompany him, he clasps in bonds of love relaxing never. Heaven closes; and the Earth-born is left alone, to meditate his lesson and conform to orders.

Muse upon them, Germany. Did you ever meet the like in this your sublunary sojourn? O yes; I am quite used to it, says she. Believe me, so am I. 'Tis naught peculiar, rejoins she. O no; the common lot. Then muses on the orders: Never to sink a ship without first giving *it* specific warning, and saving the lives of all on board. Soon answers: So far as this practicable, O High Protectress of the British Jove and your own sweet love Commodity, I will gladly do it. The High Protectress is struck speechless at the impudence of such reply. Exchanges meaning glances with the British Jove. His saying: Did I not tell you so? It is useless to argue with so abandoned a Reprobate. And the Presses of each find voice enough. So far as practicable! What, in the name of wonder, have we to do with what is practicable! You speak a barbarous language scarce intelligible, the sordid jargon of your low company; should learn another for addressing Superior Beings. To descend a little to you: You can either do it or leave the ships alone, can you not? Is not that plain enough, even to your capacity? And the latter will please us better than the first. Enough now. We shall wait to see if you obey. As yet our careful Justice restrains us from using any manner of threat, distinct or implied. In our courteous forethought, we would have you conform by mere grace.

Hum! Quite used to this, too? Well, it is beginning to pass,

Argument appears to be exhausted again. Something more definite in the way of Act will be requisite here.

It was about so that matters stood when the Lusitania incident occurred.

From the start of the war, though, of course, increasingly, the great British Atlantic Liners, chief Passenger ships, had been engaged in carrying over all sorts of war material to England, high explosives perhaps excepted; that is, passengers not carried when the ship was loaded with dynamite and such like. But the same ships which on one voyage took passengers on another did not carry even the high explosives; a ship might go out with passengers and return, high explosive laden, with none. These ships, therefore, were liable to be sunk, simply as conveyances, as waggons going to fetch munitions. And I believe ‚high explosives' was practically the only limit to war material carried simultaneously with passengers. What lawyers quirks and quiddities were at work in the matter I neither know nor care. These great Atlantic Liners, maintaining the chief passenger service between England and America and nearly all British ships, were regularly, voyage after voyage, carrying over to England huge cargoes of almost every sort of war material. There is no difference between a gun whole and a gun in pieces; carrying the cases of shells in one boat and the contents in another will not alter the fact of carrying them. The Lusitania's captain spoke of the British only convoying by warships boats which had guns (of extra value to them) aboard; referred to one such convoy as given to preceding liner, Orduna, because of the guns it had in its belly. No doubt about the ‚wholeness' there. But these attorneys' quibbles are contemptible, and of no account to us. In every essential meaning and veracious use of the word ‚war-material', the cargo of those ships when homeward bound was war-material, largely almost always, frequently almost exclusively. Americans know that, though it often does not please them to remember it. It may not, therefore, much amaze them to hear that the British general public pretends to this day to be ignorant of it.

Members of the Cabinet asserted oft that these ships were not carrying — I do not recollect what precise and doubtless skillfully chosen technical expression they used. After the sink-

ing of the Lusitania they specifically denied of her that she was carrying XXXX. Translate these asterisks into the proper phraseology; and see to it, Censor, that that Captain Turner's reference to Orduna, guns and convoy, be omitted in British newspapers so far as possible. Cabinet Ministers gave out that these ships were innocent of carrying XXXX. No loyal Briton nor sympathetic American could imagine that these asterisks stand in place of ‚What the German has declared that he will prey upon?' That were most outrageous. As little that they stand in place of ‚munitions of war'. But, by God, sir, I think that is what the proper phraseology stood in place of. Webster's Dictionary thus defines Munition. ‚Whatever materials are used in war for defense or for annoying an enemy; ammunition; also stores and provisions; military stores of all kinds.' A definition which the British held valid in fullest compass for themselves versus the German, but for the German versus his foes remarked *I am* saith. And would not have Munition to cover more than when with that prefix.

Yes; British Statesmen, using proper terms, selves gods to interpret them, conveyed to their Public the impression they wished to convey. Gave positive assurance, on the one hand, and with every mark of Pontiff's unimpeachable good faith, that these ships were innocent as babes of aught that could be fairly named war material, just for the enemy to destroy if he could. And, on the other hand, to keep the balance even, and convey the full impression desirable, asserted proudly: ‚We can maintain this war for ten years on Supplies drawn from America'. Ah! now we understand, said the British Public, drawing deep breath of satisfaction. The German is an abandoned miscreant indeed, if he touches those innocent ships, full of nothing save our gentlest needs. Yet the Sinews of War are also coming over fast. What gods you are, that thus can do our will and keep our conscience whole!

For their Mendacity of Soul is bottomless. None of the Public were such softies as to suppose that the Sinews of War were flying across on wings of their own, or being carried by those Invisible Hosts of Heaven they knew all so wishing to help them. Neither that they were being carried by ten uncertain Tramps instead of one sure Liner, believed, as yet, twice immune from Submarine; namely as able to escape, as passenger laden

inviolable despite of Teuton threats of what he'd never dare to do. All, save the simple among them, received the desirable impression, and thanked God for it. You may tell any Palpable Lie you please to the British Public of our day; and, provided you do it in the proper manner, they will call you Vates, sacred speaker of God's word and revealer of His will. Cabinet Ministers solemnly announce that they have bound themselves, shall now by Law be bound, never to reveal Secrets of the Cabinet; and — do so without let or hindrance before the ink is dry, or the echoes of their oracular voices have died away.

No question, therefore, that the British Public only *pretended* ignorance; that the Statesmen only denied in form what they well knew to be. Americans have never made this pretence, though their Statesmen, too, have come very nigh to denying in form, or fully done it. With no Censorship of the Press, and any person, in New York at least, able to walk down to the riverside and *see* the cargoes in process of lading, it would have been pretty hopeless to deny! The attorneys were busy enough with their nice sharp quillets; but, on the whole, no attempt was made to make a secret of this matter in America. The Lusitania's ‚manifest', *official* manifest, what of the cargo was publicly declared, for instance, was printed in New York papers with little comment, though British Editors respected the Censor. Hence all in America knew that when she went down she was laden almost wholly with war-material for the Allies; and the only dispute was whether the ‚manifest' declared all, or concealed more precious items: A dispute which is nothing to us. Which it would have been happier also, if the German had never raised.

The Germans had already sunk many ships. But the Lusitania Incident differs from any other before or since. Not because she was the first Great Liner. In essentials, sinking this Leviathan did not differ from sinking a herring boat. In principle, if you may send the one to the bottom, so may you the other. Wilson's perspicacity could discern so much, though like that incomparable dog of Alexander's, he lay still till the lion came; then to give sufficing explanation of any prior impassivity, outdo Attila Schmelzle in demonstration to the world that it was never cowardice or hare-heartedness that *he* laboured under. No; it is the extreme deliberation with which Germany executed this Action that so singles it out. It was a Deed specially done, with

weight of meaning, for definite object. Thus, as it appears to me:

All our representations have been made in vain. Our declaration of resolve to sink these ships has been passed over as if it were bluff; and because we have begun with small things, yet hoping reason, our acts also have been respised. All our endeavors to open the eyes of our foes and the Greatest of the Neutrals to the Realities of the Situation, to compel attention to these when persuasion had been proven useless, have been just *loftily ignored.* As if Fact, wherein Man has his being, and Necessity wherein he lives, were naught, and Dwellers in Glass Houses could insist, despite of Nature, on what is pleasing to them, give law to creation. Therefore we will choose out this particular ship, called Lusitania, the largest and the fastest in the service and a kind of Nation's Pet; will deliberately torpedo *it.* For the submarine which is to launch the torpedo to give warning is not practicable, the ship would almost certainly be able to escape: But we will give that particular ship specific warning that we will sink her, as at a set time and place.

You all know that this Warning was given, and that the Act followed, as the Deed of Man does *his* word; the ship sunk at the set time and place. Shrieks rose and have continued: the Act remains.

Taken as a Display of Power alone, this thing was very remarkable, extraordinary. Nothing could have been more openly done. As if the Germans had been perfectly sure of their ability to sink her precisely when and as they gave notice they would. As if they had never yet put out a tithe of their strength here, but exerted it most restrainedly with great moderation and wariness, and in a complete control. Which had an effect. And, but for mischievous forces, would at once have proved highly beneficent.

The President took exception to the manner in which the Warning was delivered. When for many months all Warnings presented through official channels have been persistently ignored, what can a man do else but present them through unofficial?

I am no friend to Displays of Power as *Displays,* nor do believe them ever, then, beneficent. This act was not done in order to display power. It was very openly, deliberately and resolvedly done, but also quite quietly and modestly. Done simply in steady

fulfilment of the afore declared determination, withheld from *full* accomplishment while any hope remained; pointedly, conspicuously *done*, when this was extinguished. You absolutely refuse to pay the smallest attention to the Facts of the Present, merely plead Parchment, and use the vantage of your ground to exercise the Law of your Will. You persist in carrying Passengers on those war-laden ships, insist on this as a right by venerable sheepskins assured to them; refuse to take the smallest step to secure those lives from the jeopardy I have warned you they *are* in. You continue to completely ignore my statement of that I am resolved to do, by force of circumstances, as if a threat of what I never will do. Very well. There comes a time when words can no more be indulged in and Deeds alone can speak.

That is the essential meaning of the Lusitania' Incident, Gentlemen! A very old story. For thus it is that Man has in all ages been forced to answer the Inflations and High-Principled Stupidities of the Powerful of this earth; thus that the Gods have ordained that the Fool in his Folly shall ever be answered. Look at this in our day so famous-infamous Incident with unjaundiced eyes, and you shall see in it all the features of that world-old Act. As, for my part, they were evident enough at the time to me as I watched it from my obscure corner in New York. The utter contempt with which the Warning was received in America and in England, by the ship's own Captain. The temper he displayed when he saw the Warning and after, the way in which he sailed with reduced boilers and known engine trouble, straight to the doom. scorning even ordinary precautions when he steamed into the appointed waters. In all this, in every one concerned, American or British, that Pride of the Fool, that spirit of him who will never hearken was most self-evident. The Finger of Fate very visible. Doom ominous almost to assurance before it came. One had, as it were, no more doubt that the ship would go to the bottom at the appointed hour and place, than that the sun would set that evening at its appointed hour and place on the horizon.

And when it did, one had, silently, many reflections. Those indicated above, and others many. Among them, marvel how it should so often be the noblest of men who are ordered by the Inexorable Destinies to do these sort of Deeds. Discourse upon *them,* vindication of their righteousness is not exactly what even

I had of free choice chosen, Reader. Presidents serenely opening their breasts, that all may see the spotlessness and magnanimity. So many a poor laborer tilling the ground with toil yet reaping the harvest in peace, and conversing with the spirits of the summer twilight. And the Kaiser —! So few believe it, but some know it: Such things, the whole war itself, were further from the will of none than from his will. Or his People's. Writing home to my wife at the time I said: ‚If you, my dearest, had been among the victims, I could have shaken *his* hand in a perfect mutual understanding and sorrowful esteem, but not that of Churchill or Wilson'. The only faces I happened myself to see genuinely grief-stricken at this Event were those of two Americans of German origin. Many of the Prime Stock were screaming aloud, but — personal connection with the tragedy apart — I never saw sign of *grief*. Nor have since in the whole execration which has followed. The Kaiser may be responsible for this Deed, but it is not on his hands or head that the blood of it lies. What tasks are given to a man! Goethe said that Homer and Polygnotos taught him more and more that we poor mortals had properly a kind of hell to enact on this earth. Yes; the portion of a true man is like always to be a very stern one and his rest is in Eternity alone.

The Outcry was, of course, deafening in England, and recruiting placards with this Incident for theme have afflicted us ever since. Coroner's verdict of murder; the Kaiser perpetrator. Herod's Innocents to be no more named; and righteous Lords will compel the King to expel the Kaiser from the Orders. I never even cared to see if they succeeded, and do not remember to have heard. What have we to do with these frantic antics? The Kaiser *is not* of their Orders, and is surely better off the list: I should be sorry to be on it.

The Outcry was equally *loud* in America. Yet, so far as I may dare to express an opinion here, my impression strongly was and still remains that it did not proceed from the heart of the nation, but was mainly a thing of the noisy Rabble; the real worth and sterling manhood of America passive in the matter. *Too* passive! I spoke of ‚beneficent effect' and meant it, mean it. If I am right, there was, beneath the surface clamor, something of a real recognition. The act went home. 'Tis so, then. What is the use of denying the fact? The American Line took instant

action in regard to its ships: No war-material for us. I guess that if America had been led by another sort of Person than she was, she would have confessed the truth of the matter, and been thankful to do so. Given up the notion of trying to deny the undeniable, and smiled at ever having dreamt it. Said with Cato, that what pleased the gods must please her also. Ever the manful course, Jonathan, as you surely know. Such was and is my impression; very shocking to Principle, yet perhaps not ungrateful to the reader, after all.

Attila Schmelzle once found himself astride of a real live walking horse. Which ran away with him. Only *at a walk.* But he was so high up and the beast ,old and hard-mouthed as Satan', as you will remember, little amenable to rein or curb. So he had to sit there the live-long summer day, while his Pegasus perambulated Vienna's streets. Not till the evening, just before lock-up time, did his brother-in-law the Dragoon come to his aid and help him down.

However diffidently I may have spoken above of America, I have really in my heart no doubt that if Mr. Wilson could even at that late hour have resolved to come down, the whole real worth and sterling manhood of America would have cried Bravo! to him, been piously thankful to see his feet firm on the earth once more, instead of suspended in stirrups. But then he was very high up, and the Dragoons were quite indisposed to help him *down.* The leap looked fearsome enough by itself; with the help of his dear protectors he could have taken it, but in the face of their displeasure? Ask not too much of mortal.

To have said: It is enough, O Germany! You have made us understand that you do mean the thing you say; stand on a Basis of Fact and are determined to act thereon. We renounce wholly the vain assumption that you are without equal rights in this creation along with the rest of us; confess ourselves likewise to be mere calamitous mortals, and have come out of the devil's illusion wherein we thought ourselves inviolable godships. Thenceforth Americans who travel on war-laden ships shall do it at their own private risk: The State will no more hold itself accountable for them. And, even as we have refused to interfere with your foe's Blockade and Embargo, so do we refuse to interfere with your replies thereto.

Ah me! to have said this —. Well, do you doubt that the

whole real worth and sterling manhood of America would have endorsed Right! Our Leader. And more power to your honor's glory! I do not doubt it. But, having human bowels, you and I will admit that it was very difficult for a High Lady on the tallest stump. She could not believe in that endorsement which I speak of; and there were many flattering whispers assailing her ears with: Now is your chance for such a flight into the empyrean as shall astonish mankind and cause all generations of men to call you Blessed. Moreover the *Dragoons*. Those dollar-mighty, who, in knighthood's courtesy, assisted her to mount the tallest stump, and ever since do guard her round about. They are her willing knights, of course, worshipful and ready to obey even the glance of her eye; but yet there is, as usual in practical romance, an obduracy of the male even tougher than feminine fixity. She may be their Gloriana, but they've many of them dallied with a certain Courtezan, Commodity by name (to change the sex) and have no notion that that sweet wench either shall be shamed in public. The Dragoons were obdurate: Those ships convey our goods, and are to be kept safe. The flattering whispers, those holy counsellors who screamed at the top of the gamut, showed her how this could be in full accord with heavenly Principle, she seen in stellar splendor, crowned with an all dazzling glory, not of this earth. And then she'd ever been a studious maid that hearkened unto priestly exhortation, and lived obedient to divine directions, felt in her own breast. The troublous clouds which covered all the sky at first showed silver lining and Day rose upon her movéd spirit. The true course known, taken, and to be no more wavered in.

Clear to all of us, the sinking of the Lusitania was a deliberately planned and resolvedly executed action on the part of Germany. Call it a Bolt shot by her with careful aim. And one which, in my reckoning, might have burst the gates, only very narrowly missed of this. The Bolt flew true to its mark; but the element it was launched against was an incalculable one. Perhaps it was the High Protectress who *missed* here? Anyway, seeing her risen into such a never-imagined height of temper about it there was nothing for the prudent German to do but to contain his soul in patience and live in hope the fume would pass. I must say it has been a long time going by, and do not wonder his patience wore out.

Superficially viewed, America did nothing save reiterate her previous demands. They were orders to be conformed to by grace before. Now they were demands to be acceded to under distinct, though as yet but implied, threat. In the deeper view, this constitutes a vital difference. All who knew the nature of our wondrous Entity were aware, that once committed, he would persist, insist. *My dictum,* announced, is henceforth not alterable. No earthly power will ever cause this to vary. The immediate demands, however, were just repetition of the orders concerning specific warning by the attacking submarine itself and the saving of lives, absolutely. Practicable or impracticable is not a question our loftiness can stoop to listen to. The German might before have answered that so far as practicable, — a question which he, as a mere necessitous mortal no dweller in Olympus, found himself obliged to consider, — he had fulfilled these requirements. But he took the better course then and again now of just further considering them; of seeing whether he could not find *more* practicable than he had yet been able to.

Alas, brother, no extension of the practicable more will ever satisfy who is determined to insist on the impracticable whole. Still is it man's duty to try, and keep hoping. Which how very nobly Germany has done throughout! And her Reward is sure in God's keeping, howsoever each effort seem at the time abortive. It is, unhappily, too evident that the very object of the High Protectress was to impose conditions which *could not* be complied with, thus force Germany to abandon the warfare under penalty of having her for declared foe too. It was much so that Hercules' labors were imposed on him. Very ancient, I assure you, though done more in emulation of a quite modern example. That of Britain. For it was precisely so that Britain swore her desire for peace, and went to war. Moreover, I asseverate again that if these things had been done in *conscious cunning* they had been less damnable. In essential criminality and in deadly perniciousness, no vulpine astucity comes nigh to serene obliviousness to verity. Every worst deed of men is done in ‚virtuous consciousness'.

Finding this Submarine Warfare so helpful to her and having considered the practicable more, Germany again gave Notice of intention to carry it on with increased vigor; and, in due course, commenced doing so. Whereupon the High Protectress threaten-

ed her definitely. And Germany replied by dignified salam, polite obeisance. Said privately at home: At this present moment any way, the game's not worth the candle. Thus hangs the matter in suspension at the moment I write in, June 1, 1916.

Well, Gentlemen, in the whole of this, I call Germany's conduct of her Submarine Warfare most continent, prudent, right noble. And leave you to your own further reflections thereon.

I also recognize the same in her Government's dealing with the contrary humors at home in the matter. Where a few were saying: It is inhuman and a blot upon us. Where many were saying: On with it, on with it, the cast-iron fashion is the right one. Do you not think that Germany's Government Men with the Kaiser presiding have, here at least, shown themselves unperturbable by the Sweet Voices or the Rabble Noises and had the endorsement of the whole real worth and sterling manhood of their Nation? The alone *true* Democracy. How long is the manhood of America going to remain passive whilst America's Official Persons court only the Sweet Voices and the Rabble Noises, call these the Nation and swear they do *its* will when but performing as they bid? Come, rise in the veracity of Man, and administer such a drastic dose to Principle she'll seek the close-stool of her own accord. For sure, as God lives, there's her home.

The sinking of the Lusitania, Arabic, etc. I do esteem fully justified and more. But am by no means going to say that every act of the Submarine has been so. The sinking of the Sussex I make little of. As mistake, it were just lamentable to all parties, and no more. But what guarantee is there that French or English passenger craft plying across the channel carry nothing save *bonafide* civilian passengers? French and British Governments have persistently refused to give any such guarantee. And if the German read such refusal to guarantee as equivalent to assertion that they do and shall carry other passengers and things, I shall not blame him. Were I asked to name the case in which I least see daylight, it were that of the Tubantia. America did not take that instance much to heart. Marry, she was but a Dutch boat, and sailed only between Holland and *South* America. Coy to the Dragoons? No flowers for her burial? Musk-smelling wreath and nosegays only for the funerals of those with whom you've had relations tender? Why, no man can weep for all, you know.

Mankind's accumulated woe would soon run dry the most copious in tears. Most sure the Submarine has been guilty of ill deeds too. I have appealed to your Humanity, the real of Man, not the Pseudo, and leave that also to you. Nothing there peculiar to *Submarine* warfare more than to any other.

Before proceeding to next head, I have a remark or two to make upon certain comparisons which have been constantly made in America between:

1. The German submarine's ways of going to work and the British warship's.

2. German destruction of lives and British mere confiscation of property.

The first of these comparisons, though continually made, is utterly absurd. In common sense, like must be compared with like. German submarine and British ditto, British warship and German ditto, if you will. But not crosswise.

Submarine to submarine, then. The British Submarine has not been guilty of any of these infernal actions, do you say? Well, I don't know. The Germans say it has. But the Baltic is a closed sea, and Apollo does not behold the shadow. One thing we are all agreed on, as clearly beyond dispute. That British submarine have sunk no ships with American commodities aboard. And that is the main point, Is it not? Whether they would have done, if poor Box had not been so absolutely boxed up from all resort to him, is a hypothetical case we need not dwell on. Still less how it would have been if Cox had been boxed, or the High Protectress herself shut up. Such distant and scarce conceivable possibilities do not require to be reckoned with. We all know they never have been. Though once when the President wished to show his perfect equity toward Germany, he did remark that even his head might grow giddy were America in danger. Neither is it necessary to reckon with any possible exception to that of none with American Commodities aboard. For they could only have been smuggled ones, which had first passed through Norway or Sweden.

Grant the British Submarine stainless of any of these deeds. Wherein is the merit? Wherein does this contrast declare demerit in the German? The German action was justified *by the circumstances,* by the fact that Germany could use no other

weapon. If the British had used their submarines to sink ships so, having as they throughout have had, full and complete power to capture by ordinary warship, their action in so doing had been infamous indeed. This comparison, also, has been an utterly absurd one.

Warship to warship: In Valor, in Chivalry and in Humanity has the conduct of the crews of these, German, contrasted in any way unfavourably with the conduct of the crews of these, British? Nowhere. You know it quite well. There may have been some darker traits on both sides. The Baralong Incident was a very ugly one; and the spirit of the Alcantara's Commander far from lovely. No Sea-king's hero-temper there; not in either case. In the first, the Bucaneer's temper, rather. In the second and in other British, sad evidence of mere power's ruthless wreak upon a weaker. Weaker by disadvantage, not less in merit. Is the British Navy too becoming infected with the spirit which resents foe's *worth*, no more rejoices in the day of equal battle, but exults and glories to crush hated rival, felt a match if equal furnished, by vantage and by number? If so, its fate is sealed indeed, and self-dissolution not far off it. But there have been bright traits also in the British deeds at sea. And in the German. In the exploits of the Emden, Goeben, Breslau, Moewe, and the others of those isolated hunted units. Recourse, valor, courtesy, most resolute determination, the true sea-king's temper very clearly visible there. Who looked there might have seen plainly enough whether German seamen were callous and inhuman; whether the submarine's proceedings were of wantonness or of necessity. It is not well, Americans, It is not well.

Comparison second: German destruction of lives and British confiscation of property. This is a plea which has constantly been raised to justify America's simultaneous action and no-action: The British merely confiscate property, but the Germans destroy lives. Gentlemen, the argument is not valid. Lady Macbeth wrung her hands and feared damnation, yet were they never so red as Pilate's, who smiled and jested, asking What is truth? Slept sound, devoid of compunction. It was British Confiscation of Property which compelled the German to resort to the use of the Submarine. The one did the deed directly in the light of day, the other indirectly with the form of law. So far as the lives of the passengers are concerned, the guilt of the loss of almost all

these lies at the door of Britain except in so far as shared by America. Whose zeal for the preservation of Life has been throughout very largely compounded with solicitude for the safe carriage of Commodity. The guilt of war lies on whose injustice caused it, and it is nonsense to reckon of the one without the other. I have written sufficiently of these things.

e) Arguments of the several parties: German: British: American.

What these have been has pretty well appeared already, and I have little special to add. In regard to the German ones, nothing but this: —

Did you expect Germany to insist much upon her Box beboxed situation? That situation was the fundamental cause of her resort to the use of the Submarine, and nothing dishonorable to her. Yet not exactly a thing you could expect her to rejoice in, or take a pride in parading before the eyes of all. It could be seen without spectacles, could it not? Do you blame her because she did not cry out to the High Protectress, O Mammie! Mammie! Johnnie Bull has shut me up, and I cannot come out! Was not silence upon that point more becoming. Or, if you cannot allow this, will you not in charity admit the reticence pardonable? Surely you would not have it America's argument that she was absolved from duty to recognize the shut up predicament because it was not (by Germany) orally presented to her hears but left before her nose, visible without spectacles?

As for Johnnie Bull he has never much *argued* this matter at all. Just asserted that what he did was lawful, this execrably unlawful. Then bellowed execration, better than any Bull of Bashan. He did cry to the High Protectress, O Mammie! Mammie! I shut that wicked Box up tight. Hermetically, as I thought. And did it all by line and level, too! But he has bored beneath my armored doors, and bombed me where I thought myself secure even from his damned machinations. I was not at peace, neither knew I rest, yet trouble has come upon me. And in *such* unlooked-for quarters. I never sat more pompous, confident of lawful sovereignty, whilst Neutrals paid me homage due, when — Bang! O all ye sons of men, have pity! And Mammie, salve me and restore me! More heinous deed was never done,

or awful Jove so shaken on his high Olympic throne. Just as I was giving the irrevocable Nod, which would have sealed his fate forever, and all the subject deities were struck with wholesome dread at my might's power, that wicked, wicked Bang! Now Neptune laughs at me, and my Reign's endangered. O Mammie, help! Dear son, quoth she, compose thyself. Let thy wrath burn. And leave the argument to me.

About the least thing so maternal a Neutral could do, was it not? Take up the argument for him, since she did not find it suitable to take up the cudgels? You speak truth, sir, for sure it was the least thing she did. Quite a minor item, and mere *addendum* to the major, Supply of Munitions. But Bull seen in the toils. And bellowing. My! how he has bellowed! What hills ever so echoed to unkindly rage's voice and the roar of a Lord of Creation in pain! Heard as well as seen. All creatures have hastened to his aid. France, Russia and Italia; little Belgia, Serbia, Montenegro; his own Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, his Indies East and West, the Great and Little; Japan and Portugal. In such a day of universal response to the Call of the Highest, what shame it were should Yankee Land alone be found sluggard or inapt! Kick the damned Hyphenates out of the Factories, call every objector a plotter against State's Weal and Humanity's Right. Forge, weld and roll; let every chimney belch as it has never done yet; ye bootmakers, workers in leather and cloth, stitch, stitch, as if the devil drove you. Strain every muscle, ye Yankees all, and yield Him the sinews. For the cry is not now Independence. Nor are your rights or homes in danger. But the cry is Rise and help Him; assist the far away and foreign to crush whom they abhor, whom ye had never quarrel with. For this is the Final Wrestle; and, won, the World shall no more know trouble. Foul fiends' methods adopted, as is necessary in fighting him, are only so adopted to banish them forever; for when we've won by them we'll quite abandon them. (This is a common Argument in Britain to-day.) Up then, and mammer not in scruple. 'Tis not a bondage spirit can carry on this work. Malicious workings are but to purge the earth of him in whom is lodged the very soul of Malice: God shall smile on us, victor, and all be sweet and clean *hereafter*.

Moreover, let us take up the Argument for him. See how every other has relieved him of some special care! Let this be

ours: That his face may be made to shine visibly, and every infidel be forced despite himself to own the Transfiguration; the Sinews be got over safe. Ye Ministers, in sacred Meeting House and stately Capitol, may your lips be touched with hallowed fire, and all the People receive the Word of God with avid zeal, be roused to an Indignation without bound, yet sweet with holiness. Ye Editors, the Friars Mendicant, give voice, give voice, or may ye never more be heard. If subtle-working brains attorney, angelic inspirations, brows of brass and lungs of compass be in America, John Bull shall not lack Argument.

This is bitter jesting unto me, and my heart is sick, whatever the rainbow play. Time was when Bull cared next to nothing about argument, and he never was expert therein in any day he's seen. Was wont to leave his act like ostrich egg; and say: If that I do cannot stand on its own legs, let it sink. Who pleases chop logic. In Fact and Verity lies my salvation; and probably I've missed it, deserve damnation. It is changed now. And who could take all comers cries Come all! Come all! My godship is most godly. Never Zeus was half so mighty or a tithe so holy. But Come all! Come all! or I shall drown. Let no friend breathe that *I* have the least infirmity but every soul that has Humanity curse *him*, curse *him*, and me exalt, a blessed Archangel and World's Saviour. Who does this well shall share my glory, when he's dead and the earth's our own to show our glory in. It is but to be able to exert beneficence that now we toil in deep malevolence.

The Greatest of the Neutrals heard him; and her heart pondered his words.

What her arguments have been we have pretty well seen. Just a little now to help cohesion. Those declaredly on Bull's behalf have of course been *un*official. Officialdom could smile on these benignly and frown terribly on many opposite, but forbore too much endorsement public. Went pretty far, however, on many occasions. ‚It is not because we do not see the issues that we do not speak of them' — more than we, hereupon, assert *is* becoming and do immediately speak; to-morrow with the greater liberty yet. Speeches at home are one thing. Diplomatic Notes are another. There we confine ourselves to Arguments, ostensibly at least, upon our own behalf. As in dialogue: —

German Is this British Blockade and Embargo *just?*

Shylock I am not certain if it be in the Bond. There is much I object to in it. How much of it is according to the Bond is such a knotty point that we must leave it to the Wigs. (Not for a long time yet shall I say openly that I have agreement with Bull to that effect; and have bound myself by Bond to give the Wigs a year to answer.)

German Meantime I perish.

Shylock (Says nothing. Merely shrugs his shoulders, as who should say, Well, why not?)

German I have resolved to reply by a similar Blockade of Britain, to be enforced by submarine torpedo.

Shylock Father Jacob preserve us! By the God of Israel you won't!

German I will.

Shylock It is not in the Bond. It is infamous, abominable. It is not in the Bond. I am certain, quite certain here. There is nothing of this in the Bond. I will have nothing but what is in the Bond. I stand upon the Bond.

German I think it is in Nature, however; and am about it. Could not some arrangement be made to safeguard the lives of Passengers? If certain ships can be guaranteed to carry *bona-fide* Passengers and no contraband cargo, they shall, of course, be inviolate to my submarines.

Shylock My ducats! my ducats! What is my daughter to my ducats? There is no Bond for this either.

Portia (enforcing) It must not be.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shylock A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Father Principle has won, and his bonnie Jessica shall not lack the ducats for her dower.

It doubtless would have been recorded for a precedent, but what law would have been broken? What law, even by the human statute book?

In old times, the souls of man verily were in bondage here. The written Law often seemed more to them than the intrinsic

Justice. A deep matter. A bondage the spirit of man has dispelled, and now is free from. O President, ask us not to go back into Egypt. For that we will not do. Portia saved Antonio only by resorting to the Jew's own argument; who, standing on the Bond, was hoist with his own petard: the victory by a mere attorney's quibble, such as many an old Grecian drama ends in, also. But still, I think it was the Justice which men always rejoiced to see triumph, and not the Bond.

Nor is this all. Shylock stood upon his Bond; claimed by the written. But President Wilson far outshot him. For he stood upon no Bond here, claimed not always by what *was* written, but said he would have nothing which was *not* written. An enormous proposition, passing the dreams of Shylock and of Portia both. Which, while the British Blockade and Embargo was the question, did not enter his dreams either. There is no Law in Nature against restricting certain ships to the carrying of *bona fida* Passengers and non-contraband cargo and guaranteeing that these particular ships shall carry nothing else. Neither was there any Law in any human Statute Book forbidding President or Nation to do this.

It had been the Immemorial Custom for Citizens of the United States to travel on whatever ships they pleased? Many Immemorial Customs have had to come to an end. When the conditions change, the customs must follow suit. The President was not asked to wrest any Law here; he was merely asked to do an Act of Humanity. And declined upon Principle. It is not his function then, to *do* Acts of Humanity, only to sublimely prohibit acts, which he is pleased to denominate inhuman, on the part of others? From peril to his soul, he dare not do the least thing which could by any be interpreted as a tacit allowance of those acts? Are you not weary of these things? And is it not a straining at a gnat, indeed; the camel swallowed whole?

To have set apart a few ships for Passengers and non-contraband cargo service alone: This, know all the world, had made me an accomplice of the German in his atrocious policy of attacking enemies' merchant ships by torpedo. Never would I do it, therefore. When it was proposed to me, I felt temptation. But God restrained. I tossed restless on my pillow, and knew my flesh weak. A voice cried: 'If thou doest this, thou'lt sleep no more. If thou doest this, thou shalt be blown about in winds,

roasted in sulphur, washed in steep-down gulps of liquid fire. Mercy herself could show no mercy to one guilty of so monstrous a deed as this which Satan has suggested to thee? I started up, my fell of hair on end; saw naught save spectral moonlight, but yet prayed aloud: 'To thee I commit myself; thou alone heretofore hast cared for thy weak servant; and I swear that I will turn a new leaf? Then lay I down, warm and perspiring, resolved to lead the Nation I am guide to into war sooner than listen again to such counsels of the Evil One. Principle is a very touchy High Lady. You cannot say I do not deal gently with her.

For the American State to have refused to accept responsibility for the lives of all American citizens whilst travelling on whatsoever sort of ship their individual fancies pleased would have been an infringement of the Rights of those citizens? The Statue of Liberty would have fallen on its face, the veil of the temple been rent and darkness had covered the earth? The American State does well know itself a colossal one, fit to assume mighty responsibilities; neither is it slack in assuming them. But whether this is not almost *too* colossal? Rights *infringed* because that responsibility is not taken? When thou canst bind the winds and the sea will be still at thy bidding; when the Angel of Death will wait thy consent, and the stars change their courses for thee.

Too colossal? Why you know it was not enough. *American* lives aboard? Let us leave such a mean egoistic distinction; spread our wing over all. Life is above Property, Principle is above Life: yet shall these three never be separated, nor aught breed divorce 'twixt either pair, but Three in One, and One in Three be worshipped.

Emerson once asked his audience: The American Eagle is a mighty bird but what is he to the American Peacock?

For the Eagle I have a high respect, hold *him* in great estimation. But am not quite so prone to bow to the Peacock, even when he does strut sublimely and spread his tail displaying. —

PRINCIPLE!

f) American and German Notes.

American and German Notes. President's or Kaiser's ukases? Say this over to yourself, good reader, with the extreme deliberation I have indicated, and

meditate the matter for a while. For a time and times, a time and half a time, as Daniel was wont to express it. Talk not of bullocks now, but let the weighty affairs of state press heavily upon your soul. Wilson is such an Atlas; and, when he opes his lips men hearken to an oracle. But then our bawcock, too. For it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Yet were the true World's Caryatids ever sculptured sorrow-laden. And is not he sorrow-laden? He may be straight-backed, stiffnecked enough to stand erect 'neath any load; yet still he's told us all how he has labored, how many a Hopeless Dawn* he's seen and watchful night. 'Ah, if you but saw the Notes which I do daily, you'd better know my troubles'. So sighed he once, when upon the stump, and much trying to present a balance even. He might conclude an agreement most brusquely, cut to the bone (two ways at once) and curt 's could be, yet this was only after much long-sufferance. Great meekness, seen of all the world, and such fine-bolted meal as *should* have been acceptable. He ground it soft, and wished to be as gentle as inflexible. What are the Kaiser's labors to his? In Cabinet and Field, life-long, few years of too swiftly passing lease? In such surpassing crisis as a self-sought threatened breach of Relations Diplomatic, made tenfold anxious by uncertain renewal of lease; in decades of strenuous peace, ubiquitous endeavor and immense achievement, in the wildest clash of battle and his People's utmost need? Pooh! there's no comparison. And our pity must be for Wilson? Sure.

The American People flatter themselves that they have perfected Democracy as no others have. Yet would I like much to know, were it possible, how many grave and manful souls there are among them who do meditate these Notes in that respect. Asking themselves: In which set it is that the real Will of the People has been best expressed? In which set of these Notes it is that the constant Soul of a People has best found some one to voice it; in which do the Vain Pretensions of a Few or a Multitude predominate? In which set it is that the composer of them most had the enduring Welfare of his Nation at heart; in which the transient Aspects of the Hour, the high claims and superlative virtues of an Individual do most appear?

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* Allusion to a cartoon.

At the outbreak, the Kaiser did address a direct appeal to the President: That America would at least look with a favorable countenance upon Germany, risen in her own defense, against huge combination. In the strong, masculine yet royal way normal with him. Pointing to the Facts: Do not they declare our right? And expressing the conviction, or the pious faith, that Justice would triumph. To which the President replied, in a rather wishy-washy epistle, that to whom God should give her* his should doubtless be the right. It really does not seem improbable, Mr. Wilson. But whose second and Sponge-holder will you have been? Hopes of glorious Mediator, sealing that consummation which you devoutly wished and made so sure of, now accentuated by solicitude to mediate *before* consummation — of a sort you would be grieved indeed to behold?

Earnest Americans, like ditto Britons, have many things to grieve for. But they will not despair at all. And, I hope, will not take offence at this Briton for speaking with the freedom he does. Must manage to do, whether or no. Tut, I dishonor you to suggest this. Man may speak as Man the world over. Fluellen would add, and in America. Truly, if not, where?

It was the German appeal to fact which proved so fundamentally upsetting to Doctor Woodrow. Clean kam to him. Never in all his studies had he ever heard of fact as a thing to ground upon, unless to founder. A most dangerous suggestion, fraught with mere incalculable mischief. Fact to him looked a sea of peril; who launched *thereon* would court destruction, and merit his fate. With his learned glasses on his nose he'd argue thus, most irrefragibly: How can a man who attempts to base himself upon Fact know a moment's peace or security? Is it not written in our holy scriptures ‚In the midst of life we are in death'. And when was it ever possible for mortal man to know what would happen to-morrow? P. E. D. No Euclid clearer. But who takes Principle for his guide is surely established in faith. For this is fixed, definite, invariable. Who builds on this builds on the dead rock indeed, and all the events and Realities of this world shall seek to move him in vain. If to build on a quicksand spell ruin, what madness to think of raising your light on the

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* Victory. ‚To whom God shall give her, his be the right'. Knights of old last word before charge.

living! 'Twould no sooner feel the warmth than it would dive like Sinbad's green-back island; your light snuffed out instead of set on high. You say it would come up again? That the living loves to commit itself to the deep and trust its powers of swimming, rejoices in the pathless and the boundless; yea, is at home in the uttermost parts? No such freaks for me! I'll stay at home, and toll the bell with all solemnity. Come up again? Aye, that it would! But who knows where, or in what new and unexpected shape!

Reader, that President is too irresistible, and we must proceed more soberly. Resist him! He'd like to know who can! Truce, Akakia, truce.

It was not till after the sinking of the Lusitania that these Notes became much notable; and it was really well to let a little time pass between the Kaiser's Letter and these so far removed there-from. Except for that Unremovableness we know of. The President's first Note thereon was a very careful document. Nothing offensive in *tone*. Serene opacity to *fact* is a matter of course to us by now, and it was nothing new. The only new thing was, as aforesaid, that Madam became committed by this Note. I think that is the true reading of the matter. Let me make it clearer. In spite of all ‚carefulness', this Note was composed by one only *trying* to have a cool head in the midst of the ‚hysterical excitement which ensued' in certain quarters in America. The Note was in nowise composed by one of stable soul, to whom the hysterical excitement was nothing but hysterical excitement, and mere tempest of exclamation. Neither did Madam at all here imperiously assert her will. Far from it! She struggled *against* doing this. Nevertheless, where so very much was so very loudly demanded of her, where all were waiting expectant for her to act, she felt she must do something, and in that predicament *became committed*. Despite all efforts to be wise, the fatal words escaped her lips. And once they had, go back from them she never could. For many months she appealed mutely to the German: Cannot you see what a taking I was in, and submit, *to save me*. What is your war; what is your Nation's victory or ruin to salving my dignity? In knighthood's courtesy, submit, and say you'll do it. Perhaps I shall be grateful even to you, though of course my first and heartfelt Thank *God!* and I do know that many times the ministers of his will are quite unworthy

of esteem. Yet do it, and I will, may be, afterwards consider of that. For it may not prove compatible with my glory to have gratitude to such a thing as you. My People's growing humor is that it must be of our compulsion, no grace admitted to exist in you. Who has the wealthy and curledy dearlings of the earth for suitors does not need to rest her head on sooty bosoms or profess indebtedness to them. But if you be indeed a Moor of fathom here's your chance to show surpassing chivalry.

O German! you have had some things to muse on. Then were no potent, grave and reverend signiors, your audience, could listen to a plain unvarnished tale, to say that if Virtue no delighted beauty lack, you are far more fair than black. But yet the Sex was ever to a soldier kind. And hardy wooer not despair of favor.

With less of similitude. It was clear to the observant at the time that this first Lusitania Note was a fatal kind of thing; that the President had in it taken a position which it would be extremely difficult for him to retire from without a confessed worsting. *Hence* the subsequent trouble. Rather all things than confess a worsting.

With the arguments of both sets of Notes we have dealt; and it is not so that we are here concerned with them. The first Lusitania Note was what Carlyle would have described as a piece of exquisite sky-archery. And if the archer had not been so *high* a lady on the tallest stump, it would have been a thing of no more account in the Practical Realities of this earth than little Charlotte's* airy epistle to Frederick the Great. The authenticity whereof seems dubious. The authenticity of this? None doubts who wrote it, but it is certainly not ‚authentic'. It aims to be most high-superior and magnanimous and *is not* sincere or real at all in any part of it. The phrases in praise of Germany are simply phrases; its every word is shot into blank air and out of limbo: An imaginary document wholly. The single sentence of the German answer, that the mere presence of American Passengers on a ship could not render it inviolate, has more of God's truth and man's verity in it than is to be found in all the American Notes put together.

Herein lies the generic distinction between these two sets

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* She who became ‚Queen Charlotte' of England.

of Notes: That the German are veracious, plead for and by the Facts, the actual Realities of this Present Hour. While the American are imaginary, plead for and by Sublime Ideas and Principles; completely *ignore* Fact and Reality, profess themselves superior to verity. So it went on. The German ones constantly showing an increased understanding of the situation, more noble handling of it; the American ones a *decrease* of even the show of worthiness, increase of mere fixity of feminine will. Up to that, at present, last Note of the German, wherein he very nobly and wisely indeed once more set forth the real truth of the matter, concluding with expression of hope that should he, notwithstanding, resolve to comply with America's requirements she would see her way to more equitable actions. And the answer sent to it, which I had rather not describe in the only words in which I could truly describe it. The President has won in the eyes of the Temporary Audience he appealed to; but how these Notes will stand before the Forum of Mankind and History is not debatable to me: The one for honor, the other for ignominy.

None who have left the nursery imagine that these and other *Published* Notes were all, and many may question how far they were even the most important and did represent upshot up to date. Nevertheless things are done in public now to a degree never known in past ages. Universal Democracy, not American, or British, or French, or German, but *Universal* Democracy, the very Spirit of the Time demands publicity; and has got it to an extent never realized before. With what results?

It is still commonly supposed that in the old times the Peoples simply did as the Kings bade, not knowing why or wherefore, though every true student knows this to be absolutely false of any Noble Age in any country's history, howsoever ancient or howsoever modern. The supposition is in fact, on the face of it, incredible to the Soul of Man. Such blind obedience to the Kaiser is what is constantly alleged of the German People to-day; and they know it a Lie. Their obedience to him is not blind, but seeing. For in every Noble Age of any country a loyal trust in the Leaders is invariably present, and the Germans of to-day thank God that they have Leaders who do lead them well in they do know what. They not know why and wherefore Germany is at war? They know it *through*. And it is a sure thing to me that

Germany's Leaders better declared to the People why the country went to war and have kept the People better informed of the why and wherefore of their actions during the war than the Leaders of any other their People. *Better* informed; truth seen, reticence respected, wisdom and valor trusted.

Mere Democracy demands of its ‚authorities' that everything be made public, the why and wherefore of each act declared. From sheer distruct; from the difficulty it experiences, and ever will experience, in getting any Leaders deserving trust. Whilst, in crisis, it will as now seen in Britain, yield itself up to an absolute tyranny, on the plea that it is necessary to temporarily adopt the devil's methods for the sake of conquering him. For the devil's methods, I am afraid that they little needed *adopting;* but the notion of the British, that they are copying German ways, is a delusion. A case of Erasmus 's ape. Or something much worse.

An idea has so long been abroad and got rooted, that if the Chief Officers of the State can be made to always declare what they are about, Public Opinion will always determine correctly whether this is right or wrong. And hence the modern insistence on publicity. In which there is an everlasting Truth and an ever-cropping Lie. The Truth: That if a just and established Authority do openly declare the why and wherefore of any call it makes upon the Nation, the whole real worth and manhood of the Nation will rise responsive, and bear it to victory through all and every opposition. It is but a little way back that I expressed my conviction that this would have been found true in America to-day. The Lie: That if any cunning Jack in Office lay out specious ware before the general eye, the general voice will denounce the speciosity. That if the general public be free to choose between such Jack and one who offers genuine ware, it will not, in the vast majority of instances, as with one voice cry God bless Barabbas! This Lie is, as many readers know, what Carlyle meant by ‚Bedlam's Axiom'. Asseverating that wherever it was regnant in a Nation there would the whole real worth and sterling manhood of the Nation be most effectually nullified and rendered impotent.

In France, in Britain and in America the general public has recently been more free to choose precisely whom and what it would, than ever in world-history. Neither has the ware, spe-

cious and genuine, of Persons in Authority ever before been so openly exposed for every eye to look on and judge for itself. I ask you again With what result?

And in far wider compass than these mere Notes. Though it applies there and intensely. German State Utterances throughout this war have been and continue of a most remarkable character. General public in America as in England, has refused to listen to them. Majesty, simplicity, verity, have here been before them; and they have answered Impudence! Astucity! Cunning falsehood! Man at war has put his case before these general publics with a frankness, clearness, directness, visible truthfulness, exceeding rare. Yea; pled it over again and again with strange courtesy and forbearance. And they, these general publics, have simply — presented their backsides to him. I have no other word for it.

But yet I hope that many Americans and some Englishmen have heard those Utterances. They are on record; neither can they be lost in any sense. They are in print, and each man can read them for himself. Who does so with an open mind will find that they are what I have called them: The true words of true men, who have constantly meant one thing before God and the same thing before men. Which and whom only blind Superstition and maddened Fanaticism could have misinterpreted as those general publics have done and persist in still doing.

The American Peacock! His plumage may be very gorgeous, his aigrette a masterpiece of delicate art, his strut superlative, his whole appearance most magnificent to view and his voice discordant beyond description. But yet his eye is evil and in his heart is much wickedness. He has, by black-art, *hooded* the Eagle and kept him an obedient slave ready to do his bidding. *Which* the German Eagle perceiving, and not at all desiring to have the American added to his foes, has done a very pretty bit of fencing with the Peacock. And this has been worth seeing. Besides the German Eagle has an esteem for the American. But the thing which I would supremely like to see would be the American Eagle unhooded, the Peacock's tail all scattered in the winds, his head dangling loose and low, beak dripping gore, and body trussed in talons terrible and humanely remorseless, the Eagle's wings just slightly unfolded, sufficient to maintain his balance steady while the Peacock's dying agonies went on.

g) America's Conduct in regard to this Warfare.

I left this seventh and last head over and apart for America's share in this Submarine Warfare matter, in so far as it might prove necessary to speak of that separately. Or if this was not quite my original plan, it is so that it has developed. It was necessary to deal with the Warfare itself first, and with Germany's conduct of it; but America's conduct in regard to it has, in the fact, been so interwoven with this that the declaration of the one has simultaneously rendered the other visible. Thus there is little left to treat of separately. A mere wind up.

America's attitude and state of mind before the warfare began, father of the view she instantly took of it when it did begin; what definite attitude she at length took, how she came to take it and how she has persisted in it; — all this has been already gone over. And, truly, whatever wild-play we have seen, it has been no exaggeration of the Fact, but a true picture of it. Not this Akakia malicious or perverse. As little notion he has power to send an unperpetual President pirouetting through the world with wig on fire as wish to do it.*

The Nominal and the Real reasons of America's action: How the Nominal were not the Real, and yet supremely were. This seeming paradox to explain is our first business in this wind up! That *musk* be understood a little better; aromas of injected perfumes be not confounded with the odors of an animal which does by its own proper nature smell all musk.

America took such exception to Germany's Submarine Warfare, at length forbade it wholly under threat of dire penalty, because she could not stand by and see such inhuman proceedings? Out of pure Humanity she acted, to safeguard the Lives of Non-Combatants? No. To any President asserting that these Nominal were the Real reasons of his actions, I give the lie direct: They were not. If Official America had not been hand-in-glove with Britain, if the Dollar-Mighty had not seen in Britain's game their profit, if the threatened ships had not been full of American Commodity, the German would have been left perfectly free to

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* Akakia was the name Voltaire wrote under when he sent Perpetual President Maupertuis ‚pirouetting through the world with red wig and yellow bottom (his accustomed headgear) unquenchable on fire'.

torpedo and to destroy whatsoever Non-Combatant Lives refused to get out of the way of his guns. That is straight enough, I hope.

To state the reverse truth and show the seeming paradox to be none is by no means so simple a problem. But ask yourselves: Why were these particular reasons pled and so insisted on with universal acclamation and endorsement? It would have been quite easy to find other excuses, a hundred other excuses. Why *these*, and these alone? You may dive beyond plummet's sounding, yet fail to bring up any completely satisfying answer.

Cagliostro was the Arch-Quack of the Eighteenth Century and Carlyle found it worth while to write his biography. It may help us to take a few excerpts:

„His whole thought is confused, inextricable; what thought, what resemblance of thought he has cannot deliver itself except in bluster, which makes bad worse. Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble. Hear him once and on a death-lift occasion.

„„I mean and I wish to mean, that even as those who honor their father and mother and respect the sovereign Pontiff, are blessed of God; even so all that I did, I did it by the order of God, with the power which he vouchsafed to me, and to the advantage of God and of Sacred Principle, and I mean to give the proofs of all that I have done and said, not only physically but morally, by showing that as I have served God for God and by the power of God, he has given me at last the counter-poison to confound and combat the Submarine; for I know no other enemies than those that are in Germany, and if I am wrong the People will correct me; if I am right they will re-elect me to a second term; and if the Holy Father could get into his hands to-night these Notes of mine, I predict to all brethren believers and unbelievers that I should be seen between Moses and Elias tomorrow morning." Being desired to give these proofs then, he answered: „„To prove that I have been chosen of God as an apostle to defend and safeguard the Lives of Non-Combatants and enforce the Laws of Humanity among these Belligerents, I say that as the Democratic Party has employed canvassors to demonstrate in face of the world that it is inspired by the one true faith, even so, having operated with approbation and by counsel of the pastors and the Dollar-Mighty and the Press, I am, as I said, fully justified in regard to all my operations; and these my many counsellors have assured me that my Lusitania

Mandate or Injunction was divine, and deserves to be held in perpetual memory forever and ever, enforced by all the power of the States, as I said in another interrogatory".

'How then, in the name of wonder, said we, could such a screeching Peacock speak „with unction"?

'Two things here are to be taken into account. First the difference between speaking and public speaking; a difference altogether generic. Secondly the wonderful power of a certain audacity, often named impudence. Was it never thy hard fortune, good Reader, to attend any Meeting convened for Public purposes; any Bible-Society, Reform, Conservative, Thatched Tavern, Anti-German, Pro-Ally, Hogg Dinner, or other such Meeting? Thou hast seen some full fed Long-ear by free determination or on sweet constraint, start to his legs, and give voice. Well aware wert thou that there was not, had not been, could not be, in that entire ass-cranium of his any fraction of an idea; nevertheless mark him. If at first an ominous haze flit round and nothing, not even nonsense dwell in his recollection, — heed it not; let him but plunge desperately on, the spell is broken. Commonplaces enough are at hand: „Labor of love", „right of suffering millions" (in Belgium, or anywhere except in Germany) „freedom in choice of ship", „violation of International Law. Shall it be tolerated? Against property it may, but against Life?" „Principle", „Guardian of Divine Idea", or what else it may be; the Meeting by its very name, has environed itself in a given element of Commonplace. But anon, behold how his talking organs get heated, and the friction vanishes; cheers, applauses, with the previous dinner and strong drink, raise him to height of noblest temper. And now, as for your vociferous Dullard or Precise Pedant, is easiest of all, let him keep on the soft, safe parallel course; parallel to the Truth, or nearly so; for Heaven's sake, not in contact with it: no obstacle will meet him; on the favouring given element he triumphantly careers.'

‚Here too let us mention a circumstance, not insignificant, if true, which it may readily enough be. In younger years, Cagliostro once, it is recorded, took some pains to procure, „from a country vicar", under quite false pretences, „a bit of cotton steeped in holy oils". What could such bit of cotton steeped in holy oils do for him? An Unbeliever from any basis

of conviction he could never be; but solely from stupidity and bad morals. Might there not lie in that nature of his, at the bottom of all, a certain musk-grain of real superstitious Belief? How wonderfully such a musk-grain of Belief will flavour, and impregnate with seductive odour, a whole inward world of Quackery, so that every fibre thereof shall smell *musk* is well known. No Quack can persuade like him who himself has some persuasion. Nay, so wondrous is the act of Believing, Deception and Self-deception must, rigorosly speaking, co-exist in all Quacks; and he perhaps were definable as the best Quack, in whom the smallest musk-grain of the latter would sufficiently flavor the largest mass of the former.

„But indeed, as we know otherwise, was there not in Cagliostro a certain pinchbeck counterfeit of all that is golden and good in man, of somewhat even that is best? Cheers, and illuminated hieroglyphs, and the ravishment of thronging audiences, can make him maudlin; his very wickedness of practise will render him louder in eloquence of theory; and „philanthropy", „divine science", „depth of unknown worlds' finer feelings of the heart", and such like shall draw tears from most asses of sensibility.

„Neither, indeed, is it of moment how few his elementary Principles are, how empty his head is, so he do but agitate it well: thus a lead-drop or two, put into the emptiest dry-bladder, and jingled to and fro will make noise enough; and even, if skilfully jingled, a kind of martial music."*

I hope no reader imagines that I mean by quoting the above to run anything like a strict parallel between Beppo Balsamo, *alias* Count Alessandro Cagliostro, (who, in his day, deceived all Europe from Paris to St. Petersburg and Rome to London) and a certain High Personage known to us; that I mean to imply that he is a Quack, in any such sense as Cagliostro was. For I mean precisely the reverse: that his musk is proper to him, and *not* adopted for cunning purposes of private profit. Yet I do very strongly and very sadly mean that a man who has proved himself so adept in known political artifices as to reach the White House is no Milk-beard by the time he gets there. This Entity was not *born* to the purple; and none who arrives at it by his

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* Carlyle's Miscellanies Vol. 5 (pages 103—105 People's Edition).

own energies but must have proved himself a Man of the World. A man of *this* world, very well conversant with the seamy side of things, however the superfine glossy side be all he strokes softly in public. This President knows as well as I do that High Principle, care for the Lives of Non-combatants, and all that grandiloquent stuff, was *not* the true reason why he took such exception as he did to Germany's submarine warfare; but yet the musk was proper to him and the real determining factor.

A bit of cotton steeped in holy oils! That *phase* of Superstition is not to-day the dangerous. But has Superstition therefore ceased to be, or become one whit less dangerous? Nowise. Cant and Hearsay remain coeval with human existence. And Palaver steeped in Sacred Principle can be to some as much a talisman against all evil and open sesame for heaven's gates as any bit of cotton to a Beppo.

For Religion is ever paramount, even in ages the most infidel and atheistic. If not the living power of religion, then the Form and orthodox profession: It is not in man to do without it. Where the Living God is not worshipped *some* Imagination of the Mind is sure to be. And always is it an Evil Imagination. But what grain of Spiritual Belief a man actually has, howsoever infinitesimal it may be, that it is which will chiefly determine his acts. His earthly interests? My dear sir, the noblest of men, even when properly bent to know what their earthly interests are, cannot accurately do it; they too do but guess. And the terrene always know what theirs are; are *less* sent astray by passion, humor or illusion? There is no dead-reckoning of earthly interests possible to created being: the meanest is alive and cannot help what stirs within him, will obey the humor his mother gave him in despite of the most evident loss of victual.

Without those very material Real reasons for doing it, America and her President had never taken the exception they did take to the Submarine? Sure; neither she nor he. Nevertheless, without this immaterial Essence, this musk-grain of Spiritual Belief, pervading the whole, they would also never have taken it; neither she nor he. As some ancient Peoples could engage in no National Act without first consulting the chicken's bowels, so the American People would never have engaged in this if not assured by the Holy Augurs that the Gods smiled upon the enterprise. I am struck with awe sometimes to think what a debt

of gratitude they will feel to me for having come up with such a prophetic confirmation to them that the Gods have — smiled. Never speak of it, dear Yankees. See! I rush among you with clothes rent, ashes scattered on my head, and crying Not unto me!

Consider the Popes after they ceased to *be* Holy Fathers. At one time they were elected because they *were*. The devout people, praying that the Holy Ghost would aid them, sought for a man in whom grace resided, one who actually lived a life of piety and nobleness, one who had been proven, by long stern practice of fearless integrity and mild wisdom, to have the seeing eye and understanding heart, insisted that he, wherever found, should be their Guide. But after all this had passed, fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. The Popes then gained election by arts notorious and unlovely; and none *could* become Pope without skill in those arts. But neither, as I bid you note, without having sworn their allegiance to the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, life through proven themselves zealous Professors of the Faith, and, once Pope, they had to play Pope. Have these Latter-day Popes been self-confessed knaves? Scarcely any of them. By the long apprenticeship they served to win the Popedom, their souls became as completely impregnated with Profession of the Faith as their subtle-working brains expert in the arts by which they won it and maintained themselves in it; the two had ever worked together in indisoluble union, and they saw salvation in the Profession as much as knew security of tenure by the Arts.

A certain personage known to us did not become President because he had before time lived a life of severe probity, been recognized for one who feared the face of no man yet whose own heart was full of the milk of human kindness, lived simply just for justice' sake, courted the suffrage of none yet would serve the least in any good, and silently ministered Humanity on earth. He became President by exercise of the known arts, and did much to get himself made President; throughout all which he had as an absolute *sine qua non* for success, to continually *Profess the Faith* from every platform and without a Musk-grain of self-Belief therein, as for his own soul's salvation, had never done it with success or any sort of unction. To *be* Man, to *have* Humanity, to *exercise* Justice; these things were never in his dreams. But to learn the Creeds, to be able to repeat the Principles, and

grow eloquent for Theory, in these things had his soul come to trust and see damnation in backsliding from. How he came to be President, what arts he used therefore and uses still for maintenance or re-election, besides the Public Profession, — in all these things he may say: Let not my soul know what my left hand doeth. Yet, being President, he still religiously believes it at his eternal jewel's peril if he fail to perform the functions of High Priest. Moreover he can always say unto himself: Since the profession of these high super-mundane Principles and Ideals was so absolute an essential to my getting here, was it not even by them that I did get here? Never will I desert what has crowned me with such glory, and brought my youthful visions true. Nay, since these things have wrought such practical miracles, they, the seeming Nominal, must verily be the true divine Realities, to a degree I never surmised before. Therefore will I profess them more than ever, convinced they are Substance and no Vain-Show.

The material interests were very material. In ordinary speech veracious one cannot hesitate to say that solicitude for them was the sole Real reason of Official America's action, perfectly well known so to the President. Were it not for that ‚confusion' and ‚inextricableness' endemic in minds that have dwelt in the Form instead of lived in the Power. Yet were the Nominal reasons in nowise just colors dextrously laid on for a purpose and to deceive. Not that way lies the sin at all. Neither was the President in the least alone or even chiefly to blame, merely most conspicuous. The sin lies in systematic inner Falsity. By which fact it is that the Nominal has been the determining factor. No excuses would have done. Nothing save appeal to, and self-imagination of act in accord with, those lofty Aims and Professions which are out of all contact with Truth and Fact, therefore never impeded by inconsistency. Who *knows* no Verity cannot require to make excuses, never needs to look for them. His high Nominals do not deny the material Reals, but just soar aloof. An Intelligent Public comprehends well enough, and is doubly enraptured with the Flight into the Empyrean from the assurance it feels that the earth is not left uncared for.

This is all of partial answer, brought up from dive into the fathomless, I, at present, mean to lay before you. What more there may be possible for me does not stand to be presented

under this Submarine business. It is enough if the seeming paradox be visible to you no paradox; the Musk-grain understood and odor known natural to the animal.

It was most natural for the general public of America to be astonished and indignant when the first American lives were lost. For you do not expect a Foreign Situation to be realized by any ‚general public' till it *is* brought home by some self-experience. But the Eagle would have calmly demanded to know the why and wherefore. Only the Peacock thrown into flutter, and constrained to shriek discordant. Had the appointed Expositors truly explained the why and wherefore, or even said nothing and not belied it, the American Public would have made no fuss; and would have insisted that the offer of some arrangement as to Passengers etc. should be listened to, some arrangement made. Which done, it is not likely that any further loss of American lives would have occurred; the death roll of non-combatants had not numbered one for ten of that it has. The loss of these lives does not lie at Germany's door.

There were just two alternative true courses for America, an active and a passive. As has been a hundred times pointed out by sane heads in America.

America was quite powerful enough to have taken the active, if judged the wisest. I know some Congressmen shouted: Beware! This will lead into war with Five Nations at once. But it is totally improbable that it would have led into war with any. There are many ways of going to work in such a matter. You do by no means need to always cast down your battle-gage to obtain justice Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia was very expert in catching hold of an obstreperous Bull *by the tail*, not the horns: and in just quietly holding on in spite of bellow, till the animal became tamer and consented to reason. I am utterly shy of even attempting to say what precise thing should have been done, knowing right well that this never can be decided wisely by any save those initiate actually concerned to do it. And, therefore, will not here. But, not a doubt of it, some sort of a screw could have been found applicable, and tightened gradually to the requisite pitch. Some sort of Reprisal (Protests are worse than useless in such cases), peaceably persisted in with every sincere expression of friendliness and goodwill, would have brought leading Bull and whole unruly herd to reason, howsoever all

ears were stunned with the roaring at first. The Allies required far too much from America not to have soon come to terms had they seen her resolute to insist. To insist on what? All her dues intact despite of war, and under threat of war? Pshaw! A mere: With all deference be it spoken, Messieurs, we cannot accept all your kindly Proclamations concerning the Duties of Neutrals as Divine Laws which we are bound to obey. And though we are extremely sorry to incommode you in any way, we have found ourselves obliged to take certain steps which — er — er, which *will* incommode you. Your equity will perceive how nothing save the necessities of our situation have compelled us to this; and the moment those restrictions which you have inadvertently placed upon our peaceable tradings are removed, we shall be more than happy to desist from these actions which we, in our turn, have had to take, so unfortunately bound to prove inconvenient to you. Till then, as we regret to have to inform you, we shall have to persist in them.

Can any reasonable mortal doubt that this resolvedly *done*, as well as suavely said, would have swiftly proved effective? I reckon not. And that the Greatest of the Neutrals, thus prudently minding her own affairs, would have so proved an infinitely Handsomer High Protectress to the Little. You may observe, too, that this was strictly all the German asked her. Not interference on his behalf; but simply this. Alas, it was not what she wished. High Protectress to Bull having taken her fancy instead.

In the active course, action would have needed to be taken as against the Allies first, because they were the first in act. And in all that followed. But all that has followed never then would. This Omission brought the sequel so lamented. Moreover in the true course active, America had never *interfered* with either side, but strictly minded her own business, *with equity for both*. Where referred to, insisted always on Reciprocity: Whoever demands one thing of the other, through me, must himself be prepared to do or to renounce a just equivalent.

But for all I know, the passive course might have been the wisest. These restrictions upon Neutrals are not just and are damaging to us. Nevertheless, it will be better for us to submit to them. This also had been good. Probably better, then, to say nothing either. Protests without determination to act being

futility. But it is most inexorably true that the passive course could only be honorable if maintained toward both sides alike.

In either of these three courses, America had minded her own concerns. She was in nothing called upon to interfere. In no true active could she have been required to insist upon other people's rights, whether Belligerents or Neutrals, to constitute herself Dictatress in Humanity s name, or fly off into the infinite in any sort. These high magnanimous Rôles, with their claims to superlative Principle and all that stuff, are most vaporous, not to say heart-sickening and contemptible. They are thoroughly pernicious and immoral always. No man who knew his own Duty and did it ever went in for them at all, nor ever will.

In the course actually followed, that is developed, sufficiently gone over by us, I can see nothing save the fulfilment of that fatal proclivity, invariably found in those who go in for the vaporous rôle, to arrive at the most absolutely untenable of all possible positions, diametrically opposite to the truth. Reaching, at last, a very climax of Righteousness by Creed and Attorney Triumphant (in his own eyes).

And all done in the name of Humanity too! O Jonathan, I think we might weep together. Not much of Humanity has been seen here. Neither in the Details nor in the Whole. But with the Humanity plea I have not done. With the Submarine Warfare I have.

4. Rôle of humanity[1]

What a versatile genius must our President be! There seems no part he cannot play with the like ease. How many have we seen him in here! From World's Mediator to Mistress Quickly: Humanity's Dictator, gifted with the counter-poison to confound and combat the Submarine, to Beppo Balsamo staunching his wounds with a bit of cotton steeped in holy oils. A Daniel

1. Apostrophe — (Composed in June 1916, but looking before and after.)

delivering judgment and an Attila Schmelzle, patient as Job, wearing out the day on a runaway walking horse, or risen in the night to pray; — for those words we heard in the spectral moonlight were his verbatim, when no Luther better defied the Devil. Doctor Woodrow, — that Joseph who forbade lean kine to feed on fat, thought it a more blessed thing indeed to aid the fat eat up the lean, so often, in street portraits, scarce distinguishable from another Joseph whose office was High Chamberlain, — the very thought of him quickens imagination and one can never be at a loss what to liken him to. So equal brother to all nature, every highest, lowest form we borrow seems native to him. America's many-sided master-mind, seen aloft, stalking mighty deer on stilts.

And then that stellar essence of Character which shows him to us always the same, whatever guise he appear in! Whether tumbled as a Dogberry, or seen with Moses and Elias, still Wilson, the Unimpeachable, Irresistible. Whose rigid *Sic itur* points steadily the one way to the stars; not to be shaken by disturbing Facts or any importunity of Event. Saint Paul, too, would be all things to all men, yet only that each might know his own birthright, and he, also, taught but one thing. Then Henry Irving was a great actor, yet in every Rôle he played his voice and his halt betrayed him mere Irving: Which is an unescapable doom; and no aspirant to the throne dark with excess of bright ever yet able to jump off his own shadow.

These infirmities all mortals are subject to cannot lessen Wilson in our eyes, or blind us to the immortal in him. His *sic itur* signpost shall stand till the world melt. As all worlds do from time to time. The American political one every four years with the regularity of clockwork, and sometimes that convulsion reestablishes the former order of things insisting that the Sign-post shall stand till the next world's end, — sometimes leaves it like a drift-log. If that latter the fate, it will not be Wilson's fault. Who builds on the deepest bed-rock he knows cannot be blameable if *it* dissolve, and leave him helpless. Even floating as a drift-log, too, may he not hope that the Sign-post shall lie with the arm, bearing the legend his soul had pinned all faith to, uppermost, pointing then indisputably to the stars, and like a dead man's hand, raised in last solemn adjuration, remain, so

long as *rigor mortis* lasts, an admonishment to his wayward children! He shall rest from his labors, and placidly defy any new god of Yankeedom to rear the like monument to *his* prowess. When at length gathered to his fathers, perchance it will be fished out by pious worshippers and reerected on his grave. *Hic jacet* Wilson: Subduer of the Submarine. Who, by the might of this his wooden Arm, forbade that Monster to prey upon Commodity, and salved all Eastcheap. In the name of the Drowned Innocents he would not save at peril of his soul, what are all Herakles' works to this! May the Dollar-Mighty never cease to sing Hosanna, and every Portia-Shylock thank God for such upholder of the Bond, Amen.

'Twas such a Sign-post while it lasted! And a gibbet, too! Tirpitz's effigy pendulous below the outstretched Arm of Law, the hooded Eagle perched upon the same, like vulture waiting to see if the caitiff atir again or no. Yea; and a State's Ornament not easily to be surpassed. For, see! The Peacock, with spread tail displaying — what you know, as fittest of all capitals unto the Post. Cannot any kind American Artist draw me these things?

But wait, and use not the past tense too soon. Rigor *mortis* has not yet set in, nor the State Clock struck its Quartennial hour of death — birth; the Chimes have but begun, and they last six mortal months. Uncertain yet to Wilson whether vesper's music or new matins' bells for him. Wars there may be in Europe, but here's the Big Event for him. New Hemisphere in throe casts into shade the Old One's agonies. Men may die there by the thousands daily but the Vote here is the breath of life to him. The Democratic carpenters, I'm told, have been most busy building him a stout Platform Raft to front the coming deluge on. Anti-‚hyphenism' a stipulated plank. Couched well in generalt erms, the stipulation. As has been the custom ever, when a specific heretic was wanted to be damned. No two-fold Allegiance can be allowed, nor Conscience granted to exist outside the Church. The Church should be the living summation of all true men's conscience; therefore is, though it burn Huss and send Tetzel hawking. President should stand for America and be the High Protector of all loyal citizens; therefore does and is

though his wing shelter none save who are willing to serve the needs of foreign Bull, from whose rich cows the Dollar-Mighty draw milk in torrents, intent to drain them dry and not be damned for Bull quite *gratis*, High Protector's beak and talons ready only for objectors unto this; therefore does and is though he treat Germanics as dogs, and call on them to curse with him their fathers without cause, abet him in every unjust practise and most unequal holding of the balance. I, also, much abhor two-fold Allegiance. But who is it that to-day has tried to serve both God and Mammon, salved Commodity whilst crying Principle? O, if there be any truth in the heart of the other candidate, called Republican, let him stand indeed for America one Unity and abandon Anti-‚hyphenism', endeavor to do *Justice.* It never yet availed to call him ‚Plotter' and ‚Rebellious' who refused allegiance to a Wrong-doer. And this hideous, most perilous split between Prime-Stock and Germanic Portion is one which those who call the latter ‚Hyphenates' have themselves wantonly inaugurated, and do daily force on, by gross injustice and reckless inequity. Quite mad they seem to me. ‚Reckless and abandoned' I called them before, and do so again. Diligent to rive the State asunder, that they, sweet creatures, may, for the moment, have the applause of a spleen-struck Mob. Moreover, who does it openly like Roosevelt, however richly meriting the gallows, is the *less* dangerous than who would still do it though under *pretence* of care for Unity.

If these things go on as they have begun there will certainly be nothing left for the Germanic Portion save to take up the gage so wantonly cast at them, saying: Very well, then. We were loyal citizens of the United States, had and have no wish but to remain so; but owe Allegiance to *you*, in these your proceedings, we never can or will. We will be no party to our country's uncalled for interferences, her inequitable assistances to the Allies anad impediments to Germany; will resist the same to the fullest of our power, whatever it may be. You have named us Separate, treated us as Pariahs from the State. Because we would not join with you to do injustice. Because we have an Origin that we may be proud of, equally with you or any other, and would not curse the noble old Fatherland for proving itself still a Land of Heroes. This Division did not come by us. You

have turned upon us without reason and made our Birth a brand of infamy, called on us to disown it. We will not disown it; and we are Free Men, no Helots to serve the ends or be the sport of any Prime Stock's Malice. It was no care of America's welfare that ever led you to introduce this nickname ‚Hyphenated', to suddenly treat us, who lived with you as one Community, as an Alien Race. Small wonder you should demand of us to repudiate our Fathers, for in the doing it you have dishonored your own. O Brothers, force us not to be opposite with you! For, as we live, we do not wish it. Demand not that of us which it were infamy indeed in us to grant. We came here, like you, as to a Land where such Divisions should be no more known; and had welcome. Turn your faces to us again, we pray you. But if you will not there is a higher Allegiance than any of earth. As we are true men we must act as in the eye of the Eternal. And since *this* country, America, is now *our* country, also, it will be our duty to assert our rights as Citizens of *it*, not to be over-ridden by a handful of Fanatics that call it theirs exclusive.

O Presidents, Ex-Presidents, and Prospective Presidents what thoughts you raise! What is your will, then? Domestic fury and fierce civil strife? Has judgment fled to brutish beasts, and Statesmen lost their reason? You cant of National Unity, and batter at the foundations of it, or insidiously undermine. You cry A plague upon Division! and set up this Race against this Race. You write Humanity upon your banners, and bark rabid upon every platform. It was not enough for you that you could not maintain a true Neutrality in a Foreign Quarrel but you must sow dissension at home and assiduously harrow it in. Very fatal are your ways; and if some Better Genius intervene not, America may deeply rue the day that saw any of you emerge from obscurity.

A curious practise, bye the bye, that of the State Doctors determining exactly what and how many planks the Platform Raft is to be made of, what and how many lead-drops are to be put into the bladder before the manipulator of it start stumping and enchant all ears with the jingle! They, the Doctors, are very careful their precious Infant shall never step off the Raft, into dangerous and unknown seas. Being no strong swimmer, to buffet with the deep, it would be fatal to him. Much of a comfort to

him, too, I suppose to be thus safe-guarded and know always precisely what he has to do. In great enterprises a man must be collected; never do to have his thoughts all flying about at random, they must be concentrated, absorbed all into one supreme thought. Properly supplied Bladder put into your hand, and your whole attention given simply to jingling *it*. It is the way they drive turkeys to market, but how much longer men will believe it the way they can be led *to the stars*, or any whither except to confusion worse confounded, I don't know. Europe has got into a pretty confounded mess by it, but that has not *yet* proved didactic to Americans. They say: It was all going on so sweetly, and if that damned German would not take the jingle for sphere-harmony, the others were right to band together and put a stop to his trying any other sort of road-music. You wait till he is stopped, and the old melody can re-establish itself without any contrary left under the sun — or none liable to grow troublesome if not stopped. Russians are blessed creatures and dear Sons of Liberty even to Americans, for the nonce; but they have not changed their music you know. For men dream, and see not that to-morrow can never be as esterday. They are beginning here and there to surmise however, that there will be no stopping of the German from continuing to march according to his own road-music. Which is a first step toward recognition that it is probably more in concord with the Eternal Melodies than any the cunningest manipulator can bring out of the dried bladder and its lead-drops.

Cryptic.

One's thoughts, certainly, should not fly about altogether at random, if the cut and dried be as little wholesome. In this time of war, the rations of so many consist of nothing else. No denying it is often a necessary diet; and Politicians on a stumping tour find bully-beef and biscuit all that they can carry in their wallets as much as soldiers on a march. Just as I had written the first two paragraphs of the above Apostrophe, the one I am now going to set down came into my mind, as it were out of nowhere. Yet it is nowise random, but an outcome of severe meditation well concentrated upon present theme. And if the connection therewith be not immediately visible, I reckon you may find these few words luminous on study, too.

The ancients said that God geometrised, and saw a marvel that two and three should be as sphere and cylinder, guessed one law pervading all, and knew an infinite correspondence between things. To us it were inconsequent enough should one who could make iron swim plead that therefore he could teach religion; yet, as Carlyle remarked, to our fathers such argument was full of meaning. Some others of the ancient or still primitive thought that, by the same infinite correspondence, lead and silver must be transmutable, what herb killed a sheep sent up as incense to the skies must bring down rain. Doubtless to avoid which it was that Euclid argued all from most small premises, very definite, refused the aid of any other science, should he have to go ten miles about to find the diagonal of his backyard. No attorney feed cared what his client was or how the truth might be. Strict to Principle, looks solely on the Brief he holds; persuades the court how the right should stand by this. And if he do it with fair passing excellence, skilled jurists charmed will give the verdict to the pleading and let the right go hang.

No more of these dark sayings, but let us get on with the Rôle. Always Parody and never Genuine? True. Yet it will be well to look at the at least *nighest* Genuine first.

Genuine in Rôle.

Certain Dogberrys have asserted that it has been proved a Poet's imagined characters are as much Realities as any flesh and blood ones subject to the quiddities of Time and Space, assured us that they would come high to be thought so shortly. The proof of which latter is present in all our minds; for it cannot be questioned that it is *Homer's* Achilles, *Shakespeare's* Coriolanus, who live in our memories; what God Almighty's were like never in our ken. Some say, the more's the pity. But waiving that, it is clearly unchallengeable that the most famous person who ever played the Rôle of Humanity (whether on earth or in limbo, as the more suited) was a sixteenth century Spaniard, by name Alonzo Quixano, more usually known under his self-assumed title of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Woeful Figure. Wilson may have outstripped Herakles, but even he must take second rank before this Redoubtable Champion, this Succourer of the Distressed, and world's Righter of Wrongs. Yet

what parallels might be run between the two, had we time for it! As perhaps we have for a few.

The Knight of the Woeful Figure.

Let that stand by itself uncommented, or only thus: Yon cartoon I saw, called ‚Another Hopeless Dawn' represented a desolate widower sitting by the ashes of a morn, with dropped jaw and hand in mouth, a large squalling baby, labelled Bryan, bottom-uppermost across his knees; latest German Note cast in at window. The poor forlorn! he did look a Woeful Figure. It was in London that I saw this, little expecting to see it there. But in the mad see-saw, from Louis Quatorze to this and back again is a daily matter. What vicissitudes do men undergo! Don Quixote thus lamented, after his encounter with the bulls:

> ‚Do but reflect upon me, famous in histories, dignified with the honor of the press, renowned for feats of arms, courteous in behavior, respected by princes, beloved and importuned by damsels; yet after all this, when I at last flattered myself with hopes of laurels, triumphs, and crowns, the reward merited by my valorous achievements, behold me trod under-foot, trampled like the highway dirt, kicked and bruised by the hoofs of vile and filthy beasts'.

But Quixote earlier in his adventurous career had exchanged his merely self-descriptive title for an earned cognomen. Knight of the Lions, he, after that never-to-be-forgotten encounter with the caged wild beasts. So Wilson, of the Submarine. For did he not with an equally unmatchable courage defy the German to his teeth, well knowing that he could not come out, and aware at how safe a distance he himself stood? He was not so foolhardy as Quixote, never asked the Keeper to open the doors, much less forced him to, knew discretion the better part of valor there. But, still, did he not threaten the caged and fully occupied Lion with the utmost temerity; address him with all terms of chivalrous abuse, strut full in his view, wielding carefully whittled big stick; perform all proper knightly acts to rouse the Lion's rage, and exhibit himself in public ready for the mortal combat? If it was all done in a well-founded confidence the Lion could by no chance get at him, you will the more admire his discretion; and the Defiance remains sublime and unmatchable. The whole world saw how ready he for his part was to fight. The Navy was paraded, and ‚Preparedness' demonstrations were

a pleasant sight in many cities. Each Yankee said to himself The Lion cannot reach us, not by any conceivable means, but he and all shall see how ready we are to front the terrible bray; no degenerate sons, we, but worthy our heroic ancestors. No braggarts, either, nothing desirous of strife, only of showing what a countenance we can put on. That's it, quoth Wilson. Ready as I am to die in this quarrel may God grant it may never come. Can't, possibly, murmur the Secret Counsellors; parade away, you never stood safer. So he ordered the Lion to draw in those claws of his he had put through the bars. What a breathless moment! Was ever daring comparable to this? And did not the Lion submit with wearied yawn; Wilson walk off triumphant with due Certificate of his doughty deed? He will bear it on his shield henceforth, that last Note of the German,* adding at the bottom ‚Which is as much as to say ‚You great big stick, I am going to do exactly what you want'. Nobody will then make any mistake about the correct interpretation, and all men know forever that the Basin is no barber's chattel but Mambrino's Helmet indisputably, and the Ass a dapple-grey steed, or at least its furniture no pack-saddle but a hero's sell.

Sure it was a magnificent Parade, all that. A rare Demonstration every way. How much of actual Preparedness there was, or needed to be, where, if war did result, it was bound to be so absolutely one-sided an affair and could be securely gone about in utmost leisure, more of an opportunity to confiscate Hamburgers and Securities than anything? Sufficiently prepared for this? A one-sidedness again due to Circumstance, and not a thing of Choice, you say? May be; but don't you think the Circumstance a good deal determined the Choice? Moreover, though it seemed so safe, I reckon it was a very dangerous game; that who plays it too often will find *his* security confiscated — by the gods. America has gone security for much, and taken good security, — as she thinks. Is not every Briton now compelled by law to change investments into dollar ones, or suffer penalty? All of us forced to go to our Uncle-Sam? Uncle has another meaning, you know, and no Scot's *wee* pawn here! One Nation in its time plays many parts; but whether the three golden balls are altogether an embellishment to the stars and

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* Last so far. See page.

stripes? Shylock, the Jew, would not find them amiss. The Parade and Demonstration very suitable to the Peacock, too. But what the Eagle would say to it all if his eyes were open? They seem to me very ophthalmic.

Much Windmill fencing had preceeded the Lion encounter with Wilson as with Quixote. Never sails whirled round with less impediment from La Mancha's lance than Allies' sea-domination from Wilson's Protests. Mambrino's Helmet I have referred to; but what of the original paste-board visor which went smash at the first blow. Could not it also find a parallel? Or the second, which, strengthened well with whalebone, it was resolved should be accounted sufficient *without* trial? What need of trial in mere defensive armor, seeing that the enemy was known safe cooped and super-occupied, utterly unable to *reply* to blows, whatever smashing ones it might be resolved to give him? Ah, the Yankee scorns mere defensive armors, like that famous general I-forget-his-name, who never would be such a poltroon as to lay plans for a retreat. Who could imagine an American ever taking *leg*-bail, howsoever Hamburgers and Securities might be welcome as another sort? Ta-ta Bernstorff, and we'll keep these for your reappearance. Was ever such temerity and magnanimity seen *since* Quixote anyway? Papen shockingly mistook to call you *idiotic*. All-daring valor never better twinned with wisdom of the serpent. Who knows that Relations once broken off, war was ever seriously purposed? Sone outward Form thereof and Bail substantial found sufficient. If the Dire Threat failed to secure Commodity upon the seas, so happy a balance of the same within our hands had made things even, and well been let alone. Probe not too deep into the Mysteries. Perhaps we had better let it alone. Guess that the more we stir it the worse it will smell.

Intrepid Wilson! Yet even his heart-of-proof did sometimes acknowledge qualm, as Quixote's when he and Sancho heard the Fulling Mills, not knowing whence the awesome sound proceeded. Such a mighty rush of waters, appalling clatter and clank of chains and strange machinery! O damn the Hyphenates! Why should they object to mixing herbs of death, and not rejoice in fratricide and patricide! Am not I the Sole they should respect, and willingly serve in any shambles can make my table groan the heavier? Did ever goddess cut a grander figure than I had

posed America? And then, just in the sublimest moment, when she stood Dictatress for Humanity, to see her face distorted by pangs in her own bowels! O bring the Doctor quick, and let him purge her, though it bring out guts and all. So wicked element must be evacuated at any cost; for there's no proceeding with the play till this unhappy chance be mended. The Doctors ran up thick and fast, and many proposed most drastic drugs; but others said: This sickness will not easily be mended; better send the Goddess into Mexico, for change of air. If no swap of horses during crisis be the rule, and that the chief desire of present team, as natural, it is a ruse may serve as well. Sancho, quoth Quixote, lay a bridle on your tongue. I have told you before, the more you stir it the worse it will be.

There were no end to parallels could we continue to run them, which we must not. Only the peerless Dulcinea may not be omitted. All know with what a chaste devotion the Walnut-colored Knight adored her, as Wilson Principle. Quixano may have cast a liking eye upon her, Aldonza Lorenza, but Don Quixote never saw her after rechristened by him Dulcinea. merely worshipped from afar. So the boy Woodrow may have known principle; but capitalized into Principle, Doctor and President alike knew her only as a thing enskied, lifted far away above all earthly reasonings; never more to be pressed to the bosom, never handled or questioned, but worshipped, Gloriana-wise, as a thing apart and aloof. It is often convenient, when you wish to pursue the mundane undisturbed and only to have the heavenly for sanction. The Duchess once took Don Quixote severely to task concerning this same peerless Dulcinea of his alleging

> ‚that there was no such lady in the world, that she was a mere notional creature, engendered and brought forth by the strength and heat of his fancy, and there endowed with all the charms and good qualifications, which he was pleased to bestow on her.' To which Don Quixote, nothing daunted, answered: ‚That much might be said on this point. Heaven alone could know if there were a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether she were a notional creature or not. These were mysteries not to be too narrowly enquired into.' But that, for certain, '*he* had neither engendered or begotten that lady. Though he did indeed made her the object of all his contemplations, and look on her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications which

could raise the character of a person to universal fame.' — Here is a parallel that needs no exposition. Who cannot see Wilson and Principle in this must be blind of both eyes at once.

It was just immediately after that Don Quixote of the Woeful Countenance went on to describe how he had found the Mistress of his Heart enchanted, ,transformed from a princess to a country wench, from beauty to ugliness, from courtliness to rusticity, from a reserved lady to a jumping Joan, from sweetness itself to the stench of a pole-cat.' Does the reader need the aid of glasses to see a likeness here? Let him recall how Don Quixote met that jumping Joan, how she flouted his high-flown addresses, and how he saw her clap her two hands upon the Ass 's back, leap so, from behind the tail, into her saddle and gallop off astride full laden panniers. But whether Wilson stood equally transfixed with sorrow when he saw his love astride full-laden panniers —!

No more of these parallels. It was not my object to run them; rather to show the *un*similarity of Wilson to Quixote: which also, as in some of Tristram's seeming digressions, may have been going on the while. Neither was my object sport, but to come, gradually, to Cervantes' graver purposes and meanings, which do underlie his sport and make his book such a permanent possession to men. It is a book which every school-boy can enjoy, and the grayest head continue meditating. Rich with humor and fertile in all gayest fancy, yet at heart earnest, declaring a soul much experienced in Life, and full of wisdom: It was a seeing eye and an understanding heart that wrote *Don Quixote*.

Cervantes did not deal a death-blow to Knight-Errantry's chivalry Romances only, thought that may have been his chief conscious aim. In beautiful, loving banter, he has shown us the perennial absurdity and even perniciousness of the Benevolent Rôle; how this ever issues not in the Righting of Wrongs but in the Adding of Mischief, the making of bad worse and the not letting of well alone, but the turning of it to ill. The Busybody who cannot mind his own affairs, but must set other people's to rights, Cervantes shows us how he is never a beneficent person *even when* most honest hearted and quite *genuinely* deluded. We love Quixote for that he is, but he has to be *mad* for us to forgive him his freaks: Would Benevolent Persons but learn that rede.

All large natures love Cervantes. A Carlyle seldom speaks of him except as ‚the brave Miguel' ‚A true Strong Man, who fought stoutly at Lepanto, served stoutly as Algerine slave, and wrote with the one arm left him our gayest and all but our deepest modern book'. An Emerson could see nothing in that book, and a Ruskin called it a bane and a curse. The pure nature of Emerson had no spleen toward it; yet it was because he too much took moonshine for substance that he could draw no wealth from its mine. Ruskin had spleen, because he felt the keen edge of its ridicule and knew that much in which he most looked for good could never stand a similar assault, but must perish if the like lambent fire come playing upon *it*.

Malicious ridicule is evil always; and the true Sacred is wholly invulnerable to its assaults. Against the false, also, one would never one self use it; yet has no superstitious horror of it, where found spring natively; certainly, no fear of it anywhere. That man has a poor notion of the Holy who esteems it ever can be put in permanent peril of loss to us; that it is in the power of any devil to raise any sort of impassable barrier between even a child and its Father in Heaven. Yet Ruskin spoke as if Cervantes had blasted fair fruit forever, sent forth a breath of withering Mockery in the face of which no tender aspirant to heaven would again be able to rear head. True Knight had known that were Cervantes' work evil it must die, and never could dure; that weakest sapling could still shoot and grow, and every fairest lily blossom under God's sky. A sky not *capable* of being hindered in the raining of bright influences by any such means as *that*.

‚Of all the bold, denying spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create'.

But pure, loving humor never so much as sought to assail the Holy; that lambent fire burns up pretenders only. It is, in its own proper nature, as soft and gentle as a mother's love; and, where the vain illusion is an *honest* one, never damages the victim in our eyes, but keeps him in our love, restores him to his wits before the curtain drop. Indeed even where the illusion is not honest, it never damages the victim, and restoration to right wits is always its end. True heavenly exorciser of enchantments, and most merciful dispeller of the spirit's bond. Shakespeare's tumbling of a Dogberry has been likened to sunlight playing on

the fathomless ocean. Mercy, love, and most delicate tenderness: All men who know Cervantes know that never aspen knew a finer tremor or stood more firmly rooted in the soils which do dure forever.

Mockery, such as Ruskin did not mistake Cervantes' sport to be yet would have been glad if he could have named it, is always quite transient. Being directed against mere Accident and Mannerism, it dies with the mode; and, never touching soul, belongs to no day save its own. It was simply because Ruskin felt that Cervantes was not this that he was made uneasy by it. Though we, unhappily, have too good evidence that this also frequently did make him uneasy. Yet, whilst far from proof against even Voltairian ridicule, it disturbed him much less than Cervantic humor. The one may make a man's skin smart intolerably, but the other embraces his soul; and no mortal addicted to the fanciful likes being hugged. He hated to see imaginary aims made fun of because so many of his own were imaginary. Voltaire's *Akakia* was malicious? I grant ye, hoping it is no hedgehog who asks. *Which* granted, you will admit that it is solely in so far as it is *not* that we can still bear to read it. Being no hedgehog, it is not the malice or the perverseness in it that we enjoy, but the truth, and — if it must be forced, and if such a thing can be granted in Voltaire, which, remembering the Calas Family, it surely can, despite of all, — the real benevolence. If Maupertius had not *deserved* to be exploded by spiritual pyrotechny, the firework which did explode him had long since been utterly extinct. Neither was Maupertius injured by it. What worth was really in that man is far better known to us by such shearing away of his turkey-cock vanities and sublime engineerings; he rests with us in permanent esteem for that he was, vexations turned to kindliness. Marry, this was not Voltaire's sole doing. If an immeasurably nobler had not portrayed both, it would not have been so.

All men whose aims are real love Cervantes: it is only those whose aims are imaginary who find him a stumbling block. The worshippers of visionary good, these it is who are displeased with him; and they remain, in so far as they do worship the visionary, the *not* noble. The Hebrew Prophet, who could not laugh, has gone by, a long time since. And the Genial Seer, who is no whit the less severe, is much better pleased to see vain

pretences burnt up in that fashion than by Smithfield fires. We will keep the stake and faggot for less tractable offenders. And yet know, much better than before, that these are offenders; that there is no innermost Holy of Holies which does not need to be purged of the Vain.

The brave Miguel an Adversary? O no; one of the allies of the *Central* Powers, he, no spleen-stricken member of a foul Conspiracy. Supposed an Adversary only by whoso mistakes his own ideas of the Godly for the actual godly; in fact his gentlest and most loving corrector. Ah yes; no *true* heavenly aspiration feels the keen edge of Cervantic humor harmful to it, but greets the same with welcome, and readily yields itself also to be tried thereby. For that Lambent Fire is as a seraph's sword, cleansing the Sanctuaries, and guarding them from Nonsense. The wielder thereof loves his ‚victim' and smiles upon him, yet is as inexorable as the sternest that unless he forego his Vanities he may not be suffered to pass.

What character better loves to be hugged than the German? Alas, it is no loving embrace the German feels to-day. Yet methinks that with his steel fiddlebow he plays a tune, and that his strokes are rythmic.

Certainly, it is a great truth which Cervantes taught. That Nonsense, Vanity, Sky-archery, etc., is *not* and can never by any sublimation be made to be, Wisdom, Modesty, Veracity. It was a far greater than he who wrote:

> ‚Seekest thou great things? Seek them not.'

Or:

> ‚But beware of flying! for prohibited is flight to thee.
> . . . . . .Dwells in earth the force elastic
> Which thee upward thus impelleth; touch but with thy toe the Surface,
> Like the son of Earth, Antaeus, straightway art thou strong again.'

Yet in his whole drift in harmony therewith. And the Church of old time greatly needed such an Ally. Hugo, the Bishop of Lincoln, *bit* the Sacred Relic, when they offered it to him to kiss; and a great Dumb Protest existed in the hearts of the earnest against the canonizing of Men and Maids for their thin stretchings at the infinite, unwholesome affliction with

Hysterics, and lives of pious exaltation to the seventh heaven. Yet the Church did so canonise; and the Earnest well feeling it to be amiss, knew not rightly how to gainsay. The modern world laughs at those canonisings, and pilgrimages to chlorotic virgins, but is terribly addicted to the very same vice though its mere *naming* of the matter be diverse.

And is not Don Quixote much to our present drift: That who would play the Rôle never does minister Humanity, *even when* genuinely Benevolent? Suppose, my dear Yankees, that the purpose of your President and all who went with him, who have spoken and acted along with him as in America's name, had actually been pure; the endeavor verily that the war should be conducted, I will not say more in accord with the Principles of Humanity, but just with more Humanity; do you need any further exposition from me of the sure fact that the interference would still have been mischievous, and a worsening instead of a bettering? If there had been no care for Commodity, no Political Intrigue with England, no Anti-German Furor, no unworthy Bias, but the Submarine Warfare taken exception to honestly on the ground of its being inhumane, would that either have been well? Or even much better? Do you not see that without a true equitable understanding of its How and Why and of all the Circumstance connected with it, your taking of exception to it, even on such ground of disinterested Benevolence, could have been nothing save Quixotic — *mischief?* The Knight of La Mancha did most genuinely *mean well*, yet none deserving help ever got help from him. Wherever he went, he did grave evil; and, for all Cervantes' sport, he means well that we shall see it was grave evil, such as could not be forgiven Quixote unless his brains were boiled within his skull.

Where, then, is America's excuse? Papen's ‚idiotic' did not please. Neither could it satisfy, Where, then? Manful confession *Nowhere* might prove such Restoration to Wits that even the Chief Sufferer would rejoin: Dear Brother, say no more of that aberration; and may God forgive us all our sins.

Pseudo in Rôle.

And if even the genuinely benevolent in Rôle are always mischievous, how infinitely more so the Pseudo! I do not mean the Wolf sort, who merely don sheep's clothing to gain their ends,

though they also are much in evidence to-day. But the sort who take up with a profession of benevolence as an adornment to their persons, as a requisite for approbation, or in sincere cant, as a thing whereby they expect to merit heaven; they are among the superlatively Maleficent. For, whatever surface sweetness they may exhibit, they all dwell in iniquity. The Wolf sort may resort to iniquity, but these have their being therein, and are far further removed from the least justice in act than any rogue. Moreover, they constantly endorse the doings of the Wolf sort; in the course of time, they get into league with the Wolf sort; and ultimately become as one therewith. Such is the penalty laid on them. Divorced from truth, to *that* Reality do they return. Their iniquity, then, serving only to intensify Ravin, and lead on all the devilries to the extreme of Malignancy. In the name of heaven still, perhaps, but by that time visibly in nothing save the name. So fearfully exemplified this present.

The Anti-German Combine supremely professed benevolence. That is, after Britain joined it. Not at all before. Celt and Slav confabulated for quite earthly reasons, and professed but little else. Till Britain, seeing how their low greeds might serve her unblest envies also, in nervous apprehension sought to be admitted, and paid her entry fees right handsomely, with every most befitting cringe and homage too. Yet said: O shocking! Such an argument as yours will never suit with my digestion. I must transmogrify you into angels and ensky the matter. To which they answered: For such largess and such thrice welcome cover we are your debtors surely. Let but your mantle shroud us, and, since you will not seal to bond, give us such sure pledge that you cannot after break it, then will we prophesy along with you in so fine a fashion that every ear which hears the symphony shall know the Holy Ghost in us all. Thus came the *Entente*, and there never was such milk as each composer swore the breasts were filled with. Yet what hideous Malevolence inspires it, and ever did inspire it, is becoming every month more and more evident. A ghastliness of Perfidy and Malice, of no longer concealed Diabolism not to be matched since the days of the Jesuits and their accursed Leagues to destroy Heretic. Men who enter into subtle conspiracy, in Jealousy, Fear, and Malignant Animosity, can for a while smooth their countenances in the fool's thought that hereby have they made themselves secure; but, when

the Event disappoints their expectations, as it invariably does, they then abandon themselves to the Spleen of Hell, and cease to feel shame in any wickedness. ‚Sweet of that kind and sour of this are ever but one substance'. Not much even of sheep's *clothing* now left among the Allies! What with these Worryings of Greece and frantic Economic Pacts for persistence in damned enmity after ‚peace', the naked Wolf's head grins savage and Devil's cloven hoof spurns at Deity in the open. Yea, in the very temple; and all High Places in Britain are made a scene for Orgy. Premier and Primate reel along the aisles *drunk* with Iniquity and all the sacred groves reëcho with ravings obscene. The Tribes of the False, who started so douce and swept their robes decorously see how they now *rejoice* in confessed diabolism, revel in carnage, and exult in infamy! No truth was ever in them, they did but cant of godliness and dress their deeds by World's Opinion. Now, in the wild Furor they have raised, they experience no need to sanctify their doings. What we will that is righteous, take the Vote and subscribe the answer Deity's verdict has for ages been their creed: Acceptance by the People was all they ever cared for, and now sure of this, they hesitate at nothing. Not surprising, either, that they should have ceased asking or waiting for the Acceptance, but boldly assert: These infamies we do are righteous, and whosoever will not join with us to perpetuate them shall suffer penalty.

Rôle of Humanity has been the World-Rôle for so long. In the private, we were most of us bred up in it. And in the national, the French and British were very diligent in it throughout that nineteenth century just gone. Abyssinian Campaigns, Druses Expeditions, Landings in Mexiko in 1862 and other times, many a South African muddle and Balkan interference, prior to the final apotheosis of Concert; there were no end to the list. Wherever two or three were quarrelling, there must these Righters of Wrongs and Succourers of the Distressed rush, singly or together, to set matters on a better footing, and ‚wreak havoc compared with which the butcher's slaughter had been merciful'. Proceedings often comparable to those of Don Quixote with the Galley-slaves. For they never supposed it incumbent upon them to know what the right and wrong was, or understand anything of the disputes they went out to settle. It is so infinitely simpler to

believe the smitten an innocent and make a hero out of him, than to consider actual deserts and balance conflicting merits. Smoothes the way to decision to interfere, at least. Don't know that it simplifies achievement. But then, whatever evils you may have rendered tenfold worse, or disastrous coil you may have got yourself into, you always have this to fall back upon, can comfort yourself with your integrity and assurance that you really were an angel, in spite of so much mischance. You can always come off with celestial glory so; and no fault of yours if the succoured, through his inability to receive you with the right benignity, took treble damage. Terrestial gains were often managed, too, for ingratitude is base and deserves punishment. Moreover, there were gold mines in South Africa; neither did Commodity suffer by American interference in the Submarine question, however it went with the non-combatant lives.

Phosphorescent Christianity, Carlyle called all that. Christianity gone quite putrid, and shining in the dark from sheer rottenness, giving light for the Unscrupulons Greeds to work by. Frequently the disputes which these Righters of Wrongs took upon them to settle (though they never could) were six of one and half a dozen of the other, so that they did no *more* than make confusion worse confounded. But the evil never stops there. Such haphazard meddling, though it may at first be informed with desire to save the right, ever culminates in determined and at length frenzied support of the wrong. Heart that does not seek justice, but only philanthropic substitutes, comes in due course to utterly abominate the just; and all its overflowing loves are turned to deadly rancour. Exeter Hall (readers of Carlyle understand me) gnashes teeth to-day in as fell a humor as any rabidest Jacobin of the French Revolution, thirsting for the blood of the aristocrats. Up to the very hour when the Great Horologue struck War! the love to All and Sundry psalms continued to be chanted, and Universal Peace, to be henceforth, was celebrated; the very men of the British Cabinet who made war had all their lives preached soft-sowder and the cure of every ill by rosewater; no Irishman, drilling for rebellion, or Member of Parliament importing arms therefore, was to be harshly dealt with, whosoever pled conscience left to his own will; and toleration for every delirium was to inaugurate the

millenium, no form so bad as to own hate for any opposite. Now these self-same men are filled with foulest Venom, their breasts boil in Vindictiveness, and they take a bond of fate that no ‚peace' shall slack their Enmity; whilst each English Woman, who yesterday was all for sweetness, gentleness, could see good alone in what she named works of mercy and love, spits, a spleen-stricken Vixen. It is a People which passed in an instant from Sweet to Sour. Proving so what a poisonous fermentation it was which had been going on within them in the name of Love and Tolerance. Transformed in a night to confessed devils, and thanking God for opportunity to vent their evil passions. Yesterday nothing so shocked their virtue as a hint of Spleen. To-day they ever make their period with:

And curst be Charity most of all.

5. What is human or inhuman in Warfare? Who are the true humane and devilish?

What a tragedy and sin it is that the Americans who have shrieked at the German could never seriously ask themselves these questions; that the Americans who know the answers have had no voice in their nation's councils, secret or open!

These shriekers, both sides the Atlantic, have simply said: Behold violence! Cursed be the German, and blessed all who do violence upon him! The same people who have exclaimed at Belgian cities in ruins have rejoiced at German ones being reduced to ashes by the Russian. And this when exclaiming about Humanity in conduct of war, and not only on their other plea, that the German is guilty of the war. For, throughout, there have been the two pleas, that the German is guilty of the war, that his methods of carrying it on are inhuman. Pleas which integrity would assuredly have distinguished, though the shriekers have habitually utterly confounded them. Thus rendering it so apparent that they care nothing what the truth is. They have never done anything but exclaim about it; asserting all violence done by the German to be inhuman, all done upon him pardonable, or therefore blessed. And every just man knows what to think of such pleaders and shriekers, the eminently diabolic, whose atrocities far surpass those of the brute. A few days ago a London newspaper printed a report that certain South American Indians were about to make war on some German

Colony near them, and had decided to kill all their prisoners and make a triumphal pyramid of their bones. The Editor did not expressly say Bravo! Not any more than President Wilson and his Americans did in the case of the Baralong or others similar. Who merely shrugged their shoulders, and let a murmur run Was it not just what we wanted done to those Miscreants!

America's standpoint, during the ascendency of Doctor Woodrow: We are Neutral, and desire nothing so much as to gain general glory by acting the Mediator. Yet must insist that the German conduct his war in accordance with our Principles of Humanity. Remaining, at the same time, well aware that to raise the least objection against anything being done *to* such a Miscreant would be most ungodly.

Salaam, salaam, O German! Let thy hat sweep the ground. Never was such a compliment unitedly made by mankind to one nation before. *Thou* art to have Humanity. Of thee, and thee alone, is this demanded. All others are absolved from showing this in their wars upon thee, but of thee it is expected. No other is required to have this. Swallowed in venom, it were madness to dream of it in any other. Even the high Neutral, who finds it so incumbent upon her to insist on thy practising of this, is satisfied in her conscience before God that she owes none toward thee or for thee, whatsoever thy need. But in thee it must be, and patent, too, for all men to admire. See how the whole of the rest of the race of Adam wait for thee to vindicate Man! Sure thou art in league with the stars and the stones of the field! For it is thy persecutors tell thee that thou must be humane, however they gnash teeth. Given up to enmity and poisonous malice, scarce able to breathe thy name without a curse, they'll yet have thee redeem the human name. Under every condition of impossibility, they can contrive, they'll have thee *kind*. Lest all despair, and believe this world the devil's only. Such things are not for us, they cry: thou, thou only, despite our rages fellest spite must yet prove kind, or else our hope is ended. Thou shalt not starve thy prisoners, though everyone be diligent to starve thee. In other sieges, the hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children. Therefore, whilst any tender babe is left to thee, why should thy prisoners lack diet, such as, if their spirits any way resemble those of the Cabinets, they ought to find wholesome and desirable? If Mercy be not found in thee; 'tis fled the

earth. For thy foes and the Great Neutral have all abandoned it, and taken God to witness thou shalt never have it from without. From within, then let it so shine in thee that men may know it still existent, and the Promise of Redemption be not utterly extinguished.

A rare compliment indeed! And one of the strangest Prayers for Humanity ever uttered. Nevertheless it verily is a prayer. And it *is* the German who is vindicating Man, still giving Promise of Redemption.

An unconscious prayer, I say, which in us may be conscious too. As pronounced by the Anti-German it does not to most ears sound like a prayer, though that they do in effect, say just as above interpreted must be obvious to whoso has listened to them with sober attention. In the speech of people under the spell of demonic possession, you do not look for any sort of logical coherency. The vicious preposterousness and palpable absurdity of their arguments never strikes them, so long as under the spell. Quoth the American High Protectress: This German is such a cursed misvreant that all things are justified for his extinction; and if he do not observe Humanity, I also shall have to take a yet more active part in securing his extinction. There you have an Assumption (that the German is a Miscreant) and a Demand (that he shall observe Humanity) passing any to be heard in a Lunatic *Asylum*, the Senate unvisited by a ray of insight how completely the Demand is incompatible with the Assumption, directly gives the lie to it. It is incumbent on the *Miscreant* to be humane, and on him alone. From him alone can it in reason be expected, of him alone can it in righteousness be demanded. Well, there have been many religious sects which held that the Elect were freed of the law, none save the Reprobate forbidden to sin under penalty of damnation. Of old, too, was it perceived how all creatures are compelled to praise God, render honor where honor is due; the Just be helped to know his duty even by the most abandoned wretch. How, then, can it be said that President Wilson has not ministered Humanity? Satan himself unable to escape doing so.

The *Statue* of Liberty has not fallen flat on its face; yet I trust there are many Americans who say to themselves; Better *it* had than our nation thus professed and acted as in inspiration similar to that of Ignatius Loyola!

It is not grimness, nor any terribleness of deed in war that can make it inhuman; neither is it weak tenderness, which cannot kill, destroy or abandon to horror whom or whatsoever, that can make it humane. The great law is that whatsoever is done shall be done in necessary prosecution of the war, and not in wantonness. However ‚frightful' any act done in war may be, if it was necessary or was honestly believed to be necessary for the resolute prosecution of the war, it may be humane; and, if it was in fact necessary in a just war, damage and suffering will by the severity have been kept at a minimum. The moment there is savage delight in carnage, useless injury to property, wilful wreak of passion in any sort, or neglect to protect, show mercy, wherever it was in the fighters' power to justly give protection or have pity, there is inhumanity.

Where the Submarine's Commander, for instance, could save the crew of the ship he attacked without too great risk of his victim's escaping or his own vessel being damaged, either by his victim or whatever might come to his aid, he acted with more or less inhumanity; but the plea that he ought not to sink the vessel because he could not save the crew is wholly invalid. And my own belief is that could we fully know the actual behaviour of the men who man those German Submarines we should find it admirable in this respect as in others. Alleged starving of prisoners, also: The law for Humanity is perfectly clear here, too: That you treat prisoners as well as you reasonably *can*. If your own people are on short diet, your prisoners must expect privation. To the humane, they are brothers in misfortune; and remain so whether bedded and boarded in luxury, or shot. To the inhumane they are caitiffs to be abhorred; and remain so even when well cared for instead of shot or put to the torture. It is never the fate awarded to them that can determine the captor's humanity or inhumanity, but his temper toward them and the means he had at his disposal. It is too sadly apparent to me that Germans, shooting prisoners they cannot keep and unable to supply those they do keep with good board and lodging, may be acting with far more of Humanity than British, who set up sample camps for ‚eyewash' (Tommy Atkins' description, as related to me) to the world, wherein they keep selected specimens and whisper not the while of those buried behind the ranks. I cannot see much excuse for the British when they kill prisoners or treat

them ill, because they are perfectly able to save them alive and treat them well. The Germans are in a very different predicament; and, certainly, by all evidence that has come before me, they have shown far more of Humanity, honoring their foes, whatever fate necessity may have sometimes compelled them to mete. I speak, constantly, in such *allowance* to the popular notions as I can anywhere give, not in excuse of the Germans, or as here, for instance, expressing any belief of my own that they really have treated their prisoners in any sense worse than their foes have theirs. They may have had to, or may yet have to; and, if in a just Necessity, then best treatment, whether better or no. Perhaps the chief and most remarkable distinction between them and the British is this: When the Germans for whatever reason, deliberately judge it fit to mete a severe doom, they do it openly in the face of the world. Whereas, the British say: Let decency be preserved, and what is done behind the scenes be kept behind the scenes. Transparency, of course, is our ideal, but nakedness intolerable. All men should understand, and no good citizen wist aught of these things in public. Trust us to do these things and never confess them. Then shall you and we be free, in conscious innocence, to shake off all aspersion, each malign suggestion recoil on the maligner. Were there ever yet Governing Persons in whom a People of susceptible conscience could so confide to do its sweet will yet never give it away, but present it always a stainless Lamb before the throne of World's Opinion! Aye; or a People to whom Governing Persons of that Ilk could so trust to comprehend the nature of the bond betwixt them, never give *them* away!

Moreover, in this grimness of deed, we have to remember that it was the ‚Allies', not the Germans, who inaugurated Rigor and forced Extremity. The Germans have never asked, and do not now ask, anything more than to be honorable let live; they have never sought, and do not now seek, the destruction of their foes. It is the infamous Combination, and in it chiefly Britain, that has throughout openly professed foe's destruction its aim, has compassed the German around with every Extremity of Rigor it could devise and had power to exercise. And what shall we think of those who, having driven all things to extremity, if with some show of orderly form of law, cry Inhumanity! when the Object of their Hate, whose total ruin they have sworn, fights

with that grimness which the extreme measures they have taken compel him to, can show no more of kindness than they have left him means withal! It is not they show kindness, and he does. None greater than this, for which we pray, that he prove undefeatable by all their might and all their subtlety and machinations. The perennial case of the Noble not only battling in actual death wrestle with the Armed Legions but having to do this under cloud of Obloquy and every wickedest perversion of his Cause, his Deed and Spirit.

Most certainly it is not grimness which constitutes Inhumanity nor tenderness Humanity. How infinitely less the Cant of mercy and such an implacable enmity, never to be slacked by any name of Peace, as we witness! Form of law, too! The Shedder of Blood: Is he the inhuman, without inquiry why he shed it? Or the cool Doer of Iniquity, whose hands are stainless indeed if the Living God be a damned Attorney? O Americans, you may have salved Commodity, but at what a cost was it done!

There is one, merely material, factor, that of the Weapons or Tools, which has nothing to do with German or British? yet which, through the assumption that Germany was guilty of the war as a whole, has aggravated all feelings against her, however unreasonably. Or did so aggravate them. For I think that now the horror of it all is having rather another effect than that. ‚Germany has committed many crimes in the war, but the greatest is the war itself' said some sodden wretch, who may remain nameless, in the British Parliament recently. But the People did not respond with the same unanimity of yelp as in the earlier periods. Germany guilty of the whole? You say so, and we don't deny it may be so. But, good sir, we are all getting weary of it. There is this change in England as elsewhere, sure enough; and if the animosity show more deadly than ever in some quarters, this is now partly due to effort to maintain what before flowed spontaneous. In the Seven Years' War the ‚very will' to destroy Prussian flagged. And I will once more back Germany's steady resolution to fight for an honorable peace to outlast all the will of Jealousy and Cupidity, however frenzied and high-flaming these once were. A word on this of the Tools:

Modern war is frightful in this respect? Yes: often one knows not what to think of this multiplication of engines of

enormous power and means of dealing wholesale destruction. I am sitting here in a secluded country spot, far removed from all evidence of war, and the nearset point of the fighting line on the Western Front, where it abuts on the coast, is over one hundred miles distant, whilst the part where the great Anglo-French offensive of this July 1916 is being made is considerably further off, inland; yet since it began —! Thud, thud, thud, rattle and shake of one's windows, more to the minute than I could count sometimes. At the beginning, some simple people in the village lay awake and quaking, think it meant Invasion! It is no distant growl that we hear, there is no roll in that sound and it awakes no echoes. There is nothing grand in it, no rise or fall or symphony of any sort. Just an incessant thud, thud, of such an *intensity* void of amplitude or intercommunion, passionless, mechanical. The report of each gun seems to reach us single and uncombined with any other sound in nature, however rapid the succession. Engines incapable of caring or knowing what it is they do. You feel each thud to be a terrific concussion, which begins and ends in one instant and never mingles; inanimate, indifferent, stonecallous and partaking with nothing; the air gives it passage, but nature does not take it up, to prolong it or tune it in any way. Single, definite thuds, each, separately, giving you the idea of tremendous force, not let loose, but simply gone off: That is the sound of the firing as I hear it at a hundred and fifty miles distance over sea and flat country. One knows what it means, how each shot spreads death and desolation, and it keeps the Horror of the Battlefield perpetually present to one. Sometimes too, when the spirit is lifted and one sees more clearly what a great and divine thing is being fought for, it becomes a music to one and does *partake*. Yea, it blends then with all the eternal grandeurs, holinesses and mercies. Terror and Beauty: Rigor with Grace. At once a Doom's-Blast and a Birth-song. And one feels that surely the Day of Peace shall rise softly where the Mother of Iniquity has spread her tents!

But to keep to the Horror as due to Engines. Of course one hears accounts from those who have been in it. But they can tell you nothing. No man can describe this thing, and few have any wish to. It is one wild raging storm of Slaughter and Terrific Concussion, so enveloping that the actors in it are as lost in it, and can only tell you that it is beyond description. An

Infernal Uproar and Massacre, which men have indeed created, but which is of such an extent and stunning quality that no individual can guage it at all. There are all the old horrors of warfare, material and moral, on a scale never before known; and, in addition, a Violence of Destruction by the inanimate agents used that seems to render human heroism vain. A loathesome shambles to sicken the sense and a convulsion of Nature to stun; which all in it pray to be out of, and wherein the fewest can see any aim or reason. Men have created it, men control it, yet each man in it is as a pigmy; not fronting the rage of his fellow or suffering his malice, he sees friend and foe, innocent and guilty, valiant and brute, mowed down and hideously mangled indiscriminately by the absolutely Irresistible forces invoked. It surpasses Earthquake and Volcano. Murder and death of millions by devilish *Engines*. Here the rage of carnage is not glutted and no satiety cries Hold! but men have to live and fight on in the midst of a continuous Massacre their souls revolt at. Alas, their souls did not revolt at the moral depravity and utter Falsity which has produced this war. For generations the souls of men have been mowed down and hideously mangled wholesale in England, paeons sung in celebration. A Lying Spirit has informed the British for so long and all their worship been in it and to it, they have gone out to fight to maintain it as if godly. And all the horrors of the battlefield are a small item in the evil it has wrought, yet works.

Sometimes, looking on an old three-decker and a present-day battleship, I have had thoughts I have no word for. The one is a thing of beauty; it rides there on the water as a part of nature, and bears no visible stamp of wickedness. Like man himself, none the less Apollo because on just cause he can fight. Whilst the other has an evil look; the moment your eye falls on it, you can see that it is an Engine of Death. Perhaps, if this diabolic looking thing were not painted grey and did not have its masts and funnels so over-vertical, snarling forward instead of sloping gently back, it would strike us differently? Such childish items do affect us. And likewise is it true that the outward form is determined by the inner soul. To me, it seems probable that the evil appearance of the present-day warship is due to the fact that it is so *exclusively* an Engine of Death. Carlyle suggested that the ‚Wooden-walls' of his day should carry emigrants in

peace-time, should serve some useful purpose when we were not at war. Which had been quite feasible for them; but for the Dreadnought how grotesque! It is built for war, and war alone; none go trading or exploring in the like of it. In peace it is just a horribly expensive monster, incapable, it would seem, of being put to any use. Now I question if aught which is made solely for dealing death can ever be a thing of beauty. Had God created man to do nothing but fight, I guess he had had no trace of the Apollo, but been a very Gorgon, as hideous to look upon as terrible to meet.

War is more separated, concentrated, less habitual; the Implements used in it are made more exclusively for it, and are less associated in our minds with anything else. There may be a good deal in that. Though, on the other hand, whatever man does make well to serve his just needs and purposes must have a Beauty of its own. True is this which Goethe says: In the Repulsive, grand and solid features. The Ironclad Fleets and all the modern Engines remain to give Security to the Just and enforce Obedience to Heaven. The resultant warfare cannot through them be more inhuman, or the man who uses them thereby in the least the less divine.

Modern Engines of Death turn the battlefield into a mere slaughtery? No. They may give rise to questions one cannot answer, but we perceive them to be *inevitable.* Therefore, in piety accepts them as the will of heaven. What else? A combat between wild beasts, where naught is used save tooth and claw, is that more humane? And from the moment man grasped stick or stone, or dug a pit, — is not all the rest clear sequel? You can no more say Hitherto and no further! there than anywhere else. Moreover whatever the seeming increase of horror, the decision does go more by Intelligence, less by Brute Force: Which is the supremely desirable thing, though it may be that we would none of us have prayed that we might arrive at it *thus.* Had the Destinies asked us, we should doubtless have voted for some other road. But the Destinies are wiser than we, and we have to be thankful for the road they decide on.

It is still the Human Soul that fights, and the Noblest that ultimately proves the Strongest. Intelligence grows ever the mightier and the more secure, approaching nigher to Mastery of this World. If Germany were not immensely superior to her foes

in Intelligence, she never could have made the fight she already has made against such Odds. She knows that therein lies her Strength, and prays that it may be sufficient. Even as the powers banded against her put their trust wholly in their numbers and material means. More guns, more shells, and stop at nothing. Steady, eke out means with wisdom, and endure all. Never was there a grosser case of attempt to crush by earthly Might and basest League. And seldom a more Heroic Resistance thereto. Said a German lately: The issue is one of Potency or Impotency. It is, in the fullest sense, wherein *all* man's resources, spiritual as material, are included. And it is the spiritual which far outweighs. Potency of soul, such as of old has devoutly known itself able to remain unmoved in *any* Convulsion, is that more or less demanded in the battlefield by these Horrors all must mourn for?

It is charged against the Germans, I know, that they introduced many of these new ways of doing to death. To which I will only answer here that the like complaint has invariably been made against whoever did introduce such new ways. Was the Pretty Gentleman who bewailed to Hotspur that it was a piteous thing villainous saltpetre should be dug out of the harmless earth, and, smelting civet, called those unmannerly knaves who brought a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and his nobility, one of Mr. Wilson's cousins? It has also been charged that the Germans, at the Hague and elsewhere, refused to agree to humane restrictions which other nations were willing to agree to. Whereon there is much that might be said — which would be very unpleasing to delicate ears like Wilson's. Two remarks will have to suffice me this present. First: That the Conventions which proposed these Restrictions were of a very flatulent and unwholesome character; dwelt almost entirely in the regions of the would-be sublime with little regard to the realities of war or of life. And that I much more honor the man who solidly refuses to bind himself to observe what his common sense tells him never would or could be observed if the trial came, than the man who readily subscribes to what will gain him credit with benevolent people, and either never reflects at all what would or could be done if the trial came, or trusts that the changeful popular wind he worships will bless his turpitude equally if the trial do come. Second: That in spite of all the supra-mundane professions of pure zeal for our common Humanity's sake, the German Dele-

gates at those conventions were in reality in a Hostile Camp, and well knew it. The proposals which they refused to agree to were probably all, and certainly many, either in their own nature impracticable, or were only in name equitable. Mutual observance of the rules they rejected would in fact have been advantageous to their foes and injurious to them. One suspected this strongly enough at the time, and the sequel has proved far more than one suspected. In the light of it, some of the proposals now show distinctly infamous in that respect. It is very easy to make a smooth show in such cases, but the dice were loaded at that table also. Where Flatulent Benevolence sits in the chair, determined to do Great Things for God's sake, the dice are always loaded, and the devil very busy in turning the proceedings to ill-account.

Nevertheless, one does hope that new Codes of Honor, for the conduct of war with more Humanity, will in time come. Codes which shall be verily equitable and truly suited to the new conditions. Sure it is that they will come from the actual fighters themselves, from the Noble among these, and never from the Peace-mongers, sublime Hague Conventions and President Wilsons.

Certainly it is not the Tools used that can ever determine Humanity or Inhumanity in warfare, but the spirit they are used in only. And all rightly desirable Forbiddals of this or that Tool or Method and Regulations concerning the use of those judged permissible, can come solely form the Warrior Races, whose souls love Justice before Peace and who do understand the terrible Necessities and Inexorabilities of war. The Soft-sowder Races never can do anything but worsen mischief, and their exclaims are always loudest where *least* called for. These imagine that it is brute-violence which they condemn; but, it is most eternally true that, in the deepest essence, it is justice which their souls rage at, trembling to see it. Divine Justice is what they really abhor above everything else, and dare never confess. They are struck with honor when they see it, having persuaded themselves that it was not, and would never visit them. Fear is at the bottom of their hearts, and it is in dread of the Almighty that they would have mercy shown. The Dregs of Mankind deservedly slain are Martyrs in their reckoning; neither are any

more fell in cruelty toward whosoever does bear the Sword of Heaven.

By the spirit alone, in all senses, can you ever determine of this matter. The Act will not tell you. You must know the spirit it was done in. For there is no conceivable severity which may not be excusable, which may not be justifiable, which may not be a duty. And no conceivable leniency or imagined ‚grace' which may not be inexcusable, unjustifiable, a diabolic iniquity. *German Methods* of Warfare! German *Methods* of Government! In not all that one selfsame Outcry by creatures who have never known Man, or sought to know him, who hate Man and rage at his appearance?

The great law that the deeds be done in necessary prosecution of the war: Could not any cold-blooded devil plead this? Not validly, as I wrote it, with the context, I think. But I do not care either. The devils can *plead* anything. And this is precisely what the British have pled. They strove for long to be perfectly cold-blooded in their malice, taking this for righteousness, and did not publicly sputter venom till baffled and exasperate. Spleen which loved decorum and would be above suspicion of ill-will, most condescending-gracious, wherever accepted for a godliness, this did not turn to Frenzy and every Jesuistic Stop at Nothing *till* balked in its endeavor to simply forbid to worth its right. In their Diplomacy before the war, the British Cabinets held that whatever they thought necessary to secure that iniquitous end was justified; and, in the war, the whole People have agreed that whatever might be found necessary to destroy those Worthy who would not submit is justified. It is a vain attempt ever to try to define these matters too strictly; our business to see the spirits. The very error of those Americans who have shrieked at German ‚Inhumanity', in so far as they have been at all genuine in such exclaim, has been to take academic definitions as sufficient data for settling questions of right and wrong, though these are always infinite, and incapable of being determined by observance or transgression of mere mortal rulings of what description soever. For they have just cried that this or that specific deed or method was criminal, instead of endeavoring to understand the how and why, searching for the spirit in the deep of the spirit. Even as their Bias itself roots in Political Creed and Article. Right and wrong are

infinite by antagonism, and it is terribly incumbent upon us to know which is which. But all questions thereof are likewise profound and, in every earthly transaction, infinite by complexity also.

Necessary for resolute prosecution of the war! I grant at once that Fathers Wallenstein and Lammerlein, all the tribes of the ruthless haughty and the subtle Jesuitic, have said that this does excuse, as much as Father Wilson and Bryce, all the Professors of Soft-sowder and Sublime Principle, have said that it does *not*, — where the German is concerned. For those Professors have raised no objections to such plea when put forth by his foes. Which foes have more pled that excuse for those extremities of Rigor, that, however ruthless and iniquitous they have in fact been, whatever horror and desolation they have actually authorized, have yet not immediately been seen to cause bloodshed and the death of innocents? Yes, these foes have mostly foreborn pleading when their own hands were directly stained with blood inhumanly shed. And, thus, the Professors of Soft-sowder, Etc., merely short-sighted individuals, honestly zealous so far as their sight does extend? H'm. Methinks they also have shown that they know when to maintain a discreet silence, exhibited a wonderful power of never seeing more than they wish to see.

Assuredly, this plea of *Necessary for the resolute prosecution of the war* is one which both god and devil can make; but it none the less remains valid for the god and diabolic in the devil. Do not the several ways in which these two parties respectively make this plea remain constantly the same, too? The devil always claiming that against so cursed an opposite all things are justified, and the god alone ever really acting by the need. Any rigor that cannot be avoided, any severity that the circumstances do genuinely call for: Stop at nothing to win, and all things sanctified by the end: These are in reality very diverse pleas, however cunningly the latter may often be passed as the former. The valid, you observe, invariably refers you to search. Could the rigor have been avoided? Did the circumstances genuinely call for the severity? You must be satisfied as to the answers to these questions before you can judge. And the pleader knows that he was right or wrong according to the true answers. The iniquitous, on the other hand, asserts, as an axiom or article of

faith that his end is holy, therefore gives him the right to stop at nothing he reckons helpful to reach it. Which being accepted without debate, it follows that his deeds were and are righteous. Alas, yes, the valid do always refer you to troublesome search. American Bias found it a much simpler matter to accept the axiom.

To the vulgar eye, too, there is commonly something contemptible in the man who says: I had to do it. Alack! it could not be avoided. Who acts as he wills in the plenitude of his power and lordly waives debate carries off the palm in majesty. Yankee, it is so with the vulgar. The heroic and devout view the two with other eyes. They, even from the pleadings, can shrewdly guess which has the right, and have a native Bias of far different sort, which tells them who speaks truth, who glozes.

When you go at all to ultimates, it is a sure thing that the Justice of the war itself is the main, in a sense, the sole consideration. For where Just it is itself an Act of Humanity and a Deed of Mercy: I have no respect for any person who does not know this. And whoever goes to war in a veritable conviction that in honor, integrity, duty, he has no other course, is at the very lowest certain to *learn* humanity in the prosecution of it. Even as those who go to war under specious pretences or in a lying zeal are certain to gradually lose whatever of just and merciful disposition may have dwelt in them. Man with just aim may grow stern and inexorable as very destiny but he will cleave only the more to truth the darker all his outlook and the more terrible the stress upon him. Instantly the storm abates, the sweet calm of heaven will visit his purged and strengthened spirit; works which all men can name of mercy and love will flow from him then; and he who lately smote without ruth will cherish with utmost tenderness. Having chosen to dwell with death and destruction, to front all and suffer all, rather than submit to infamy, he and his shall build in peace on the rock which endures. But he who fights without just aim grows increasingly vindictive; in stress resorts to every mean expedient and becomes the wretched prey of his own and others' devils. When the storm abates he will be as one dissolute, who has spent his vast patrimony and debauched his being.

The essential justice or injustice of the parties in making war upon each other is indeed the bottom fact. What sort of Hu-

manity they severally wage their war with quite unescapably bound to be in perfect accord with that.

Humanity in warfare, as in life, consists in having a just aim and prosecuting it with the full rigor, and no more than the full rigor, necessary to attain it; possible solely to who is just. The degree of rigor which is necessary is dependent on the circumstances and what the aim is, and what the foe is. Not to wreak vengeance, to seek to destroy the foe or aught belonging to him, for the sake thereof, but only to exert sufficient force against him to bring him to reason.

Wherein I early recognized what a dreadfully difficult problem was before the German. Left alone with mere mundane opposites, he might have hoped that Reason would soon be listened to. Delete Britain, and there is not one of the other nations leagued against the German which would not listen to Reason, confess a worsting and refuse to hazard all for spleen. All those Dogs of Greed which British Enmity has marshalled and whipped up would but for her know measure. In fact they do know measure, and only utilize that Enmity for their own ends, each separately. They persist because Britain's War gives them the opportunity, and she so largely supplies them with the means of fighting. With each of them it is a question simply of By which course can we hope to gain most? So long as by continuing to fight each for itself hopes to make better terms, so long only does anyone of them fight. Let that hope fade, and there is not one of them that would not make separate peace. And they all rejoice that Britain bleeds and grows the weaker by the aid she gives to have them aid her. Except for Britain they would all speedily have come to terms, saying: We hoped for this or that and must be content with what we've got. It is enough for this bout; and the world will still roll for us all.

But in the Briton of to-day, the German has a fanatic to deal with. One who not only will not, but also, now *dare* not listen to reason; because unless he can establish his lie in despite of verity, he sees nothing before himself save the Blackness of Ruin. One who said, haughtily enough, My law shall prevail; and shortly had to swear It must, or there is no hope left for *me*. Who will expend all energies in effort to win, because instinctively aware that he is cut off from Truth and Reason; if unable to

win, must swiftly sink into open Bankruptcy, material as spiritual, stand before the world a *convicted* Felon. Accordingly he has, for the time being, the Strength of Typhus and the Resolution of Demonic Possession. He went into the war lightly enough, confident of speedy victory, but it was not many months before he *saw* the Pit before him and gave himself utterly to the Rage of the Abandoned. Cannot you, my friends, distinguish between the deeds of such and the deeds of the Without Friend on earth? The situation of both may be desperate, and both may resort to extremities, but the one who is resolved on the other's destruction lest his own nakedness be discovered is not humane, nor that other inhuman because he fronts the leaguer in the grimness his peril makes necessary.

Will not and dare not is not the whole depth either. It is a case of *cannot* with the present day Briton. He is so steeped in Mendacity that he does not know what Reason is, that he ever should listen to it. He sees nothing in creation as it is. He may exhaust himself, he may break up, he may prove futile many ways, but to depart from his delusion is what he will never do. To this day there is no sign of sanity among Britain's Statesmen; nothing so much as deserving to be designated Common Sense. They live more and have their being wholly in a lying vision of their own conceits. Reality and Fact are everywhere absolutely as if non-extant to them. The imaginations of their own hearts fill the universe for them; and they drive on in the prideful venom of these, to their fulfilment, at once confident of their validity and desperate of any ground to stand on if they cannot prove their delusions true. A Nation led by such, unanimous in support of them, and possessed of immense material power; sharing its Leader's delusions, reckless of expenditure, and seeing nothing save abysses before itself if it fail to win — such a Nation can be a terrible Foe. Its own fate is certain, win or no; and with eternal justice so visible in it, can be contemplated by the Onlooker with calmness as with awe. But if no Onlooker! If yourself the Object upon which the heavens have ordained that it shall wreak all its furies, only so find its doom! Have you meditated what that means; what manner of resolution, what true godlike potency of soul and arm is requisite to confront such a Foe and steadily wear out his rages, with all the Mundane Pack he has stirred up to deal with simultaneously?

We may well call it a dreadful problem. Yet is there that in man which can cope with it. Seldom in this world's arena was seen a greater. It is sacred; and Hope burns stellar. For the German fences like a Hero; and his life is not in his foes' hands.

I am proceeding, I know, in a rather loose, desultory, way in this last section. But do not these reflections better put us in mind of what for us is Humanity or Inhumanity in warfare, than any discourse upon Methods? Conceive the spirit of the hero-warrior and what his predicaments may be before you raise a question whether his deeds were always so merciful as they might have been. Your criticisms of his deeds, your notions of him altogether are not worth a rush otherwise. It is no matter that he broke all the Laws and set your Principles at defiance, so he acted in the Integrity of Man and gave no rein to Wantonness.

To bring to Reason! There is no limit either to the degree or the kind of force which it may be requisite to exert for this end; but the test is Is it for this end, or is it of malice? Are the stern deeds severities which man is compelled to exercise when in death-wrestle with the Unknown, or are they enormities perpetrated in effort to establish own private *arbitrium?* It is a poor eye that cannot see how this is in the present war. Everywhere: In the Whole, and in each Detail. Jealous opposition to all growth and development, perpetual check and thwart: Years of patient fencing therewith. An accident precipitates crisis. British issue of Conditions of Combat, unique in history for outrageous absurdity of glaring injustice: Necessary refusal to submit to these; stated with courtesy, forbearance, and prudence, acted on with resolution, justice and much nobleness. Rejoined to by Britain by a tempest of hysterical catcalling, malicious detraction and venomous onslaught. General conduct of war rigorous yet restrained and right valiant; offering mercy, desirous of peace and long-suffering patient; showing Gentleness and Charity as well as Fortitude and Indomitableness; everywhere praying for Reason by word and by deed: General conduct of war utterly ruthless in Measures taken as in central spirit, regarding no man's right; offering death or ignominy and openly proclaiming destruction its aim; sinking into every basest and meanest expedient, showing unrelenting animosity, everywhere shamelessly asserting My will alone shall be the law. And in the Details just the same: Embargo on Foodstuffs and Neutrals

our Beasts of Burden: Answered by submarine as sole weapon, nor any cast-iron persistence therein. German invasion of Belgium by need of self-preservation, confessing a ‚wrong' and offering all that a sterling magnanimity could offer: Allies Maceration of Greece for mere and small advantage, professing loftly superiority to law with gained traitors conniving and squeezing to pulp. Clearer instance of Heroic Worth forced to fight to bring who envied it to reason, still in all extremity exhibiting that collected strength of Man which gives no rein to evil passion, and Fanatical Malice, raging to wreak its spleens, it were not easy to find.

A hideous addition it is, though withal a very consistent and quite normal one, that these Blind Mobs,themselves all spitting venom and filled with most malignant hate, cry out about Humanity, and name each just and forced severity of the One they have at bay an outrage thereon. Reflect upon it; you will find that, whilst it was different in heathen times, it has never been otherwise than thus among professing christians, as the corruption of the best always issues in the worst. In them is too apparent the lowest, the extreme of Inhumanity. They shriek and curse, and are the furthest of any from the spirit which said Pray for those who despitefully use you. We have not seen more frightful mockery of Christianity than that which the Anti-German to-day exults in. As I continually say, were the German all that he is misnamed, this would remain true; completely damned and unpardonable, even on such hypothesis. But the few in England who have objected thus, *accepting* the hypothesis, so mad and vicious as it is, have necessarily been futile, themselves foisonless, cowardly-weak and little better than the cursers. For such temper as is in the Anti-German cannot be against an Evil opposite. No human breast was ever *so* inflamed with wicked passion except against the Just. And who denies the Just is close kin to who curses him, however much he pray Curse not. Soft deprecation has not, could not, save either men or women from being partakers in the plague. None who abhorred this poisonous animosity, revolting from it, as evidently of the devil, could long fail to know it to be directed against that which is of God.

Let us leave allt hese abandoned, and turn to those True who still are mortal and full of infirmity.

No warrior deserves the name humane if he meanly hate his foe, however high his wrath and indignation at him rise. He cannot malign his foe if himself full of a just wrath. His rage is then aroused by that his foe *is*, and it is a sorrow to him that his foe is that he is; he does not paint him worse, but rather seeks redeeming features. There was never Humanity where all valor, every trait of right human worth, appearing in a foe was not honored, gladly acknowledged and paid tribute to. In the highest, the Humane Warrior loves his foe, reveres him and is concerned that he has defiled his soul; he would die for his foe, could he thereby restore in him his likeness to the Deity. Gentlemen, if it is Humanity you seek, there is the sole way to it; in the gaining of something of that spirit, each for himself. That Love and Reverence is the Centre of Light in this matter; and every genuinely humane deed of man is more or less informed therewith. Could there be anything more utterly antagonistic to such Centre of Light than the spirit of those who have called the German Inhuman? Have you ever seen one single ray from it in the Anti-German, as such? I have seen many an unmistakable effluence from it in the Germans. It should never be spoken of or laid claim to. But the hand of the German remains ready to grasp that of his fellows in amity the moment they will listen to reason. And the hand of the German alone. His foes have sworn his destruction and pledged themselves to preserve and foster enmity after peace.

But in the commoner dialect Humanity means generally forbearance or grace; the not doing that injury which it is in your power to do, or the doing that good to your foe which were he wholly an enemy you would not do. Which, again, what does it base on save the recognition that he never can be wholly an enemy but remains always a brotherman. Yet I think this is as good a distinction as any to draw between savage and humane. The noble savage may have just cause and may esteem his foe highly; but, as savage, his aim is to do his foe the maximum amount of damage, irrespective of any good resulting to himself thereby. He reckons that all damage done to his foe is good to himself. Ravage, burn and slay, reduce to slavery or extirpate. Whereas the humane sees that his foe's men, women, children, stock, houses, life and possession in every kind, are part of the Commonwealth of Mankind, and will do them no avoidable injury,

solely in so far as forced in his military operations will be damage there. And I have had dreams of war conducted in a cosmic recognition of this. Far removed from the dreams of the Peace advocates — at least I thought them so. Do now confess them vain visions. For however high a man's spirit go, there is ever the question of his *power*. Moreover, that spirit is alone truly high which never forgets this question of power, aims constantly after the practicable. He only is really cosmic in whose thought what should be done is never separated from can be done, who knows through that the thing which can be done alone is the thing which should be done. The Real seems to fall so short of the Ideal, the Achievement to be so vastly less than the Aim. Yet the deeper piety knows well that in profounder sense the Real goes infinitely beyond and the Achievement immensely surpasses.

And in reflection since this war began, the enormous *per contra* to that sort of humane notion has weighed heavily upon me, much more than I can here speak of. For what destruction is there which may not be necessary? The bleating and lowing of saved sheep and oxen were not grateful to Samuel's ears, and he hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. I remember, in early manhood, pondering this. So that it sank into me, became a permanent visuality, and fact full of meaning. Well recognized a *contra* to it, yet also very deeply a *pro* for it. Doom is not obsolete, and will inevitably be fulfilled — through men, the ministers, nothing the *less* worthy if intelligent. Still the above is the divine essence, that the damage be done reluctantly and only because necessary; that as sternly as we punish or destroy where need is, we preserve and cherish wheresoever we may and can.

Carlyle's that just wrath is *close* neighbur to trembling pity. Who

Every true man knows how true is that repeated saying of among us is there does not know that never was he more commiserate than when all glowing implacable? Assuredly, whenever man is righteous minister of heaven's doom, whether it be in the meting of terrible penalty to evil doer or in the compelled sacrifice of the innocent, he is ready to turn to mercy, indeed normally *too ready*. From the bystanders, flatulent with idea that it will become them to dictate ‚humane' conduct, there never came nor can come anything save mischief, good only from

those rigorous for the just or fighting in self-preservation, who modestly endeavor to be simply as humane as their circumstances permit and their power enables them. *Their* deeds live in harmony with heaven's doom, and heaven's grace informs them. Whereas the flatulent, ever professing the grace, are in fact ever recalcitrants against the doom.

Who are the true Humane and Devilish.

A word first on that great Gospel of Humanity which has been and is preached and done. So immeasurably removed from all the Cant of Humanity professed where the soul has long lied to heaven and lived decorous in divorce from truth, which has naturally issued in a merciless Hue and Cry. The Cant proclaimed God's benison on all, and would give Judas equal rights with Jesus; so charitably surmising that thus all discontents 'mong men should cease, harmony sublime ensue on earth. Found Judas willing, even grateful: to its amazement Jesus *not*. Completes the circle as it yells anew Away with him, then, the one impediment to Peace. What name can be too bad for any man who will not say Amen, when even the thieves and murderers have done so? O passing devil! Just when all were purged of spleen and loving-kindness flowed around the world. So wide the compass of our laws benevolent that every evil-doer had owned allegiance, and the Attorney as High-Priest presented even the worst a stainless lamb before the throne of grace. Then *you* to take exception and create disturbance. You who first taught us this, and in whose name we've done it! Could it have been believed? But it is apparent now, so long as any just one lives, he'll never cease from troubling. We've found a way to placate all others; but for *them* there's no cure save extirpation.

Nature does everywhere trend back to some reality, and you and I, Reader, are not doubtful that the above conclusion is a return to truth. *Till* extirpated we shall not cease to give trouble.

For the Gospel, however. It is a real thing; a true New Tidings and Achievement. From the earliest times man has had esteem and his heart has known pity . Yet did he hate the blind and the lame. Reverence for that which is beneath, recognition that poverty, despite and wretchedness are divine, honor and love of them and worse as furtherances of what is holy, did never reach fulfilment before Christ. It may be that to detest sin and

regard all affliction as a manifest sign of Deity's displeasure, marking the victim as one evidently banned of heaven, therefore to be avoided and abhorred by the just, is a primary instinct of genuine Conscience in man. Perhaps. To detest sin one might allow certain; but of the rest say only perhaps. For *it* is ever so dreadfully compounded, at least, with pride in own freedom from the affliction. Moment's foolish glory of unstable and calamitous mortal, who in each flush mistakes himself for a god, forgetful of his own yesterday and to-morrow. ‚All indistinctly apprehend a bliss whereon the soul may rest.' At best imagination that this at last is his, and finally. What Naomi lived in that faith much nearer to the christian, and this spirit's bond most probably first broken by who groaned under affliction, believed himself banned of heaven, admitting it was just howe'er inscrutable; so knew that banned he could not be, however burdened. As is the moral of Job.

It was an immense development and purification from pride, that Sorrow for Sin, which Christ rose to; transcending wholly; as still including whatever was true in all highest prior thought and conduct here. Though he nowhere denied that all affliction might still be Penalty. Only not for mortal man to scorn. How inconceivable it could be meted by Almighty God in hate, not love; in revengeful justice, not as ministering toward Redemption! In humility and brotherly ambracement of every meanest; sinners to a man, a little more or less. Toil forward, then, earnest for the good, and sterner yet than was the wont, but in a charity and sufferance passing the dreams of any that were before.

And the moral progress did not stop there. The tacit, quietly existent, all-pervading as unpreaching, Humanity of Shakespeare was an unconscious step beyond that Sorrow, so sunny-wordly as it looks. Broadest of souls, who silently inaugurated this New Gospel that I speak of. Whereof Goethe and Carlyle were so fully intelligent; which breathes now, more or less, in all the better sort of men. See how those Great Ones I have mentioned enter into the souls of their fellows and have sympathy with all created! They did win the Crown of Humanity. And were it not a kind of blasphemy to name again here who to-day has so pretended to it? He lives in the Cant. They lived in the Gospel. And it lives for us. Teaching that we should fundamentally accept every that is as existing by the will of God,

and abandon altogether the notion of judging him. How we ourselves are to act toward him is our concern; what his Maker is doing with him is far beyond our comprehension. And the first essential for this is to learn what he is by the penetration of love. We are not to sorrow for aught that teaches and furthers, however terrible or however sordid; and concerning the fates of those who appear to sink irredeemably to know that we know nothing. It is a gospel of joy, not of sorrow, this. Who live in it nowise imagine that it is needful to confess God or be intelligent of a divinity in things to be serving him in verity and growing in grace. They see clearly that millions of human creatures, healthy, genuine, honest, whose works are good and who do indisputably increase in knowledge and wisdom, are little conscious of any other aim than mundane comfort and success; and know right through it is by much more blest to be authentic so than to profess an aim one has not.

For the Christian did damn for heresy, — and much else arbitrary. Which the wider compass can no more do. It perceives that intrinsic merit is the alone essential, and recognizes infinite Variety and Degree. It embraces all men, and owns Worth, however earthly instead of heavenly, however misled by error; seeks to enlighten, even as to enlarge its own understanding. It does not start with a call to Conversion, save with a few; and to them only reveals that there is such a thing, to be reached by own effort. But can accept the honest believer in a fabulous religion into at least the general congregation of its Church. Yet it is not the less inflexible, less sternly insistent on truth alone. Only so infinitely more patient with chaff where there is wheat. It is careful to cherish the wheat, whilst constantly diligent to purge away the chaff. As Sorrow for Sin included Detestation, rendered but the more inexorable by its holy tenderness, so does this both yet deeplier. Again transcending wholly, as it raises its head in the eternal sunlight, which shines on the just and the unjust, gives strength and healing, bids mourning cease. Even when dooming to death, as completely abandoned, incorrigible, it does not say Thou art lost forever, but only Thus must it be done unto thee.

In the present war, for instance, absolutely implacable as is my spirit toward the Mendacity of the British, I never set eyes on the person steeped in it of whom I would venture to say He

is less near to salvation than I. That is for God alone to judge Where the individual soul is concerned, you stop dead there; and priceless as Dante's poem is, his testimony as to who is in heaven and who in hell weighs lighter than gossamer with us. The mendacity is certain, the perversion hideous, and one knows no mercy toward it; were it for their own sakes, one could know no mercy. But as to apportioning guilt in any such sense as that, far be it from us to dream of it. The whole race runs pell-mell, like the Gaderene's Swine, down steep places, and you scarcely meet or man or woman who is not infected with the hellish madness, — namely this vicious enmity to the German and persuasion of sacredness in own cause and spirit, glaringly iniquitous and a lie. And, in the Generations, it is very manifest how this came, what deadly sin accumulative it is the issue of. But thousands in it have been drawn into it, carried away by it, without anything that you can think of as damning guilt in *them.* They have gone with it because they have been bred from birth in a life-element surcharged with Mendacity, and almost the entire Morality taught them has bade them believe falsehood prudent-holy, truth dangerous. How many a young man, by nature truthful, valiant, have I seen go out to this war dumbly, as under a call of duty! To whose soul the whole spirit of those British who proclaim the war just was in fact alien, even repellent, yet who supposed it must be a duty to go, not understanding how. Whose deepest instinct prompted protest, warned not to go, and guessed the war unjust, yet who could not resist the Voice of the Multitude. Such things do not cause one to be *lenient!* Religious Make-believe, Pious Equivocation; Political Evangels mad and impious. O but you should be more tender, not shock susceptibilities or outrage good people's feelings! Remember how that was cried. And ask yourself now Who was cruel? Who merciful? Whose ‚plans' did really involve ‚a great deal of killing';* whose soft moonshine blessed the way to awful cataclysm? The sight of what sin issues in redoubles severity in dealing with incipience; and man to whom Systematic Mendacity is not instantly hideous, an evidently inevitable source of bloodshed without limit, and Folly, no matter how ‚angelic', known frightful in its results, — he is a terrible furtherer of the

* Emerson on Carlyle.

Day of Destruction. Him we will not relegate to perdition, but may often have to encounter very sternly, saying Thus must it be done unto thee.

To toil and battle along, furthering good and repressing evil to the utmost of our might, without any question that this is our duty, yet constantly perceiving what an infinite Gradation and Diversity there is in Being, how all that are are created by Deity. The Humanity which seeks to embrace whatever is, the low and the vicious as the high and the virtuous, to lovingly comprehend the nature and workings of each, that so its deeds may be indeed intelligent, — it is a grand thing, a great Gospel verily. What the world calls severe or merciful has nothing to do with it. Who lives in it cares not whether his act seems cruel or benign. Thus must I do by thee for the Reign of Manhood on earth. For myself, also, am a part of creation, and it is the Deity has given me *so much* understanding. Therefore will I inexorably do by it. Not imagining finality in any kind, merely resolved that this act also shall go into the Whole which is Boundless, to blend therewith, and prove just as beneficent as it has virtue to do.

And again I ask where have we seen any sign of this in the Anti-German? Terribly conspicuous by absence, sometimes yet more so by parody. Whilst in the Germans it is powerfully present. They do claim to have some inspiration, to be fighting for their right to live and grow. But it is the British who claim that the laws are God's because theirs, and Wilson chimes in, much laboring his muse to lay down a satisfactory Ruling of sublime sort. Whose invention, also, how often did it come as birdlime does from frize, plucking out brains and all?

The Cant of Humanity is the very opposite. World-vogue for nigh two hundred years. Heralded in the French Revolution and *its* Ferocities. But as these were directed against what did need to be abolished, they were reckoned no convincing proof of the Cant's infernal nature. Ushered in the present Wholesale Massacre; and, being now supremely blatant in defamation of the Just and in sanction of iniquity, one hopes that its infernal nature will gradually become indubitable. The Cant has been rampant in a thousand forms, all-permeating, we may say, in America, in Britain and in France. Neither, alas, by any means absent in Germany, though there, thank God, it has never gained the mastery. The Russian attempt to lisp in it to-day is rather

humorous. Just repeat the formulas after me, when I bid you, says Pedagogue Bull; and subscribe to all I say when I give you the cue to do so. There's a good Bear. Better not try saying anything of this on your own account, lest it prove too unhappy. Thus shall Pogroms, Siberias, and other sad clumsinesses be forgotten, all men receive you for a good, well-meaning beast. Within whose gentle hug an Autonomous Poland shall know that perfect liberty which as Independent Kingdom leagued with Teuton were reft from it for ever.

I might grant that the Cant is in some small part an ignorant and weak misconception of the Gospel. In very large part, also, merely a Phosphorescence, normal to a Rothcap. Still, in the main, it is a true deadly opposite: Anti-God's rejoinder, as well as No-God's comforting hypothesis. The general trend of the efforts of those men who have accepted the Cant as a faith have been, in Carlyle's words, to establish a Society for the Protection of Sluggards and Scoundrels. At first the idea was that this should be done by the Benevolent in pure grace to the Sluggards and Scoundrels. But it has swiftly developed into a necessary defensive measure, for security against any not belonging to those Select Races or their Allies. And the Flatulent Benevolent, who sought only to do good to others, have been richly rewarded for their self-sacrificing procedures? Are they not secure now within the ramparts they desiderated for the Malevolent, the whole Society of these ready now to live and die along with them? They have found shelter where they gave it; and the once Persecuted with whip and gallows have received their Deliverers into their company. Sow in charity, and ye shall reap a hundredfold. All and Sundry thoroughly united against any he dares bear the sword and say Just weight and measure.

Maudlin sympathy with vice was the leading characteristic of the Cant in its middle stages, as hatred of virtue in its later: the one grows out of the other quite infallibly. To own the infinite of right and wrong it has in all its stages remained averse, presenting a detestable substitute of its compounding in lieu. The Believers in that Cant have throughout exalted Peace into a first aim, and professed it theirs. It is often true that they wish it, even as certain that their works all go to undermine it. Many of them do honestly eschew violence, and have a certain genuine compassion, in the weak sorts; but even these are not valiant, and

have ever feared to confess severe and entire truth. Whilst in the vast majority the wish for Peace, where ‚sincere' at all, is fundamentally due to the fact that they are, despite themselves, aware of their own unsoundness, of their own guiltiness; they fear Trial, too well surmising that justice will doom *them.* It is really the Judgment of God which they dread. Their souls are haunted by the dread of it, much more than they shudder at the earthly miseries and desolations. Great, accordingly, is their vain diligence to stave it off. And when, at length, they voluntarily enter war, they do so in the mad-impious hope that here is a not-to-be-missed opportunity to stave it off for good, by help of all the world and the hugest Might of Earth. Then heedless what horror results, so that futile aim may be accomplished, growing the more desperate as the futility becomes the more apparent, raging reckless under the avalanche they have brought upon themselves, and openly declaring stop at nothing. Perchance again reverting to Peace cry, as they find their Mighty Combination cannot achieve what they thought, seeking shelter behind it once more, and beseeching any Neutral of power to endorse it.

Much Peace-League talk does still continue, — and long will. During the late American Election, Sir Edward Grey (or Viscount now) comforted his people that *both* Candidates had subscribed to such blessed policy. Never mind which of them gets elected, said he. For if we do have to leave that German Devil uncrushed in spite of every effort we can make, yet both of these have agreed America shall back us if he ever try another bout. Thus shall the Seraph's* prophecy be fulfilled, Britain still be saved by Yankee's help, since that of Frank and Russ with all the long Etcetera proves unavailing. Wilson has expressed himself much enamoured of Peace Leagues. A Gitchie Manito, will summon all the Peoples to his presence, bid them smoke the peace pipe, lay aside their murderous weapons and wash off their warpaint, receive much wise injunction from his lips. Till outwardly, at least, they be all white as snow and meek as doves. But I reckon it is duncopper and sly as serpents. His omnipotence will allow that wars may still be, when any great Principle of Humanity is to be fought for, such as the World's Opinion would sanction.

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* Emerson — who said that America would have to throw her protection over decadent Britain sooner or later.

Well, Gentlemen, what more want you? Who would decide the question War permissible? Why I and my Successors in the Holy Ghost, interpreting the world's opinion, says he, amazed at such a cavil. You and your French and British brothers in conclave sublime, with perhaps a German Delegate admitted, or invited, to show your Equity, his perpetual minority secured? Dear Waldo, they may sell my carcass too for half a cent when I go thither for an oracle. And World's Opinion! Did you ever yet hear of a just war which this did sanction? Inflations sickening, subter-savage.

You may take it as a fixed thing that when any Community of men or nations says let us combine to insist on Peace, — the said Community is morally corrupt to the core, and fears judgment. That the true reading invariably is let us conspire together to prevent some particular one, whom we all eye with dread, from increasing in stature before the Lord. Truth in every kind will always require to be fought for: Number, World's Might and World's Opinion will almost always be opposed to it. And if you would do anything to really help in preventing enormous cataclysm, the better way were to strictly mind your own business, nowise to interfere to stop war which is not your business. Any two nations may at any time have to fight; and your business much more frequently to suffer it and suffer from it than to attempt stopping it. If the quarrel be at all a reasonable one, you in magnanimity ought to suffer it and suffer from it; and if quite unreasonable, should in prudence commonly do so. Above all, be somewhat less ‚enormous' in your Ideas. No war to be fought without *great* cause! Pah! What a vulgar blataney is that! Foul wind and putrid inflation. It is even *thereby* that Cataclysms come. Wars have to be fought for all manner of causes, little and big. And it is the Causes which determine them and their magnitude: *You* cannot rule that, had infinitely better not try to. Fataler thing (to itself especially) than a Sanhedrim of Judges to grant permission to fight only if the cause seemed great enough to their blown notions you could not set up. It were a Throne of Iniquity indeed, with Injustice and Immodesty to complete the Trinity. Wilson's doctrine, that America could never again remain Neutral in a European war, is a sufficiently accursed one. Just a younger sister of Sir Edward Grey's doctrine, that England could no more hope to stand single, base

her foreign policy on the god's fact she is an island, but must intermeddle on the Continent, and for her own security, back one side against the other. What Grey's doctrine has issued in we see, and yet shall see. It is devoutly to be hoped that America will not follow Wilson's repetition of the same. If she do, she too will get a very drastic answer from the gods. For in all such reckonings, it is not Germany, or any other Nation, that you set yourselves in League against, but Eternal Providence. Wilson goes up and down the states saying This Terrible Catastrophe was the result of Alliances and Hostile Groupings. Yet in all his Peace talk merely says Let us, in God's name, repeat the same on a yet bigger scale. Mistress Quickly, too, took pride to think how like her eldest son was to his lordship. O my poor Jove, whose blessed blessed schemes failed only through not including me! Another time they shall. Then none be able to gainsay.

In deepest gravity, my friends, Beware of this. For it is truly ominous. There is One above us able to gainsay. And may there never cease to be *among* us. Peace Leagues, as such, are futilities, which it is waste of time to speak of. In so far as they are not Futilities, they are conspiracies against some one or other; and they bring on war and cataclysm as few things else do.

Inexorability and Unrelenting Spite are of two houses. The first is of God as surely as the second is of the Devil. The breast of man who exhibits the first may be full of the Gospel. And not only may the lips of man whose heart is filled with the second be eloquent with the Cant, but the Chief Priests of the Cant will bless the spiteful, curse the inexorable. Even as all who live in the Gospel draw to that latter.

But the supreme and vital difference between the Humane and the Devilish is everywhere and in all times simply that between Truth and Falsehood. The humane man is simply the true man, the inhuman is the false. The False is always devilish; and the more so the smoother, the more specious, the more cloth-ed with earthly dignities, the more he works with form of law and believes himself virtuous. He is ugly enough and dangerous enough when a pronounced villain. But not half so ugly, nor a tithe so dangerous as when seated serene in masterdom and

riches with all things about him decent, sweet and orderly, the constable universally respected and owing allegiance to him; most moral, full of magnanimous projects, great schemes for amelioration. He then persuades himself and all but all that he is the blessedest minister of heaven's will, under whose benign sway Righteousness and Peace kiss together. But he is in fact then the frightfullest fosterer of every deadliest form of evil, and the whole State wherein he is regnant, which he administers, teams with peaceable iniquity, till at length it either collapses from rottenness or bursts out into some frenzied diabolism. The seeming Humanity of his avatar, always thoroughly pernicious, ever issues in a palpable Supper of Horrors, be it by internecine down-rushing or some explosion of united Malignancy. And the nearer this inevitable consummation is the more do men sun themselves in imagination of moral excellence and progress, every soft and kindly purpose. Up to the very hour at which they are to break out into boundless slaughter and immolate millions, they will express the extreme of indignation and solicitude if a single life be lost in a Riot, and go quite mad with compassionate excitement if one ship with its living freight perish by the elements. Very Titanic demonstrations there were of an equilibrium utterly disturbed and unstable. Such mighty plans and huge beneficences, every damnedst wretch eloquent for public's good, with common honesty not to be found and integrity banished the reckoning. Yes; the false man believing himself godly and merciful, morally putrid he, is devilish and a Destroyer. But the true man however begirt with dangers, working amid rude quarry, where all appears harsh, crude, and, if may be, ferocious, is yet ever building, taming, subduing into order; he is humane, and his heroic toil shall be crowned with grace. It is him that I would go to to learn grace, not to the attorney of sublime idea who supposes it is his function to dictate Humanity to one in the agony of bloody sweat. Simply, True or False? without a question. Veracity in every form high or low is forever working toward a Kingdom of God within and without, shaping Soul and State into a Cosmos. Mendacity is constantly undermining, loosening asunder, reducing all to chaos and blind murder.

As Originators of War, there is no comparison. Man veracious knows that he is a soldier by divine conscription and with-

out discharge, will continually have to fight. But the wars he engages in voluntarily or of necessity advance good, win the right. The Right ever has to be won. It is never to be forgotten that everything does require to be attained and maintained by the Sword of the Just. This creation is so constituted. The inner wrestle and conquest of the Spirit is a war; man's life ever known and named by all the noble a Battle and a March. We are placed in this world unfenced and unprovided for. The law of the Deity is that we shall fend and provide for ourselves. We are not protected from Guile or from Force, from the Brute or the Wicked, but must protect ourselves. By the Might which is in us establish the Right in despite of all Wrong: This every valiant man has forever known to be the law, and has achieved it, whether nailed to Cross or wielding Sceptre. It is only the weaklings, the knaves and the cowards, who plead contrary, that Right should rule *instead* of Might. The Brave have ever known completely that this is a thing which cannot be; that Might and Right are indissolubly united, in all ultimate reckonings identical. As Carlyle continually insisted, So much of Right as men have the Might to *enforce,* so much and no more *can* they ever establish on this earth. The Cross did not at the moment seem to establish it, but it is manifest now that it did; and some few hundred years after it was an enforcing Sceptre like no other that had ever been. 'The Hero-soul shot out of Eternity with a terrible force, there is nothing in time can withstand him.' No question *who* is mighty. No way to Peace save by his might. Curtail, boycott and cut down who grows in Power; combine together to prevent his exercising his Might! That is not the way to Peace. That is the way to discord and death. The cry of the damned, who fear the Strong Arm of the Lord. Attempted to be done quite surely doomed to utter impotence and disastrous *self*-wreck.

Man villainous may break law and never care what misery he causes, whether professing otherwise or not. But man mendacious, claiming law and persuaded of self-righteousness — There is indeed simply no other creature that is such a Doer of Atrocity. Whatever springs from lust, revenge, cupidity, is mild in comparison. No rending by the brute, nothing that the savage does, delighting in cruelty, is a match for the horror he is cause of. He lives wholly in a Lie, his entire life is led in delusion, and

his workings are all, accordingly, destructive. The higher piled his sky-aiming structures the greater ruin. For they have no foundation and must fall. Mean he well or mean he ill, he everywhere spreads havoc, through believing that to be which is not. Of all Originators of War he is the terriblest. Not to be compared with any other, but recognized Supreme in Infamy. World's Bane, more cruel than the Tiger, while he weeps at bloodshed.

O ye who would be humane be *true*. For there is not anything so fiendish as untruth, specious pretence.

Life neither is, has been, nor ever can be other than a wild and stormy sea. And the eyes of men will glaze at the piteous sights they see, their wrung hearts need to be triple-steeled. It is a fearless soul and a strong hand that alone can save the ship and its crew, bring help to distress. There is tenderest mercy in heaven and trembling compassion in man. Infinite Pity with Infinite Rigor. Eye of man hath not seen nor his ear heard what the Almighty intends with his creature. But his law is stern; to be obeyed faithfully in faith. We are confident that his Mercy is indeed infinite, as his Justice inexorable. There is no doubt that his loving kindness is great, far passing our understanding. But we know that he abhors a lie, that the way to his grace is to be severely true, shrinking from nothing he calls us to.

The German does know the Gospel and endeavors to live in it. He is eminently the truest of our day. Shrinks from no ‚frightfulness', if the conditions do call for it, yet is his heart gentle and loves peace. A very high and wide Intelligence is in him. Fighting magnificently, in dire compulsion so to do, he is *proving* his worth, his Might and his Right; he is purifying himself. ‚A nation raised all into Spiritual White-heat, like that, what dross will it not burn out of itself'. Moreover he will prove Redeemer, even to some now bitterest against him. All which is it not supremely Humane?

The Briton is full of the Cant, and is eminently the falsest of our day. He professes to shrink from ‚frightfulness', and will in no wise *own* that he does it and causes it to be done. But he never hesitates to do it and to cause it to be done. He does indeed generally prefer cold-blooded iniquity, pressing to death to shooting. Witness his Maceration of Greece. A small item that, in such a reckoning, yet an extremely typical and character-

istic. In his procedures there his soul is very nakedly visible. Grosser and more wholly unpardonable instance of a little country miserably entreated you need not seek. All done attorney-wise, with solemn asseverations and shared responsibility. The pledges which have been solemnly given by the British Government to its own citizens and to other nations during this war — It might be interesting to have a list of them. 'Twould be a long list laborious to compile; and who could find one kept deserving of a prize for diligence in search. Were it not for those nice sharp quillets, whereby you prove that no pledge was given — which needed to be kept.

The Briton is fighting stubbornly, fighting well so far as the soldier in the field is concerned. Power to do that is the last thing that quits a race of his quality. And one never doubted that he would. Neither that it could not profit him. Captaincy he cannot get. Already it is confessed in England that ‚Germany is the most Efficient Nation in the world', *though damned.* Consider the soddenness which can believe these palpable impossibilities! But Britain is much more concerned in hiring others to fight for her than in fighting herself: That German accusation is fatally true. How far the actual soldier glories in being but one of a Pack, I do not know. Rather suspect that he does *not* much relish that. I hear it frequently reported of him that he finds it against the grain to be fighting with the French against the German, that the Belgian is his soul's abomination. Verily so. Though civilian humor be so different. The soldier on the field lets much that he had heard at home go down the wind; still persuades himself it is for Old England's sake. My brothers, it is not. You are fighting in a most foul endeavor to crush who never did your country wrong, and have placed your services at the disposal of Politicians of damned sort, have willingly gone out to war at their thrice accursed command. There is great sin in this, and no amount or kind of fighting can ever make it good.

All this is it not supremely Inhuman? With for sole redeeming feature that bitter tragedy I have alluded to.

An ill business it is that the American has rushed away in this Humanity cry. A false cry and a false scent wholly. Official and articulate America has been conspicuous for Inhumanity in this war. Both at Home and Abroad. It has left undone much that it ought to have done, and done much that it

ought not to have done. It has voiced and obeyed Mob-humor, and thought to make a great figure by *posing* Humane. This should surely be frankly admitted by all sterling Americans; so grave Malfeasance, done in their Nation's name, be subject of sorrowful meditation to them. Yet with hope it was not really done by the Nation as a whole, faith in America's Manhood working silently for a day when the Newspaper shall not be taken for an Oracle nor the Chief Office be a prize for the best Whooper. There are some among you whom I care not how much I offend. And there are some among you whom I have no fear will be offended.

Appendix.

Copy of a letter
written December 6th, 1918
by
Marshall Kelly
to
Professor Ferdinand Schevill (Chicago)

Dear Professor Schevill.

Your letters of October 6th & 19th came duly to hand, but I did not write again at that time, because events were moving so swiftly that it seemed better to wait awhile.

Certainly, we must admit to ourselves completely, without any reservation, that this Defeat of Germany, her total ignominious Surrender, is a thing which has come by a Breakage of Spirit, by a Moral Collapse. No conditions of hunger and privation, of overwhelming odds, of desertion by her Allies, could possibly have caused what we have seen. She might have been totally overcome, her armies might have been defeated, the country overrun and conquered by those external forces and through exhaustion, but never unless traitor to herself could she have done as she has. Breakage of Spirit could alone have caused her to seek and sign such an „Armistice", no Armistice but a total Surrender. Nothing save Moral Collapse could have caused her to turn upon heroic leaders, to drive them out of office and replace them with a set noisy-shallow ignoramuses, void of the least tinct of honour and given up to the vainest delusions, then *exult* in the exchange, crying „Freedom" à la Caliban. To *appeal* to the Entente, to believe, or pretend to believe, that help could come to them by this, or justice be found in the ways of a Wilson; to sacrifice their own noblest men, to tear and rend these, in hope thus to be received again into world's favour; in short, to kiss the feet of Iniquity and cry to the proven damned: „The Gods of your Idolatry shall be our Gods too. Anything for peace! See! we will deny our Bravest and curse them along with you. O! receive us now into your company again, and show charity toward us."

Nothing save Moral Collapse could cause this; and since Germany has done this, as a nation, we have to admit that she has, as a nation, given unequivocal proof that she did not deserve to conquer.

Nor can the penalty for such defection fail to be other than terrible. The appeal for mercy, any imagination of being again received into fellowship, will be worse than mocked. Neither, in stern verity, could one wish *such* appeal to receive any other answer. The hyenas will laugh, to prove what loving-kindness is their's. Wolves in bishop's clothing will discourse most unctuously the while their jaws drop blood; and Popes of the Close-stool declare that, when they have prepared so soothing a balm as melted butter to fry the eel they have flayed alive in, their tender humanity cannot be called in question. It is not, indeed, to be doubted, that the Peace-Terms will be informed by the same spirit of diabolical malice and frenzy professing justice and high ideals, which has characterised the Anti-German throughout. It lies in the nature of things also, that he, who in mid-course deserts integrity, shall be more speedily and fearfully hurled low than he who never ran in this, but served the devil from his cradle. There may be hope of redemption in the one case, when there is none in the other; but the old law holds: „Ye were as the salt of the earth, and if the salt has lost his savour — —!"

And surely truest love and reverence for Germany may rather believe such grinding oppression more beneficent than aught tending to *confirm* her in her present course of miserable apostasy. It can not be that any large proportion of such a nation has been active in this mad-treacherous renegation, probably it is only a small number that have been so active, though obvious that a very large number has been too consenting. Their hearts seem to have failed them, and they seem to have been impotent to stem the sordid tide. Perhaps for long too indifferent, not seeing and realising what a perilous and sordid tide it was and is. And I in nowise lose hope, that in the course of years the brave and true of Germany will again be able to attain the mastery, and to lead a penitent people out of these horrors. That there will be a revulsion; that the true heroic of the Germans will again be recognised for emulation, the present traitors disowned and marked infamous.

Whatever is truly great is always more than merely national, too. No matter what course Germany runs or what her fate, the Deed that these Germans have done remains part of all men's possession. As a Nation's Act it is great, assuredly, though the Conclusion has put a terrible soil on it in that reckoning. If we look at this thing, not, *horresco referens,* from the International standpoint, yet see it as an Act in Mankind's History, then it is indeed truly great, sacred and without bar sinister. It has become for us set and permanent, too, now; no more growing, daily changing, but complete, a part of the Eternal All. *This* Host of the Just did not go forward through successive phases to a visible victory on earth, but it has entered a most tremendous Protest, and this remains. Which of us, ten years ago. ever hoped to see such a Host able to front the whole world and to maintain itself four years long in terrific death-wrestle;

able to prove itself capable of defeating anything short of the whole world, no other one, or two, or three competent to look it in the face at all; and which should also prove itself able to maintain itself even against the whole, could not be brought low, save by traitorous faction on the part of those discontented members of its own, which no earthly Host is without? This has been done, however, and it is a very great deed, which must profit incalculably, though not in the way we vainly hoped. Cromwell and his Ironsides could not prevent the return of Charles Second, and the old Pope still sits in Rome. Nevertheless, we know that that Puritan Assay was a thing eminently human, and that Man's Advancement was immensely furthered by it. The old Iniquity *could not* be again set up, then, in spite of every effort; neither can it now. No present victory has been attained by the Just, but a great battle has been fought by them; and the event will surely show that Iniquity, apparently in triumph, has in fact once more been fearfully smitten.

Was a victory of the Just ever really to be expected in our day? When the heroic of the Germans rose in their might and showed what they could do, we all hoped it. But the Opposition was too huge, the Falsehood too universal. Victory by these Germans would have meant assured Redemption, a cleared road for Integrity, and did the world, as we know it, in anywise merit such a mercy? Has it not given, is it not now giving frightful evidence that it merited and merits no such thing?

All but all Europe and the English-speaking Populations every-where lay wallowing in a bottomless Infidelity; their whole existence had become a Lie; and some terrible Day of Doom was a clear prophecy. It did not come quite as we looked for it, or is only now so issuing. For there was a contrast; there was still one people that did live in integrity and was advancing in all true human progress. The sodden herds, long eyeing it in envy, burst up in furious attack upon it. After four years of such struggle, they have been able to conquer it; yet it has, as I say, entered an inexorable Protest against them and their ways, which is bound to prove fruitful in ways we cannot foresee. Already the placid No-God worship is converted into spleenful Anti-God; and this alone is much, for it proves a general recognition that Pro-Gods do exist. The Sots no longer sit serene in possession; they have been driven mad by the Challenge they have received. They have become completely possessed by the Furies, and it is not likely that the striking down of the One True will cause even a temporary stop on the road whither these lead.

The bitterest may seem that the German did not fight to the end and die unbroken. But did not the noble among them do this, never yielding while power to continue remained? The evil element, the popular superstition with all that goes with it, existed in Germany, also, before the war. and rampantly, not in the lower ranks only but in the upper, too; the great distinction that it did not there have the mastery. Alas! it has now got the mastery. But we have no evidence that the heroic did not fight against this, too, to the last, as well as against the outer foe; and if they did, then *they* endured to the end, though the Nation failed. Even if they also did

fail through mortal weakness. their Deed remains imperishable. a thing for others yet to build anew upon.

This German Collapse and sequent supremacy of those who conspired together in hate seems, for the moment, to sweep away all that is based upon verity, to reduce the whole into one boundless mass of corruption with the Devils *riding* and exulting everywhere. Well, was not this the older prophecy, at least? This, yea, even this, and not victorious Host, Germanic or other? Surely yes; this was the thing prophesied. And prophesied without misgiving as to the ultimate issue. Regeneration will surely come. For the spiritual conquest is already a thing accomplished. We do not need to grope in the dark for that: it is already here. Goethe and Carlyle achieved this; they stood on the *eternal* foundations with the eternal sky above them, and so may we. *No* convulsion of Time has power to shake this Faith. The convulsions are in a manner, understood and our way through them is known. Here is the Assurance of New-birth and Re-creation. for all earthly things. that the highest spiritual Faith and Insight needed therefore now is and undying. „Inseparable from consciousness".

This war was a supreme effort to attain the New Kingdoms *without* solution of continuity in earthly things. This has failed; but the ultimate attainment remains sure. and the more sure. It is thus that I call it a First Battle. certain to be renewed. and again and again renewed. till victory does crown the effort. — nor relaxed then, either. let us hope. The men who fought in this were too few: the requisite faith was not sufficiently wide-spread. All must found on Faith. No material Equity can be any substitute for that; valuable adjunct. a priceless one. if you will. but no substitute. Who lives and works. who fights and dies. *for God's sake* verily. will. in time. get men to follow him devotedly through all perils. though they have ever had to live in poverty and wretchedness: who fails in this will be deserted- though he have housed his followers better than any other. I say not this as implying that the German Leaders did fail here, — still less that he who does serve God will never be deserted! But certainly the needed faith is not sufficiently spread for any armed conflict to be successful in our day. A long period of persecution is by much more probable; — and persecution as venomous as has ever stained human annals.

It will be a strange thing and new in human annals. if this Persecution is persistently directed against a Nation. Yet we so see it this present. Nor is there yet evidence of any slackening that way. rather of intensification. if such be possible. And the question is surely a great one: Whether Germany is going to continue to merit this persecution. — as Apostate. or in a Renewed Fidelity? By this reckoning. it seems that she may continue to get it either way. yet a mighty difference *which!* Is she to go the way of all the rest? Or will she recover from this fearful lapse and. growing daily stronger in faith. at length be able to break her bonds? She is down in the pit at present, and there can be no living for her there. It is this foul political superstition, bred of infidelity. which has brought her down.

And it sometimes seems possible that, as it is this superstition which has brought this fate upon her, so may that fate be the mercy which will teach her through, to cast out that superstition and know it forever after to be the lie it is. From the start of the war, it was clear that here lay her peril, that if she failed, it would be by this unruly monster getting out of bound. — monster diligently fed by all her foes for that very purpose, who ever saw in it their one hope of defeating the rider. But, alas, the disgrace that such charming could be listened to! It is a sorry sort of commiseration for Germany which says: „Wilson did it!" Ears that *can* be tickled by such persuasion never yet lacked for a tickler. How came it? Were all her bravest so occupied in fighting the external foe that they never took adequate thought and safeguard against this inner? May be it was beyond mortal to stem. For it is the world-drift of these generations. It seems that all nations have got to drink this cup to its muddiest bottom, only *then*, as Carlyle said, to institute considerations, as to whether there is any way out again or not.

What will happen to the peoples who hold themselves Victors this day? No mortal knows in the detail, yet every true man in the gross. That *their* Retribution is sure is the oldest of all faiths. Wholly incredible forever that the like of these can prosper, can do other than destroy themselves the more victorious they are. Whether justice can be established in the ways of men is a thing ever in doubt. For it can only be established by the just of men being in power and number sufficient to establish it in spite of all the opposition of sinners. The greatest impediment ever the pusillanimity and lack of united vigour on the part of the just themselves. But that the wages of sin is death, that a lie cannot endure is as certain as the fall of a stone; brought about by laws which as little need human intervention as gravitation — the defeat of the righteous too often heaven's curse on them for leaving it to that slow-sure operation. Yet the evolution of the true is likewise sure, and does go by law also.

These victorious parties think they have it all their own way. They have got Germany to what they call „confess", and they hope to hang the Kaiser, probably also to destroy the German Archieves, after publishing such „damning" extracts as suit their purpose. Yet it can serve them nothing. They have so published themselves that he who runs may read them, what they are. They will be judged out of their own mouths, if ever men were. Quite inconceivable it is, that any uninfected mind, coming to read and meditate their own statements and deeds, could be in doubt of their damnation, their adversary's integrity. Their very grand-children will gasp, as at things astounding, passing in palpable falsehood, perfidy and horror. True, that on the one hand we have this tide of venom, apparently sweeping all before it in a concurrent persuasion, and that this will largely be transmitted, yet with ever-reducing impetus. But on the other hand how many men are here already among the considerate, who before the war never guessed what infamy they lived under, yet who now realise it with hearts aghast? And the total inconsistency, the fact that

such evil runs into madder and madder extremes, disclosing itself in spite of itself to more and more. They run their mad career, believing the cheers which reach them, but vision of what they are is continually augmenting in the soberer part of the audience.

Whether they will get and execute the Kaiser? Doubtless, yes, if they are bent on it, as they appear to be. They can easily force Holland to yield him up; little likelihood either that much force would be needed, — none showing sign of resolution to stand even on such elementary duty no savage of honour would fail in. I happened to be at the house of a friend on the day that the news of the Abdication came. It had not come when I got there, and my friend spoke of the hope he still had of the general outcome, of the comfort he had found in observing how clear a head and true an understanding of his responsibility the Kaiser had shown, how hope could not be wholly extinct so long as he was able to maintain his place. „He will never abdicate, till forced. *He* is not one to say: ‚Then judge ye yourselves'. No greensick notion there, of abdicating for the people's good, where every monition of the highest tells it could only be to their disaster, and genuine all-sacrificing duty commends retention of his post to the limit." Half an hour later the paper came. My friend read out the news in a firm, steady voice. His wife, father, mother and my wife were there; and the women were weeping. After a while, my friend and I went upstairs into his private study, where we sat a long time silent. At length he said, in his simple, quiet way: „I suppose it is part of the provision of providence for their good, that people never see a tragedy at the time it occurs. Certainly, *they never do.*" A great Life, and a sacred Tragedy. Let them slay him; let then hale him to his cross also, if so must be. Perhaps it were the fittest ending now. And, may be, also, it would surest speed revulsion, and recognition of him as true Hero. Seldom has man borne a greater burden, or more nobly. It is a grand life, indeed, that that man has led. A high and noble Character. He has served God in right earnest in his generation, and if he has to seal his testimony — but let us not speak of that.

Well. I have written you a long letter, at odd times, these last four days, about I hardly know what. Just what one is thinking of, or trying to clarify into thought. All words are vain, and whatever one may babble, one's heart is really just struck dumb by this catastrophe.

I noticed your name in the N. Y. Times on Saturday.** 's name was in the same list. I had a long talk with him just after the thing they call an armistice was signed and this city raved like pandemonium. He is an American of the old school: a fine, delicate, refined nature: a clear, well-balanced intellect, about the most *sage-like* figure known to me here. His expectation is universal Anarchy, spreading over Europe and in due time arriving here also. The Bs. man and wife, (whom some friend of yours knows and saw here last summer) came in to us on the evening of the first, or „fake" celebration. He was pretty hard hit, and she, a most bright-vivid, energetic and courageous woman, just sat and struggled not to sob outright. They hope to go back to Germany, and it is with a genuine, heartfelt wish to spend what of life may remain to them for their

country (they are German citizens), but with the socialistic notions which they have, I fear they might get drawn into the whirlpool. I have another friend here, also an „enemy alien", who is in saddest earnest fearfully struck by the disaster; shaken to the root; verily in agony, agony such as no small soul knows and many valiant suffer in full bitterness this hour. I have just this very moment received a letter from him and hope he will be here this evening. It were not conceivable the Almighty was ever displeased with the doubts that shake this man. Who questions eternal justice, because his soul seeks justice, is no infidel, if many a smooth professor of religion, shocked at the hint, be. It is strange, too. That friend I was with, when the news of the abdication came, has not the slightest disposition to „attribute folly to God", whilst this other — —! May he see light, and his foot rest on the adamant!

Yours sincerely

Marshall Kelly.[1]

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1. The above letter was translated into German by Professor Eduard Meyer, Rector of the Friedrich Wilhelm University in Berlin, and published by him in the May 23rd number of the „Eiserne Blätter", in 1920, and also quoted in his speech to the Students on August 3rd, 1920. In this copy the names of friends are not given, and the first few lines, which referred to one such friend, are omitted. Otherwise this is an exact copy of the original. M. K. February 25th, 1921.

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